THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY VI. Part I.
KING HENRY VI. Part II.
KING HENRY VI. Part III.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.

HENRY V.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloſter, } *brothers to the king.*
Duke of Bedford, }
Duke of York, } *uncles to the king.*
Duke of Exeter, }
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Weſtmoreland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge, }
Lord Scroop, } *conſpirators againſt the king.*
Sir Thomas Grey, }
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, *officers in king Henry's army.*
Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, Boy, *formerly ſervants to Falſtaff, now ſoldiers in the king's army.*
Bates, Court, Williams, *ſoldiers.*
Charles, *the Sixth, king of France.*
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandpree, *French lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
Montjoy, *a herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the king of England.

Iſabel, *queen of France.*
Katharine, *daughter to the king of France.*
Alice, *a lady attending on the princeſs Katharine.*
Quickly, *Piſtol's wife, an hoſteſs.*
Chorus.

Lords, Meſſengers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, with other Attendants.

The SCENE, *at the beginning of the play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.*

CHORUS.

[1] O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, [2] princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment [3]. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cock-pit hold

[1] *O for a muse of fire*, &c.] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire.

WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

[2] ———*princes to act*,
And monarchs to behold———]

Shakespeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. JOHNSON.

[3] *Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*
Crouch for employment.—]

In *K. Henry* VI. "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the English general, lord Talbot; and, as I suppose, are the *dogs of war* mentioned in *Julius Cæsar*.

This image of the warlike Henry very much resembles *Montfaucon's* description of the *Mars* discovered at *Bresse*, who leads a lyon and a lyoness in couples, and crouching as for employment. TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, speaking of *King Henry* V. says:

"He led good fortune in *a line*, and did but war and win."

Holinshed (p. 567.) when the people of Roan petitioned king Henry V. has put this sentiment into his mouth: "He declared that the goddesse of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as *blood*, *fire*, and *famine*." STEEVENS.

The vasty field of France? or may we cram,
[4] Within this wooden O, [5] the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
[6] On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
[7] Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

[4] *Within this wooden O,*——] Nothing shews more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakespeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of stile.
JOHNSON.

[5] *The very casques*] The helmets. JOHNSON.

[6] *Imaginary forces*——] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

[7] *Whose high-upreared, and abutting fronts*
The perilous *narrow ocean parts asunder.*]
Without doubt the author wrote:
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts,
Perilous, the *narrow ocean parts asunder.*]
For his purpose is to shew, that the highest danger arises from the shock of their meeting, and that it is but a little thing which keeps them asunder. This sense my emendation gives us, as the common reading gives us a contrary; for those whom a *perilous ocean parts asunder*, are in no danger of meeting. WARBURTON.

Perilous narrow, in burlesque and common language meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. *A* perilous *broad brim to a hat*, *a* perilous *long sword*, &c. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humourous Lieutenant*:
"She is *perilous* crafty."
Thus, *villainous* is only used to exaggerate, in the *Tempest*:
"——be turn'd to barnacles or apes
"With foreheads *villanous* low."
Again, in John Florio's *Preface to his Translation of Montaigne*:
"——in this *perilous* crook'd passage——"
STEEVENS

Into

Into a thousand parts divide one man,
[8] And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
[9] For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[8] *And make imaginary puissance:*] This shews that Shakespeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of shewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.
JOHNSON.

Other authors of that age seem to have been sensible of the same absurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631; a Chorus enters and says:
"Our stage so lamely can express a sea,
"That we are forc'd by Chorus to discourse
"What should have been in action, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings;*
Carry them here and there; ———]
We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings* which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is, *your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness*; *carry therefore* your thoughts *here and there*, jumping over time, and crowding years into an hour.
JOHNSON.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play, the king of France as well as England, makes his appearance; and the sense may be this;——*it must be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty*. Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in the English court, at Kenelworth.

Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

[2] *Cant.* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,

Which

[1] *Life of Henry V.*] This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not 'till after Henry the VIth had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. POPE.

Life of Henry V.] The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play in the quarto edition, 1608, is styled the *Chronicle History* of Henry, &c. which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakespeare's historical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome, 1638:

"These lads can act the emperor's lives all over,
"And Shakespeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot."

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1595. Nash, in *Pierce Pennilefs his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1595, says: "—what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fift* represented on the stage leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dolphin to sweare fealtie." STEEVENS.

[2] *Archbishop of Canterbury.*] This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein

Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,

But

wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the choruses also, were since added by Shakespeare. POPE.

On this subject a play was written about the time of Shakespeare; but whether before or after his *Henry* V. made its appearance, has not yet been absolutely determined. (It is thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company. "Tho. Strode] May 2, 1594. A booke entituled the famous Victories of Henry the Fift, containing the honorable Battell of Agincourt." There are two more entries of a play of *Henry* V. viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14th, 1600.) I have two copies of it in my possession: one without date (which seems much the elder of the two) and another (apparently printed from it) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alsop (who was printer of the other edition) and sold by the same person and at the same place. Alsop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600, and was afterwards one of the twenty appointed by decree of the star-chamber to print for this kingdom. I believe, however, this piece to have been prior to that of Shakespeare for several reasons. First, because it is highly probable that it is the very "displeasing play" alluded to in the epilogue to the second part of *King Henry* IV.—*for Oldcastle died a martyr*. Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety from the first scene to the last.—Secondly, because Shakespeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in some measure the story of the two parts of *Henry* IV. as well as of *Henry* V. and no ignorance I think could debase the gold of Shakespeare into such dross; though no chemistry but that of Shakespeare could exalt such base metal into gold.—— When the prince of Wales in *Henry* IV. calls Falstaff *my old lad of the Castle*, it is probably but a sneering allusion to the deserved fate which this performance met with; for there is no proof that our poet was ever obliged to change the name of Oldcastle into that of Falstaff, though there is an absolute certainty that this piece must have been condemned by any audience before whom it was ever represented.

Lastly, because it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed) from the Jests of the famous comedian Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown † in

Henry

† Mr. Oldys, in a manuscript note in his copy of Langbaine, says, that Tarlton appear'd in the character of the Judge who receives the box on the ear. This Judge is likewise a character in the old play.

I may

But that the scambling and unquiet time[3]
Did push it out of further question.

Ely.

Henry V. and though this character does not exist in our play, we find it in the other, which, for the reasons already enumerated, I suppose to have been prior to this.

This anonymous play of *Henry* V. is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation. As much of it appears to have been omitted, we may suppose that the author did not think it convenient for his reputation to publish a more ample copy.

There is, indeed, a play, called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of *William Shakespeare* prefixed to it. The prologue being very short, I shall quote it, as it serves to prove, that a former piece, in which the character of *Oldcastle* was introduced, had given great offence:

"The doubtfull title (gentlemen) prefixt
"Upon the argument we have in hand,
"May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
"The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts:
"To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.
"It is no *pamper'd glutton* we present,
"Nor *aged councellour to youthfull sinne*;
"But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,
"A valiant martyr, and a vertuous peere,
"In whose true faith and loyalty exprest
"Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale:
"We strive to pay that tribute of our love
"Your favours merit: let faire truth be grac'd
"Since forg'd invention former time defac'd."

STEEVENS.

[3] *The* scambling *and unquiet time.*] In the old houshold book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scambling* days in lent, that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. —— So, in the old noted book intitled, "Leicester's *Commonwealth*," one of the marginal heads is, "*Scambling* between Leicester

I may add, on the authority of the books at Stationer's-Hall, that Tarlton published what he called his *Farewell*, a ballad, in Sept. 1588. In Oct. 1589, was enter'd, "*Tarlton's Repentance, and his Farewell to his Friends in his Sicknes a little before his Death*;" in 1590, "*Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*:" and in the same year, "*A pleasaunt Ditty Dialogue-wise, between Tarlton's Ghost and Robyn Goodfellowe*." STEEVENS.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,

cester and Huntington at the upshot." Where in the text, the author says, "Hastings, for ought I see, when he cometh to the *scambling*, is like to have no better luck by the bear [Leicester] then his ancestors had by the boare [K. Rich. III.]" edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakespeare himself makes king Hen. V. say to the princess Katharine, "I get thee with *scambling*, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder." Act V. PERCY.

Shakespeare uses the same word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"*Scambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys."
Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"——— the widow and myself
"Will *scamble* out the shaking of the sheets,
"Without your music."
Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:
"Leave us to *scamble* for her getting out." STEEVENS.

Consi-

[4] Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood [5],
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity [6],

And,

[4] *Consideration, like an angel,* &c.] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue.
JOHNSON.

[5] *Never came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

[6] *Hear him but reason in divinity,* &c.] This speech seems to have been copied from king James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon: when archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, *died soon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself *verily persuaded, that his* sacred *majesty spoke by the spirit of God.* And, in effect, this scene was added after king James's accession to the crown: so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it was a satire on *his bishops*.
WARBURTON.

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to king James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that sir

Robert

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
[7] The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
[8] So that the art, and practic part of life

Must

Robert Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse.*

JOHNSON.

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish themselves with specimens of it from a book entitled, *Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605.* In this performance we may still *hear him reasoning in Divinity*, Physic, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy. On the second of these subjects he has not failed to express his well-known enmity to *tobacco*, and throws out many a royal witticism on the "Medici Nicotianistæ," and "Tobacconistæ" of the age; insomuch that Isaac Wake, the chronicler of his triumphs at Oxford, declares, that "nemo nisi iniquissimus rerum æstimator, bonique publici pessimè invidus, *Jacobo* nostro recusabit immortalem gloriæ aram figere, qui ipse adeo mirabilem in *Theologiæ*, *Jurisprudentiæ* et *Medicinæ* arcanis peritiam eamque planè *divinitus* assecutus est, ut &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *The air*, &c.] This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON.

The same thought occurs in *As You Like It*. Act II. sc. 7:

"———I must have liberty
"Withal, *as large a charter as the wind*,
"To blow on whom I please." MALONE.

[8] *So that the* art, *and* practic *part of life*,] All the editions, if I am not deceived, are guilty of a slight corruption in this passage. The archbishop has been shewing what a master the king was in the theory of divinity, war, and policy; so that it must be expected (as, I conceive he would infer) that the king should

Must be the mistress to this theorique [9]:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle [1];
And wholsome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

now wed that theory to action, and the putting the several parts of his knowledge into practice. If this be our author's meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote:

So that the act, *and practic*, &c.

Thus we have a consonance in the terms and sense. For theory is the art and study of the rules of any science; and action, the exemplification of those rules by proof and experiment. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Dr. Warburton, but it appears to me founded upon a misrepresentation. The true meaning seems to be this. He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorique*; that is, *that his theory must have been taught by art and practice*; which, *says he*, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory: *art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*. JOHNSON.

9 ——*to this theorique*:] *Theoric* is what terminates in speculation. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"——son *Caradoc*,
"'Tis yet unfit that on this sudden warning
"You leave your fair wife, to the *theorique*
"Of matrimonial pleasure and delight."

Bookish *theorique* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

1 *The strawberry* &c.] i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

Unseen,

Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty [2].
Cant. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majeſty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or, rather, ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing the exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his majeſty,—
Upon our ſpiritual convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater ſum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majeſty:
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages [3],
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and ſeat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

[2] —*creſcive in his faculty.*] Increaſing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.]
Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli.

Creſcive is a word uſed by Drant in his tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

"As luſty youths of *creſcive* age doe flouriſhe freſhe and grow." STEEVENS.

[3] *The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages,*] This line I ſuſpect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *paſſages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *ſucceſſion* by which his claims deſcend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.* JOHNSON.

Ely.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing; Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Opens to the presence.

Enter king Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Warwick, Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle [4].

West. [5] Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin [6]; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That [7] task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

[4] *Good Uncle.*] John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to to Elizabeth the king's aunt. STEEVENS.

[5] *Shall we call in,* &c.] Here began the old play. POPE.

[6] *Not yet, my cousin;* &c.] The 4to. 1600 and 1608, read
Not yet, my cousin, till we be resolv'd
Of some serious matters touching us and France.
STEEVENS.

[7] *—task—*] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
[8] Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles [9] miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation [1]
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore [2] take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

[8] *Or nicely charge your understanding soul*] Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be false.
JOHNSON.

[9] —*miscreate*,—] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious.
JOHNSON.

[1] —*in* approbation] i.e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614. "Composing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:
"That lack'd sight only;—nought for *approbation*
"But only seeing." MALONE.

[2] —*take heed how you impawn our person*,] The whole drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him.
Therefore take heed how you impawn your person.
So, I think it should be read. *Take heed how you* pledge yourself, your honour, your happiness, in support of bad advice.

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty. JOHNSON.

Are

Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſword
That makes ſuch waſte in brief mortality [3].
[4] Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,—and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne;—There is no bar [5]
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè ſuccedant [6],
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certain French;
Who, holding in diſdain the German women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

[3] ——— *brief* mortality.]
" Nulla *brevem* dominum ſequetur. *Hor.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Under this conjuration,*] The 4tos 1600 and 1608, read: *After* this conjuration. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*There is no bar* &c.] This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle* Henry V. *year the ſecond, folio* 4. xx. xxx. xl, &c. In the firſt edition it is very imperfect, and the whole hiſtory and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards ſet right, and corrected from his original, Hall's *Chronicle*. POPE.

[6] This ſpeech (together with the Latin paſſage in it) may as well be ſaid to be taken from Holinſhed as from Hall. STEEVENS.

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great,
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
[7] To fine his title with some shew of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ninth,

[7] *To fine his title* &c.] This is the reading of the quarto of 1608, that of the folio is, *To find his title.* I would read:

To line *his title with some shew of truth.*

To *line* may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. In *Macbeth:*

"*He did* line *the rebels with hidden help and vantage.*"

Dr. Warburton says, that *to fine his title*, is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that *find* is right; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant: to *find* his title is, *to determine in favour of his title with some shew of truth.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—To *fine* his title, i. e. to make it *shewy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice.

STEEVENS.

Who

Who was ſole heir to the uſurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of France, 'till ſatisfy'd
That fair queen Iſabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foreſaid duke of Lorain;
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles[8],
Uſurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry.

[8] —imbare *their crooked titles*,] Mr. Pope reads:

Than openly imbrace] But where is the antitheſis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read, *Than amply to* imbarre.——We certainly muſt read, as Mr. Warburton adviſed me, *Than amply to* imbare——lay open, diſplay to view. I am ſurpriz'd Mr. Pope did not ſtart this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads:

Than amply to make bare *their crooked titles*. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found in the quarto of 1608, this reading:

Than amply to embrace *their crooked* cauſes;

out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

The 4to 1600, reads——*imbace*.

I know of no ſuch word as *imbare*. To *unbar* is *to open*, which I ſuppoſe to be the word ſet down by the poet, and was probably oppoſed to *bar*.

So, in the firſt ſcene of *Timon*, the poet ſays, "I'll *unbolt* to you."

To *embar*, however, ſeems, from the following paſſage in the firſt book of Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, 1582, to ſignify to *break or cut off abruptly*:

"Heere Venus *embarring* his tale, &c."

K. Henry. May I, with right and conſcience, make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ—
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty anceſtors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.—
O noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action [9]!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puiſſant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Yet, as to *bar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is to ſtrengthen, &c.
"——that is ſtronger made
"Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron.——"
So, *evenly to bar* may mean to *weaken* by an open diſplay of invalidity. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*cold for action.*] The next ſpeeches of Ely, Exeter, Weſtmorland, and Canterbury, were added after the quartos 1600 and 1608. STEEVENS.

West.

West. [1] They know, your grace hath cause, and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege [2],
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches [3], gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,

[1] *They know your* grace hath *cause, and means, and might,*
So hath your highness; ——]
We should read:
——*your* race had *cause*——
which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter:
As did the former lions of your blood;
meaning Edward III. and the black prince. WARBURTON.

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it. JOHNSON.

[2] These two lines Dr. Warburton gives to Westmoreland, but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. JOHNSON.

[3] *They of those* marches,] The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i.e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c. So, in the first canto of Drayton's *Barons' Wars:*
"When now the *marchers* well upon their way, &c."
STEEVENS.

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a [4] giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
[5] Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled [6] at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,

4 —*giddy neighbour*—] That is, inconstant, changeable. JOHNSON.

5 *Never went with his forces into France,*] Shakespeare wrote the line thus:

Ne'er went with his full *forces into France.*

The following expressions of *unfurnish'd kingdom, gleaned land,* and *empty of defence,* shew this. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. JOHNSON.

The 4tos 1600 and 1608 read:

——*never my great grandfather*
Unmask'd *his power for France*——.

What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England, may be known by the following passage from *The Battle of Floddon,* an ancient historical poem:

"For England's king you understand
"To France is past with all his peers:
"There is none at home left in the land,
"But joult-head monks, and bursten freers.
"Of ragged rusties, without rules,
"Of priests prating for pudding shives;
"Of milners madder than their mules,
"Or wanton clerks, waking their wives." STEEVENS.

6 — *at the ill neighbourhood.*] The 4tos 1600 and 1608 read:
—— *at the* bruit thereof. STEEVENS.

The

The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
[7] And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck [8] and sumless treasuries.

Exe. [9] But there's a saying, very old and true,—
[1] *If that you will France win,*
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,

[7] *And make his chronicle as rich with* praise,] He is speaking of king Edward's prisoners; so that it appears Shakespeare wrote:

———*as rich with* prize,

i.e. captures, booty. Without this there is neither beauty nor likeness in the similitude. WARBURTON.

The change of *praise* to *prize*, I believe no body will approve; the similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. Besides, Dr. Warburton presupposes a reading which exists in no ancient copy, for *his chronicle* as the later editions give it, the quarto has *your*, the folio *their chronicle*.

Your and *their* written by contraction *yr* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle. JOHNSON.

[8] —*and* sumless *treasuries.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

———*and* shipless *treasury.* STEEVENS.

[9] Ely. *But there's a saying*, &c.] This speech, which is dissuasive of war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears the first scene of this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye on Hall, who gives this observation to the duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches; for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following given to Exeter is Ely's.

WARBURTON.

[1] *If that you will France win*, &c.] Hall's *Chronicle*. Hen. V. year 2. fol. 7. p. 2. x. POPE.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, and in the old anonymous play of *K. Henry* V. STEEVENS.

[2] To taint and havock more than she can eat.
Ely. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
[3] Yet that is but a curs'd necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
[4] And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:

[2] *To* tear *and havock more than she can eat.*] It is not much the quality of the mouse to tear the food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old quarto reads, *spoile*; and the two first folios, *tame*: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*. THEOBALD.

[3] *Yet that is but a* curs'd *necessity*;] So the old quarto. The folios read *crush'd*: neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read, 'scus'd *necessity*. It is Ely's business to shew there is no real necessity for staying at home: he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*. WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. *A* cursed *necessity* has no sense; *a* 'scus'd *necessity* is so harsh that one would not admit it, if any thing else can be found. *A* crush'd *necessity* may mean, a *necessity* which is *subdued* and *over-powered* by contrary reasons. We might read a *crude* necessity, a *necessity* not *complete*, or not well considered and digested, but it is too harsh.

Sir. T. Hanmer reads:

Yet that is not o'course a *necessity*. JOHNSON.

A *curs'd* necessity means, I believe, only *an unfortunate necessity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phrase, signifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we say, such a one leads a *cursed* life; another has got into a *cursed* scrape. It may mean, a necessity *to be execrated*.

This vulgarism is often used by sir Arthur Gorges in his translation of Lucan, 1614. So, B. vii. p. 293:

"His *cursed* fortune he condemned."

Again, p. 297:

"——— on the cruel destinies
"The people pour out *cursed* cries."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 5th *Odyssey*:

"——— while thus discourse he held,
"A *curs'd* surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
"His naked body." STEEVENS.

[4] *And* pretty *traps*——] Thus the old copy; but I believe we should read *petty*. STEEVENS.

For

[5] For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent [6];
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like musick.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
[7] Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
[8] Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home

[5] *For* government, *though* high, *and* low, *and* lower,] The foundation and expression of this thought seems to be borrowed from Cicero *de Republica*, lib. 2. *Sic ex* summis, & mediis, & infimis *interjectis* ordinibus, *ut* sonis, *moderatam ratione civitatem*, Consensu *dissimiliorum* concinere; & *quæ* harmonia *à* musicis *dicitur in cantu, eam esse in* civitate concordiam. THEOBALD.

[6] ——*in one* consent,] *Consent* is *unison*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Setting endeavour in continual motion;*
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience;—] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the publick good and general design of government.

JOHNSON.

[8] *Others, like merchants,* venture *trade abroad*;] What is the *venturing trade?* I am persuaded we should read and point it thus:

Others, like merchant venturers, *trade abroad.*

[illegible]

If the whole difficulty of this passage consists in the obscurity of the phrase *to venture trade* it may be easily cleared. To *venture trade* is a phrase of the same import and structure as to *hazard battle*. Nothing could have raised an objection but the desire of being busy. JOHNSON.

To

To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
[9] The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
[1] So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

[9] *The civil citizens* kneading *up the honey*;] This may possibly be right: but I rather think that Shakespeare wrote—heading *up the honey*; alluding to the putting up merchandise in casks. And this is in fact the case. The honey being *headed* up in separate and distinct cells by a thin membrane of wax drawn over the mouth of each of them, to hinder the liquid matter from running out. WARBURTON.

To head *the honey* can hardly be right; for though we *head* the cask, no man talks of *heading* the commodities. To *knead* gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakespeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—lading *up the honey*. STEEVENS.

[1] *So may a thousand actions*, once *afoot*,] The speaker is endeavouring to shew that the state is able to execute many projected actions at once, and conduct them all to their completion, without impeding or jostling one another in their course. Shakespeare, therefore, must have wrote, *actions 't once a foot*, i.e. at once; or, on foot together. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer is more kind to this emendation by reading *act at once*. The change is not necessary, the old text may stand. JOHNSON.

With-

[2]Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery[3],
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd[4] with a waxen epitaph.

Enter

[2] *Without* defeat.—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read, *Without* defect. STEEVENS.

[3] *empery*] This word which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Within the circuit of our *empery*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*with a* waxen *epitaph*.] The quarto 1608 reads, *with a* paper *epitaph*.

Either a *waxen*, or a *paper* epitaph, is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead. Shakespeare employs the former epithet in a similar sense in *K. Richard* II:

"That it may enter Mowbray's *waxen* coat."

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Garden of Unthriftines*, 1576:

"In *waxe*, say I, men easily grave their will;
"In marble stone the worke with paine is wonne:
"But perfect once, the print remaineth still,
"When *waxen* seales by every browse are donne."

STEEVENS.

The

Enter ambaſſadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Amb. May't pleaſe your majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?
K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian king;
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highneſs, lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, king Edward the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the prince our maſter
Says,—that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be adviſ'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard[5] won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun of treaſure; and, in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.
K. Henry. What treaſure, uncle?
Exe. [6] Tennis-balls, my liege.

The ſecond reading is more unintelligible, to me at leaſt, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the ſlighteſt memorial. JOHNSON.

5 —*a nimble galliard won.*] A *galliard* was an ancient dance, now obſolete. So, in *All for Money*, 1574:
"Where ſhall we get a pipe to play the devil a *galliard?*" STEEVENS.

6 *Tennis balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *Henry* V. already mentioned, this preſent conſiſts of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. [7] We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With [8] chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
[9] And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

[7] *We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us;*] Thus stands the answer of K. Henry in the same old play:
"My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.
"But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,
"We will toss him balls of brass and of iron:
"Yea, such balls as never were toss'd in France.
"The proudest tennis-court in France shall rue it."
And the following passage is in Michael Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt:*
"I'll send him balls and rackets if I live,
"That they such racket shall in Paris see,
"When over line with bandies I shall drive;
"As that, before the set be fully done,
"France may perhaps into the hazard run." STEEVENS.

[8] *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.
So is *the hazard*; a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. STEEVENS.

[9] *And therefore, living hence,*—] This expression has strength and energy: he never valued England; and therefore lived *hence*; i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here*. WARBURTON.
Living hence means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking. STEEVENS.

For

[1] For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd [2] his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars

[1] *For* that *I have laid by*—] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read—*for* this. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*his balls to gun-stones*;——] When ordinance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON.
So Holinshed, p. 947. "About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light peeces of ordinance, with *stone* and powder." STEEVENS.

Be

Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now

[3] In this place, in all the editions hitherto, is inserted the chorus which I have postponed. That chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to Southampton, and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here, where the scene is still continued in London. POPE.

Now all the youth of England—] I have replaced this chorus here, by the authority of the old folios; and ended the first act, as the poet certainly intended. Mr. Pope removed it, because, says he, "This chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to Southampton; and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here." It is true, the spectators are to be informed, that, when they next see the king, they are to suppose him at Southampton. But this does not imply any necessity of this chorus being contiguous to that change. On the contrary, the very concluding lines vouch absolutely against it:

But till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

For how absurd is such a notice, if the scene is to change, so soon as ever the chorus quits the stage? Besides, unless this chorus be prefixed to the scene betwixt Nym, Bardolph, &c. we shall draw the poet into another absurdity. Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph are in this scene talking of going to the wars of France: but the king had but just, at his quitting the stage, declared his resolution of commencing this war: and without the interval of an

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
4 For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,

an act, betwixt the scene and the comic characters entering, how could they with any probability be informed of this intended expedition? THEOBALD.

I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, and Mr. Theobald in concluding the act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act, and so I have printed it. Dr. Warburton follows Mr. Pope.

JOHNSON.

4 *For now sits Expectation in the air,*
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, &c.] The [illegible] wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air*, designs the height of their ambition; and the *sword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewise personified by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vi.

" ——— while *Expectation* stood
" In horror."——— STEEVENS.

In the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. TOLLET.

Were

Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which ſhe fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the ſecond,
Henry lord Scroop of Maſham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt of France [4], (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France;
[5] And by their hands this [6] grace of kings muſt die,
(If

[4] ——*the* gilt *of France*] *Gilt*, which in our author, generally ſignifies *a diſplay of gold* (as in this play:

"Our gayneſs and our *gilt* are all beſmirch'd.")

in the preſent inſtance means *golden money*. So, in *An Alarum for London*, 1602:

"To ſpend the victuals of our citizens,
"Which we can ſcarcely compaſs now for *gilt*."

STEEVENS.

[5] *And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,*
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,)
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from London; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-houſe now,—] I ſuppoſe every one that reads theſe lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connexion of ſenſe nor regularity of tranſition from one thought to the other. It may be ſuſpected that ſome lines are loſt, and in that caſe the ſenſe is irretrievable. I rather think the meaning is obſcured by an accidental tranſpoſition, which I would reform thus:

And by their hands this grace of kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is ſet from London, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton,
Ere he take ſhip for France. And in Southampton,
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
There is the play-houſe now——

 This

(If hell and treason hold their promises)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest [7]
The abuse of distance, [8] while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas [9]
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
[1] We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best. JOHNSON.

[6] —*this grace of kings*—] i. e. he who does greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare might have found this phrase in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:

"——with her the *grace of kings*,
"Wise Ithacus ascended——"

Again, in the 24th book:

"Idæus, guider of the mules, discern'd this *grace of men*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——well *digest*] The folio in which only these choruses are found, reads, and perhaps rightly, —*we'll* digest. STEEVENS.

[8] —*while we*——] These two words have been added by the modern editors, and (as it should seem) very properly. To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. STEEVENS.

[9] —*charming the narrow seas*] From the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, it appears, that *Hen.* V. though not printed till 1600, was performed before the year 1598.—Though Jonson was indebted, as we are told, to the kindness of Shakespeare for the introduction of this his first piece on the stage, and though Shakespeare himself played a part in it, he has in this, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him.

"He rather prays you will be pleased to see,
"One such to-day as other plays should be;
"*Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas*, &c." MALONE.

[1] *We'll not offend one stomach*—] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. JOHNSON.

But

[2] But, 'till the king come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Before Quickly's houſe in Eaſtcheap.

Enter corporal Nym, and lieutenant Bardolph.

[3] *Bard.* Well met, corporal.
Nym. Good morrow, [4] lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are ancient Piſtol and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but

[2] *But, 'till the king come forth,*—] Here ſeems to be ſomething omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

But when *the king* comes *forth*,——

which, as the paſſage now ſtands, is neceſſary. Theſe lines, obſcure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they ſhew that ſomething is to intervene before the ſcene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

The *Canons of Criticiſm* read:

"——*and* but *till then.*"

And the *Reviſal* approves the correction. STEEVENS.

[3] Bard. *Well met, corporal.*] I have choſe to begin the ſecond act here, becauſe each act may cloſe regularly with a chorus. Not that I am perſuaded this was the poet's intention, to mark the intervals of his acts, as the chorus did on the old Grecian ſtage. He had no occaſion of this ſort: ſince, in his time, the pauſes of action were filled up, as now, with a leſſon of muſic: but the reaſons for this diſtribution are explained before. THEOBALD.

I have already ſhewn why in this edition the act begins with the chorus. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this ſcene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry* IV. The characters would be indiſtinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what paſſed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.

when time ſhall ſerve, [5] there ſhall be ſmiles;—but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe; and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will: and there's [6] the humour of it.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt, to make you friends; [7] and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France: let it be ſo, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, ſhe did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things muſt be as they may: Men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, ſome ſay, knives have edges.

[5] *—there ſhall be* ſmiles;—] I ſuſpect *ſmiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that ſhall be as it may.* But this fantaſtical fellow is made to ſmile diſdainfully while he threatens; which circumſtance was marked for the player's direction in the margin. WARBURTON.

I do not remember to have met with theſe marginal directions for expreſſion of countenance, in any of the old copies: neither do I ſee occaſion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of every whimſical expreſſion employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expreſſed his indifference about the continuance of Piſtol's friendſhip, might have added, *when time ſerves there ſhall be ſmiles*, i. e. he ſhould be merry, even though he was to loſe it; or, that his face would be ready with a ſmile as often as occaſion ſhould call one out into ſervice, though Piſtol, who had excited ſo many, was no longer near him. STEEVENS.

[6] *——the humour of it.*] The folio reads,—*and there's an end.* STEEVENS.

[7] *—and we'll all be ſworn brothers to France.—*] We ſhould read, *we'll all go ſworn brothers to France*, or, *we'll all be ſworn brothers in France.* JOHNSON.

It muſt be as it may: though [8] patience be a tir'd mare, yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol, and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Piſtol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Piſt. Baſe tyke [9], call'ſt thou me—hoſt?
Now, by this hand I ſwear, I ſcorn the term;
Nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight.—[1] O well-

[8] —*patience be a tir'd* mare,—] The folio reads by corruption, *tired* name! from which ſir T. Hanmer, ſagaciouſly enough, derived *tired* dame. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto *tired* mare, the true reading. JOHNSON.

[9] *Baſe* tyke,—] *Tike* is a ſmall kind of dog. STEEVENS.

[1] *O well-a-day, lady, if he be not* hewn *now!*] I cannot underſtand the drift of this expreſſion. If he be not *hewn*, muſt ſignify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that caſe, the very thing is ſuppoſed which Quickly was apprehenſive of. But I rather think her fright ariſes upon ſeeing the ſwords drawn: and I have ventured to make a ſlight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his ſword drawn*, is an expreſſion familiar to our poet. THEOBALD.

I have not diſturbed Mr. Theobald's emendation; but yet I think we might read—if he be not *hewing*. To hack and *hew* is a common vulgar expreſſion. So, in *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Heywood, 1633.—"Bones o'me, he would *hew* it." Again, in *K. Edward* III. 1599:

"The ſin is more to hack and *hew* poor men."

Again, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"The noble knights with ſpear and ſhield,
"Lay all *hewen* in the field."

The ſame expreſſion occurs many times in the ſame book. After all (as the late Mr. Guthrie obſerved) to be *hewn* might mean, to be *drunk*. There is yet a low phraſe in uſe on the ſame

 occa-

well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. [2] Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Piſh!

Piſt. Piſh for thee, [3] Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick.

occaſion, which is not much unlike it; viz. "he is *cut*." "Such a one was *cut* a little laſt night."
So, in the *Witty Fair One*, by Shirley, 1633:
"Then, ſir, there is the *cut* of your leg.—
"—that's when a man is *drunk*, is it not?
"—Do not ſtagger in your judgment, for this *cut* is the grace of your body."
Again, in the *London Chaunticleres*, 1659: "——when the cups of canary have made our heads friſk; oh how we ſhall foot it when we can ſcarce ſtand, and caper when we are *cut* in the leg!"
Again, in Deckar's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "——to accept the courteſy of the cellar when it is offered you by the drawers (and you muſt know that kindneſs never creepes upon them but when they ſee you almoſt *cleft* to the ſhoulders) &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Good* lieutenant,—] We ſhould read, *Good* ancient, for it is Piſtol to whom he addreſſes himſelf. STEEVENS.

[3] —*Iſland dog*;—] I believe we ſhould read *Iceland dog*. He ſeems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. STEEVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading, yet we often meet with *iſland*. Drayton in his *Moon-calfe* mentions *water-dogs*, and *iſlands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler*, "To the whole kennel of Antichriſt's hounds, prieſts, friars, monks, and jeſuites, maſtiffs, mongrels, *iſlands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes.

FARMER.

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry-Tricks*, 1611:
"———you ſhall have jewels,
"A baboon, a parrot, and an *Izeland dog*."
Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them.
So, in *Two Wiſe Men, and all the reſt Fools*:
"Enter Levitia, cum Pediſequa, her periwig of *dog's hair white*, &c."
"The head is a dog, 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman."
"—No, 'tis but the hair of a *dog in faſhion*, pulled from theſe *Iceland* dogs."

Again:

Quick. Good corporal Nym, ſhew the valour of a man, and put up thy ſword.

Nym. [4] Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face;
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth [5]!
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels:
[6] For I can talk; and Piſtol's cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. [7] I am not Barbaſon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Again: "—for torturing of theſe *Iceland* imps, with eradicating their fleeces, thereby to enjoy the roots."

Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617: "—But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glaſſes from Venice, &c."

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fædera*, that in the reign of Hen. V. the Engliſh had a fiſhery on the coaſts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinſhed, in his *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 231, ſays, "we have ſholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iſeland*. STEEVENS.

A *prick-ear'd cur* is likewiſe in the liſt of dogs enumerated in the *Booke of Hyntyng*, &c. bl. no date:
"—trindle-tails and *prick-ear'd curs.*" STEEVENS.

4 *Will you* ſhog *off?*—] This cant word is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb:*
"Come, pr'ythee, let us *ſhog off.*"
Again, in *Paſquill and Katharine*, 1601:
"———thus it *ſhogges*," i. e. thus it goes. STEEVENS.

5 ———*thy* naſty *mouth!*] The quartos read:
———*meſsful* mouth. STEEVENS.

6 *For I can* take;—] I know not well what he can *take*. The quarto reads *talk*. In our author *to take*, is ſometimes *to blaſt*, which ſenſe may ſerve in this place. JOHNSON.

7 *I am not* Barbaſon; *you cannot conjure me.*] *Barbaſon* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. STEEVENS.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and [8] doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coupe le gorge*, that is the word?—I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No; to the ſpital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſſid's kind [9],
Doll Tear-ſheet ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only ſhe; and—*Pauca*, there's enough; go to [1].

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter,—and you hoſteſs;—he is very ſick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets,

8 —*doting death is near*;—] The quarto has *groaning* death. JOHNSON.

9 ——— *the lazar* kite of Creſſid's kind.] The ſame expreſſion occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "What courteſy is to be found in ſuch *kites of Creſſid's kind*?"
Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:
"Nor ſeldom ſeene in *kites of Creſſides kinde*."
Shakeſpeare might deſign a ridicule on the laſt of theſe paſſages." STEEVENS.

1 ——— *there's enough: go to.*
The firſt folio reads,—there's enough *to* go to. STEEVENS.

fets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exit Quickly.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. [2] Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

[*Draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pry'thee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be

[2] *Base is the slave that pays.*] Perhaps this expression was proverbial. I meet with it in *The fair Maid of the West*, by Heywood, 1631:

"My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays.*"

STEEVENS.

Unto

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours, and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Weſtmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves!
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow [3],
Whom

[3] *that was his* bedfellow,] So, Holinſhed. "The ſaid *Lord Scroop* was in ſuch favour with the king, that he admitted him ſome-

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd [4] with princely favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life [5] to death and treachery!
[*Trumpets sound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
[6] For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop.

sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the *sixth* earl of Northumberland (still preserved in the collection of the present duke) addressed "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundel, &c." which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harté recommendacion:" So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Yet, for thou wast once *bedfellow* to a king,
"And that I lov'd thee as my second self, &c."

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

"———if I not err
"Thou art the prince's ward.—
"———I am his ward, his chamberlain and *bedfellow*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Her I'll bestow, and without prejudice,
"On thee alone, my noble *bedfellow*." STEEVENS.

[4] —cloy'd *and grac'd*—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—*dull'd* and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a mistake for *dol'd*.
STEEVENS.

[5] —*to death and treachery!*] Here the quartos insert a line omitted in all the following editions.

Exet. *O! the lord of Masham!* JOHNSON.

[6] *For which we have in head assembled them?*] This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote:

For which we have in aid *assembled them?*

alluding to the tenures of those times. WARBURTON.

It

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With [7] hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his [8] more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

It is strange that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as *head*, for *an army formed.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*hearts create*—] Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

[8] —*more advice*,—] On his return to more *coolness of mind.* JOHNSON.

Cam. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, [9] proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, [1] how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,—
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes;—
Who are the late commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal ſovereign.

[9] *—proceeding on diſtemper—*] i. e. ſudden paſſions. WARBURTON.

Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmneſs of mind, from an equipoiſe or due mixture of paſſions. *Diſtemper* of mind is the predominance of a paſſion, as *diſtemper* of body is the predominance of a humour. JOHNSON.

It has been juſt ſaid by the king that *it was exceſs of wine that ſet him on*, and *diſtemper* may therefore mean *intoxication*. *Diſtemper'd in liquor*, is ſtill a common expreſſion. Chapman in his epicedium *on the Death of Prince Henry*, 1612, has perſonified this *diſtemper:*

"Frantick *diſtemper*, and hare-ey'd unreſt."

And Brabantio ſays, that Roderigo is:

"Full of ſupper and *diſtemp'ring* draughts."

Again, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 626, "—gave him wine and ſtrong drink in ſuch exceſſive ſort, that he was therewith *diſtempered*, and reel'd as he went." STEEVENS.

[1] *—how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,—*] If we may not *wink* at ſmall faults, *how wide muſt we open our eyes* at great. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Maſham;—and, ſir
knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthineſs.—
My lord of Weſtmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confeſs my fault;
And do ſubmit me to your highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy, that was [5] quick in us but
late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare, for ſhame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! My lord Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight,—no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewiſe ſworn.—But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear th key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,

[5] —*quick*—] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

That

That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That, [3] though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs
As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
[4] Treaſon, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
[5] Working ſo groſsly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder, to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
He hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſtering ſemblances of piety;
But [6] he, that temper'd thee, bade thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,

[3] —— *though the truth ſtand off as groſs*
As black and white,—] Though the truth be as apparent and viſible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *ſtand off* is *etre relevè*, to be prominent to the eye, as the ſtrong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

[4] *Treaſon and murder,*——] What follows to the end of this ſpeech is additional ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[5] *Working ſo groſsly*——] *Groſsly* for *commonly*, which the Oxford editor not underſtanding, alters it to *cloſely*. WARBURTON.

Groſsly is neither *cloſely* nor *commonly*, but *palpably*; with a plain and viſible connexion of cauſe and effect. JOHNSON.

[6] —*he that* temper'd *thee*,—] Though *temper'd* may ſtand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it anſwers better to *ſuggeſt* in the oppoſition. JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading. Falſtaff ſays of Shallow, that he has him "*tempering* between his thumb and finger." STEEVENS.

Should

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back [7],
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
[8] Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
[9] Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
[1] Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And,

[7] —*vasty Tartar*] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"With Aconitum that in *Tartar* springs." STEEVENS.

[8] *Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected*
The sweetness of affiance!]
Shakespeare urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

[9] *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;*—] *Modest complement*, that is, *fulness*. WARBURTON.

This note will not much help the reader, unless he knows to what *fulness* is to be applied. I take the meaning to be this. The king, having mentioned Scroop's temperance in diet, passes on to his decency in dress, and says, that he was *decked in modest complement*; that is, he was decorated with ornaments, but such as might be worn without vain ostentation. *Complement* means something more than is necessary; so *complement* in language is what we say *ad conciliandam gratiam*, more than is strictly or literally meant. JOHNSON.

Complement has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakespeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. STEEVENS.

[1] *Not working with the eye without the ear,*—] He is here giving the character of a complete gentleman, and says, he did not *trust the eye without the confirmation of his ear*. But when men have eye-sight proof, they think they have sufficient evidence,

And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, [2] and so finely boulted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
[3] To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.——Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

dence, and do not stay for the confirmation of an hear-say. Prudent men, on the contrary, won't trust the credit of the ear, till it be confirmed by the demonstration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the king would here commend him. So that we must read:

Not working with the ear, but with the eye.

WARBURTON.

The author's meaning I should have thought not so difficult to find, as that an emendation should have been proposed. The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the* ear, did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. Surely this is the character of a prudent man. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*and so finely* boulted, *didst thou seem:*] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

Boulted is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNSON.

[3] *To* make *the full-fraught man,*—] We should read:

To mark *the full-fraught man,*

i. e. *marked* by the *blot* he speaks of in the preceding line.

WARBURTON.

Cam. [4] For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
[5] My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,

[4] *For me, the gold of France did not seduce;*] Holinshed, p. 549, observes from Hall, that "diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmunde E. of March as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the E. of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were espied, he saw plainlie that the earle of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children, he much doubted, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *My fault,*—] One of the conspirators against queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words, a culpâ, *but not* a pœnâ, *absolve me, most dear lady.* This letter was much read at that time, and the author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNSON.

His

His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. [6] Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed in our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance:
[7] No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.

Quickly. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

[6] *—Get you therefore hence,*] So, in Holinshed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward: wherein God's majesty give you grace, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old play before that of Shakespeare:
"If not king of France, then of nothing must I be king."
STEEVENS.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a [8] finer end, and went away, [9] an it had been any

8 —*finer end*,] for *final*. JOHNSON.

9 ——*an it had been any chrisom'd child*: ——] The old quarto has it *crisomb'd child*.

"The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child." See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this further account of it; that the *chrysom* was allowed to be carried out of the church, to enwrap such children as were in too weak a condition to be borne thither; the *chrysom* being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of Falstaff.

The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from the following passage in *The Fancies*, 1638. "—the boy surely I ever said was a very *chrysome* in the thing you wot."

Again, in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1637
"———— and would it not join thy halfpenny
"To send for milk for the poor *chrysome*."

Again, in sir W. Davenant's *Just Italian*, 1630:
"————and they do awe
"The *chrysome* babe."

Again, in his *Albovine*, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet like other young *chrysomes*." Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: "——a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i'faith: *he'd away like a chrysom*."

STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptism*, is this direction. "Then the minister shall put the white vesture, "commonly called the *chrisome*, upon the child," &c. The *Glossary* of Du Cange, vide *Chrismale*, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque chrismate in fronte ungebantur, *ne chrisma deflueret*, capita *panno candido* obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called *chrisomes*. One registered under this

any chrisom'd child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at [1] turning o'the tide: for after I saw him [2] fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way [3]; [4] for his nose was as sharp as a pen,

this description in the register of *Thatcham, Berks*, 1605. [Hearne's *Append. to the History of Glastonbury*, p. 275.] "A younge *crisome* being a *man child*, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] ——*turning o'the tide*—] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*fumble with the sheets*,—] This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

"1. How does my master?
"2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.
"1. That's an ill sign.
"2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.
"1. Then there's *no way but one with him*."

In the spurious play of *King John*, 1611, when Faulconbridge sees that prince at the point of death, he says:

"O piercing sight! he *fumbleth* in the mouth,
"His speech doth fail."———

and Pliny in his chapter on *The Signes of Death*, makes mention of "a *fumbling* and pleiting of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's *Translation*, chap. li. STEEVENS.

The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and *Galen*. The testimony of the latter is sufficient to shew that such a symptom is by no means imaginary. "Manus ante faciem attollere, muscas quasi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de vestibus, vel pariete. Et in seipso hoc expertus fuit *Galenus*. Quum enim, &c." Van Swieten *Comm.* t. ii. sect. 708. COLLINS.

[3] *I knew there was but one way*;] I believe this phrase is proverbial. I meet with it again in, *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:

"I heard the doctors whisper it in secret
"*There is no way but one*." STEEVENS.

[4] — *for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.*] These words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the

stage

a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried

stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*.

POPE.

So reasonable an account of this blunder Mr. Theobald would not acquiesce in. He thought *a table of Greenfield's* part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, *he babbled of green fields*, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no *babbling* humour; and so far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he just expiring. WARBURTON.

Upon this passage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, since he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in 12mo, seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by Mr. Pope's first note, with which, as it excites merriment, we are loath to part.

JOHNSON.

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, signifies a pocket-book, I believe they would have retained it, with the following alteration; *for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells.*—On *table-books*, silver or steel pens, very sharp pointed, were formerly and are still fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen cover*, or *shagreen table*; but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green-skin*, which the blundering transcriber turned into *green fields*, and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakespeare quite out of doors.

SMITH.

Green *fells* and green *fields* might anciently have had the same meaning. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Tragedie of Antonie*, 1595, 12mo:

"As juice of Tyrian shell,
"When clarified well,

"To

'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God[5]; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as[6] cold as any stone.

"To wolle of finest fields
"A purple glosse it yields." STEEVENS.

5 —*now I, to comfort him, bade him 'a should not think of God;*] Perhaps Shakespeare was indebted to the following story in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteristic exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman, *I trow we are not come to that passe yet.*" MALONE.

6 — *cold as any stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the public what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

JOHNSON.

Nym. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A ſaid once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's noſe; and 'a ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
[7] Let ſenſes rule; the word is, [8] *Pitch and pay*;
Truſt

[7] *Let ſenſes rule*;——] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not well ſee. Perhaps we may read:

Let ſenſe us *rule*.

Piſtol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kiſſes her; he ſees her rather weeping than attending, and ſuppoſing that in her heart ſhe is ſtill longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let ſenſe us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to fooliſh fondneſs, but be ruled by our better underſtanding*. He then continues his directions for her conduct in his abſence.
JOHNSON.

Let ſenſes rule.] This evidently means, *let prudence govern you*: conduct yourſelf ſenſibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. STEEVENS.

[8] —*Pitch and pay*;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had ſuffered before, by letting Falſtaff run in

Truſt none;
For oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck;
[9] Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, [1] clear thy cryſtals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck!

in her debt. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602
"I will commit you, ſignior, to my houſe; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worſhip run——"
So, again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:
"——he that will purchaſe this,
"Muſt *pitch and pay*."——
Again, in *The Maſtive*, an ancient collection of epigrams:
"——Suſan when ſhe firſt bore ſway,
"Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay*,"
STEEVENS.
Old Tuſſer, in his deſcription of Norwich, tells us it is
"*A city trim*——
"Where ſtrangers well, may ſeeme to dwell,
"That *pitch and paie*, or keepe their daye."
John Florio ſays, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie."
One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, was, that, "a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*."
FARMER.
[9] Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor. The old quartos read:
Therefore Cophetua *be thy councellor*. STEEVENS.
[1] ——*clear thy cryſtals.*—] Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean in this place, *waſh thy glaſſes*. JOHNSON.
The firſt explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Gentleman Uſher*, by Chapman, 1602:
"——an old wife's eye
"Is a blue *chryſtal* full of ſorcery."
Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:
"——ten thouſand Cupids
"Methought ſat playing on that pair of *chryſtals*."
Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by B. and Fletcher:
"——ſleep, you ſweet glaſſes,
"An everlaſting ſlumber cloſe thoſe *chryſtals*."
Again, in *Coriolanus*, act III. ſc. 2:
"——the *glaſſes* of my ſight."
The old quartos 1600 and 1608, read:
Clear up *thy chriſtals*. STEEVENS.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let houswif'ry appear; [2] keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

The French king's palace.

Enter the French king, the Dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
[3] And more than carefully it us concerns,

[2] —*keep close*,—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:
——— *keep fast thy buggle boe*,
which certainly is not nonsense, as the same expression is used by Shirley in his *Gentleman of Venice*:
" ———the courtisans of Venice,
" Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle."
Perhaps, indeed, it is a Scotch term; for in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit* Philotus, &c. printed at Edinburgh, 1603, I find it again:
" What reck to tak the *bogill-bo*,
" My bonie burd, for anes."
The reader may suppose *buggle boe* to be just what he pleases.
STEEVENS.

[3] *And more than* carefully *it us concerns*,] This was a business indeed, that required more than care to discharge it. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote:
——— *more than* carelesly———
The king is supposed to hint here at the Dauphin's wanton affront in sending over tennis-balls to Henry; which arising from over-great confidence of their own power, or contempt of their enemies, would naturally breed *carelessness*. WARBURTON.

I do not see any defect in the present reading: *more than carefully* is *with more than common care*; a phrase of the same kind with *better than well*. JOHNSON.

To

To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all ſwift diſpatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulph.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh
Upon our fields.
Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were buſied [4] with a Whitſun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd [5],
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.
Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
[6] You are too much miſtaken in this king:

[4] *Were* buſied—] The 4to 1608 reads,—were *troubled*— STEEVENS.

[5] —*ſo idly* king'd,] Shakeſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb *to king*. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:
"———and *king'd* his ſiſter's ſon." STEEVENS.

[6] *You are too much miſtaken in this king:*] This part is much enlarged ſince the firſt writing. POPE.

Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy,
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
[7] How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution,—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
[8] Were but the out-ſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable,
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat, with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry ſtrong;
And, princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,

[7] *How modeſt in exception,*—] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

[8] *Were but the out-ſide of the Roman Brutus,*] Shakeſpeare not having given us, in the Firſt or Second Part of *Henry* IV. or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who do not know or reflect that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs, and amuſed himſelf in conſorting with a diſſolute crew of robbers. It ſeems to me, that Shakeſpeare was ignorant of this circumſtance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry* IV. for it might have been ſo managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to theſe matters, Shakeſpeare generally tells us all he knew, and as ſoon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

That

[9] That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
[1] Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun [2],—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

[9] *That haunted us*—] We should assuredly read *hunted:* the integrity of the metaphor requires it. So, soon after, the king again says:

You see this chase is hotly followed. WARBURTON.

The emendation weakens the passage. To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shews that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. JOHNSON.

[1] *While that his* mountain *sire, on mountain standing,*] We should read, *mounting,* ambitious, aspiring. WARBURTON.

Thus, in *Love's Labour's Lost,* act IV:

"Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a *mounting* mind."

Dr. Warburton's emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king:

"Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c." *Virg.*
"Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd." *Milton.*

Drayton, in the 18th song of his *Polyolbion,* has a similar thought:

"Then he, above them all, himself that sought to raise,
"Upon some *mountain* top, like a pyramides."

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen,* B. I. c. xi:

"Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
"Of a great hill, *himself like a great hill.*"

—*agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in act I. sc. i:

——————his most *mighty* father on a *hill.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*—] Dr. Warburton calls this "the nonsensical line of some player." The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legende of good Women:*

"Her gilt here was *ycrownid with a son.*" STEEVENS.

Of

Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and [3] fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from Henry king of England
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.
Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward dogs
Moſt [4] ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-ſtretched honours that pertain
By cuſtom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no aukward claim,

[3] *—fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by deſtiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, ſpeaking of the future deeds of the deſcendants of Æneas: "Attollens humeris famamque et *fata* nepotum."
STEEVENS.

[4] *—ſpend their mouths,—*] That is, *bark*; the ſportſman's term.
JOHNSON.

Pick'd

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most [5] memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
[*Gives the French king a paper.*
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it;
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
[6] The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,

5 — *memorable line,*] This genealogy; this deduction of his lineage. JOHNSON.

6 *The dead mens' blood,*—] The disposition of the images were more regular if we were to read thus:

——— *upon your head*
Turning the dead mens' blood, the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans, JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608, exhibit the passage thus:

And on your heads turns he the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the dead mens' bones,
The pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,
Which, &c.

These quartos of 1600 and 1608, agree in all but the merest trifles; and therefore for the future I shall content myself in general to quote the former of them, which is the more correct of the two. STEEVENS.

For

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
[4] Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:

[4] *Shall* hide *your trespass*,——] Mr. Pope rightly corrected it, *Shall* chide——— WARBURTON.

I doubt whether it be rightly corrected. The meaning is, that the authors of this insult shall fly to caves for refuge. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope restored *chide* from the quarto. I have therefore inserted it in the text. To *chide* is to *resound*, to *echo*. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"———never did I hear
"Such gallant *chiding*."

So, in *Henry* VIII:

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood." STEEVENS.

And,

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now [5]; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full. [*Flourish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
[6] The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark

5 —*he* masters *now*;] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *musters*. STEEVENS.

6 *The well-appointed king at* Dover *pier*
Embark his royalty;———]
Thus all the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio. But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the *Chronicles*, which he copied) to make the king here embark at Dover; when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They,

 seeing

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the [7] rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds [8] to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege;

seeing *pier* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of Dover *pier*, as the best known to them; and so unawares corrupted the text. THEOBALD.

Hampton pier] It is obvious, that this, and not *Dover pier* according to the folios, was the true reading. Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentic account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called Westport. WARTON.

7 —*rivage*,—] The *bank* or shore. JOHNSON.

Rivage: French. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i.

"Pactolus with his waters there
"Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. viii. fol. 186:

"Upon the stronde at *rivage*." STEEVENS.

8 —*to sternage of this navy*;] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. STEEVENS.

Behold

Behold the ordinance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With [9] linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Before Harfleur.

[*Alarum.*]

Enter king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
[1] Or close the wall up with the English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

9 ——*linstock*——] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:
——"O Cupid, grant that my blushing prove not a *linstocke*, and give fire too suddenly, *&c.*"
Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlow, 1633:
"Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
"By him that bears the *linstock* kindled thus."
STEEVENS.

1 *Or close the wall*——] Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends*, either win the town, *or close up the wall with dead.* The old quarto gives no help. JOHNSON.

This speech was added after the quartos 1600 and 1608.
STEEVENS.

As modeſt ſtillneſs, and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tyger;[2]
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the [3] portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty [4] his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and [5] bend up every ſpirit
To his full height!—On, on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from fathers of war-proof [6]!

Fa-

2 —*when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,*
Then imitate the action of the tyger;]
Sir Tho. Hanmer has obſerved on the following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, that in *ſtorms and high winds the tyger* roars and rages moſt furiouſly.

" —— even ſo
" Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
" In ſtorms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightneſs.
" The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
" Than by the *tyger*: but when ſplitting winds
" Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
" And flies flee under ſhade; why then the thing of courage,
" As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize, &c."

STEEVENS.

3 —portage *of the head*,—] *Portage*, open ſpace, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embraſures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

4 —*his confounded baſe*,—] His *worn* or *waſted* baſe.

JOHNSON.

5 —*bend up every ſpirit*—] A metaphor from the bow.

JOHNSON.

6 *Whoſe blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio 1623, and rightly. So Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III:
" Whom ſtrange adventure did from Britain *fet*."
Again, in the Prologue to Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*:
" Though there be none far-*fet*, there will dear bought."

Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn 'till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of [7] argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

[*Exeunt King and train.*

[*Alarm, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, [8] corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not [9] a case

Again, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"And with that winde had *fet* the land of Grece."

The sacred writings afford many instances to the same purpose. Mr. Pope first made the change, which I, among others, had inadvertently followed. Steevens.

[7] —— *argument.*] Is *matter*, or *subject*. Johnson.

[8] —*corporal*,——] We should read *lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. Steevens.

[9] ——*a case of lives*:—] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. Johnson.

of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
[1] If wishes would prevail with
My purpose should not fail with
But thither would I hie.

Boy. [2] As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. 'Splood!—Up to the preaches [3], you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, [4] to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *If wishes* &c.] This passage I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentic copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNSON.

[2] *As duly*, &c.] This speech I have restored from the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] —*up to the* preaches, &c.] Thus the 4to, with only the difference of *breaches* instead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welch dialect. The folio reads, *Up to the breach you dogges, avaunt you cullions.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*to men of mould!*—] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

Boy.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they ... would ſerve me, could not be man ... indeed, three ſuch anticks do not amount ... For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and ...'d ... by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights n... For Piſtol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ...ord; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and kee... weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that ... words are the [5] beſt men; and therefore he ſc...ns ... his prayers, leſt 'a ſhould be thought a ...ward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his ... and that was againſt a poſt, when he was drunk. ... will ſteal any thing, and call it—purchaſe. Bardolph ſtole a lute-caſe; bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are ſworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they ſtole a fire-ſhovel: I knew, by that piece of ſervice, [6] the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much againſt my manhood, if I ſhould take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice: their villainy goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

[5] ——*beſt men*;——] That is, *braveſt*; ſo in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*the men would carry coals.*——] It appears that in Shakeſpeare's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one ſervingman aſks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

Cant phraſes are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos 1600 and 1608, the paſſage ſtands thus:

I knew by that *they meant* to carry coales. STEEVENS.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Glofter would fpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not fo good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines are not according to the difciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not fufficient; for, look you, th' athverfary (you may difcufs unto the duke, look you) [7] is digt himfelf four yards under the countermines: by Chefhu, I think, 'a [8] will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The duke of Glofter, to whom the order of the fiege is given, is altogether directed by an Irifh-man; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By Chefhu, he is an afs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true difciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman difciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris, and captain Jamy.

Gower. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chefhu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the difciplines of the priftine wars of the Romans.

[7] —*is digt himfelf four yards under the countermines:*—] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himfelf *countermines* four yards under the *mines.* JOHNSON.

[8] —*will plow up all,*—] That is, *he will* blow *up all.* JOHNSON.

Jamy.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and [9] I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is

[9] —*I sall quit you*—] That is, I shall, with your permission, *requite you*, that is, *answer you*, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end [1].

SCENE III.

Before the gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;

[1] *—there's an end.*] It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.

Or,

Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: for, as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur,
'Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up [2];
And the fleſh'd ſoldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell; mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his ſmirch'd complexion, all [3] fell feats
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend precepts to the Leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
[4] Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

[2] *The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up*;] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:
"And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *fell feats,*
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?]
All the ſavage practices naturally concomitant to the ſack of cities. JOHNSON.

[4] *Whiles yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace*
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds]
This is a very harſh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to *drive away*, or *to keep off*. JOHNSON.

Of

Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
[5] Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes
Whiles the mad mothers with their h ls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wiv Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slau
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor, upon the walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter.
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest[6].

[*Flourish, and enter the town.*

SCENE

[5] Defile *the locks* &c.] The folio reads:
Desire the locks, *&c.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*we are* addrest.] i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"————our shield
"We must *address* next, for tomorrow's field."

Again,

[7] SCENE IV.

The French camp.

Enter Katharine, and an old gentlewoman.

[8] Kath. *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le language.*

Alice.

Again, in the *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——[illegible] from afar,
"Tell us these champions are *addrest* for war."

Again:

"——[illegible] See I am *addrest*
"With this, to thunder on thy captive crest."

STEEVENS.

[7] Scene IV.] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observ'd, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader who has not looked into the old copies may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

"*Kate.* Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sae palla vou la main en francoy."

JOHNSON.

We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable, that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most certainly were after he had left the stage.—Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman:* or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appellée,* de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé* de fingres; *ouy,* de fingers; *oui* de fingers.

Kath. *La main,* de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons,* de nails.

It is very certain, that authors in the time of Shakespeare, did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw in one of the old plays a sentence of either *Latin*, *Italian*, or *French*, without the most ridiculous blunders. In the *Hist. of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior asks a lady disguised like a page, what her name is. She answers, "*Cur Daceer*," i. e. *Cœur d'Acier*, Heart of Steel. STEEVENS.

[8] Kath. *Alice, tu as esté*—] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Katharine: and so, *vice versa*. It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princess: "For why he should not allow her," says he, "to speak in English as well as all the other French, I can't imagine: since it adds no beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Chester Whitsun Mysteries*, among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1013, I find French speeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play*, p. 65, the three kings who come to worship our infant Saviour, address themselves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely answers them in the same. At first, I supposed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, because they were strangers; but in the *Skynner's Play*, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no such reason could be offered to justify a change of language. These mysteries are said to have been written in 1328. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from the 4to edition of *King Henry V.* STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez:* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* De elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De neck, *madame.*

Kath. De neck: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de neck: *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails [8].

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf, vostre honneur,* de elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis je;* de elbow, de neck, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous les pieds, & la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame;* & de con.

Kath. De foot, & de con? *O Seigneur Dieu!* ces

8 —*De hand, de fingre,* de nayle, de arme.] The first folio has this passage thus—*d'hand, de fingre, de mailes*—without *de arm.*— And so it should be printed. TYRWHITT.

ſont mots de ſon mauvais, corruptible, groſſe, et impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, *neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon enſemble :* De hand, de [9] fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de con.

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois; allons nous a diſner.*

SCENE V.

Preſence-chamber in the French court.

Enter the king of France, the Dauphin, duke of Bourbon, the Conſtable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath paſs'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,—
The emptying of [1] our father's luxury,—
Our ſyens, put in wild [2] and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-grow their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards!
Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbery and a dirty farm

9 —*de fingre,*——] It is apparent by the correction of Alice, that the princeſs forgot *the nails,* and therefore it ſhould be left out in her part. JOHNSON.

1 —*our father's luxury,*] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *luſt.* JOHNSON.

2 —*ſavage*—] Is here uſed in the French original ſenſe, for *ſilvan, uncultivated,* the ſame with *wild.* JOHNSON.

In

[4] In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? [5] Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon the houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach [6] *lavoltas* high, and swift *corantos*;

Say-

[4] *In that* nook shotten *isle of Albion.*] *Shotten* signifies any thing *projected:* so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. WARBURTON.

[5] ——— *Can sodden water,*
A drench for sur-reyn'd *jades*, ———]
The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called *a mash*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

The word *sur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:
"Writes he not a good cordial sappy stile?—
"A *sur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on."
It should be observ'd that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:
———A drench for *swolne* jades. STEEVENS.

[6] —*lavoltas high*,—] Hanmer observes that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakespeare mentions it more than once, but never so particularly as the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy 1610:
"Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip
"Your antick measures; like to coal-black moors

"Danc-

Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
[7] Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
[8] With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush

"Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the sun,
"Circle me round: and in the midst I'll stand,
"And crack my sides with laughter at your sports."

Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1606:

"——— let the Bourdeaux grape
"Skip like *la volta's* in their swelling veins."

Again:

"Where love doth dance *la volta's*—" STEEVENS.

[7] *Charles Delabreth,*—] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are mispelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. JOHNSON.

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*, but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

[8] *With pennons*—] *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted.

Pennon is the same as *pendant.* So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London,* 1590:

"In

Rush on his host, as doth the [9] melted snow
Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon [1]:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom.

"In glittring gold and particolour'd plumes,
"With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd, &c."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 136. b.
"Of his contrei the signe was
"Thre fishes, whiche he shulde beare
"Upon the *pinon* of a speare."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980. late edit:
"And by his banner borne is his *penon*
"Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete
"The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete."

In MS. *Harl.* No. 2413, is the following note.

Penon.

"A *penon* must bee tow yardes and a half longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and servith for the conduct of fiftie men."

"Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe captaine, and in it sett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the liestenant shall make a slitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds shall raise it out.

Pencelles.

"Pencells or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the crosses of St. George, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] —*melted snow*——] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

[1] *The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:*]
"Jupiter hybernas canâ nive *conspuit* Alpes.
Fur. Bibac. ap Hor. STEEVENS.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conftable, hafte on Montjoy;
And let him fay to England, that
To know what willing ranfom he w!
Prince Dauphin, you fhall ftay with us in Roan.
Dau. Not fo, I do befeech your majefty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you fhall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord conftable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

SCENE VI.

The Englifh camp.

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I affure you, there is very excellent fervice committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter fafe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my foul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermoft powers: he is not, (Got be praifed and pleffed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge moft valiantly, with excellent difcipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pridge,—I think, in my very confcience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eftimation in the 'orld; but I did fee him do gallant fervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Piftol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour [1], hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,——

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. [2] Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to sig-

[1] *Of* buxom *valour,*] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiours. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*:
"Love tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
"Of them that to him are *buxom* and prone."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Fortune is painted* plind, *with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind:*—] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, *not set down for him, and shewing a most pitiful ambition* to be witty. For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind*. He might as well have said afterwards, *that she was painted inconstant, to signify she was inconstant*. But there he speaks sense, and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *plind*, and read:
Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c. WARBURTON.
The old reading is the true one. *Fortune, the Goddess*, is represented blind, to shew that *fortune*, or *the chance of life*, is without discernment. STEEVENS.

This picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus*; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*. FARMER.

A *muffler* appears to have been part of a lady's dress. So, in *Mons. Thomas*, 1639:
"On with my *muffler*."

nify to you, that fortune is plind: And ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel; to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning, and inconſtant, and mutabilities, and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
[3] For he hath ſtol'n a *pix*, and hanged muſt 'a be.
Damn'd death!

Let

[3] The old editions,

For he hath ſtol'n a pax,—] "And this is conformable to hiſtory," ſays Mr. Pope, "a ſoldier (as Hall tells us) being hang'd at this time for ſuch a fact."—— Both Hall and Holinſhed agree as to the point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *ſtolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient cuſtom, at the celebration of maſs, that when the prieſt pronounced theſe words, *Pax Domini ſit ſemper vobiſcum!* both clergy and people kiſs'd one another. And this was called *Oſculum Pacis*, the Kiſs of *Peace*. But that cuſtom being abrogated, a certain image is now preſented to be kiſſed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph ſtole; it was a *pix*, or little cheſt (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box); in which the conſecrated *hoſt* was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh ſoldier," ſays Hall expreſsly, and Holinſhed after him, "ſtole a *pix* out of a church." THEOBALD.

What Theobald ſays is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the paſſage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadverſion.

It is *pax* in the folio 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and ſir T. Hanmer. They ſignified the ſame thing. See *Pax at Maſs, Minſhew's Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the conſecrated wafers. JOHNSON.

So, in *May Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611; "—Kiſs the *pax*, and be quiet, like your other neighbours." So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Then with this hallow'd crucifix,
"This holy wafer, and this *pix*."

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may be ſeen from the following paſſage in the Hiſtory of our *Bleſſed Lady of Loretto*, 12mo. 1608, p. 505:

"——a cup,

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. [4] Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship [5]!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. [6] The fig of Spain! [*Exit Pistol.*

Flu.

" ——a cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber."

Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 677: " ——palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and such like." STEEVENS.

[4] *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This passage, with several others, [illegible] haracter of Pistol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The* [illegible] as follows:

Why then lament therefore; damn'd be thy guts
Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;
" For sparrows must have food." STEEVENS.

[5] ——Figo *for thy friendship!*] This expression occurs likewise in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1610:

" ————water at the dock,
" A *fico* for her dock."

Again:

" A *fico* for the sun and moon. STEEVENS.

[6] *The fig of Spain!*] This is no allusion to the *fico* already explained in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608 read: " The fig

Flu. Very good [7].

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such [8] a sconce, at such a breach,

fig of Spain *within thy jaw*:" and afterwards: "The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.*" So, in *The Fleire*, 1610, a comedy;

"*Fel.* Give them *a fig*.
"*Flo.* Make them drink their last.
"*Fel.* Poison them."

Again, in *The Brothers*, by Shirley, 1652:

"I must *poison* him; one *fig* sends him to Erebus."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"The lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous *a fruit* as the *fico*."

Again, in one of Gascoigne's *Poems*:

"It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd
"To sup sometimes with a magnifico,
"And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"*Cor.* Now do I look for a *fig*.
"*Gaz.* Chew none, fear nothing:

and the scene of this play lies at *Seville*.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—— Is it (poison) speeding?——
"As all our *Spanish figs* are."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I look now for a *Spanish fig*, or an Italian sallad daily."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Flu. Very good.*] Instead of these two words, the quartos read:——

"Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?"

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a sconce*,——] Appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsi-

a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid ſuit of the camp[9], will do among foaming bottles, and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you muſt learn to know [1] ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming; and [2] I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

inconſiderable kind of fortification. Sir Thomas Smythe, in one of his *Diſcourſes on the Art Military*, 1589, mentions them in the following manner: "—and that certen *ſconces* by them deviſed, without anie bulwarks, flanckers, travaſſes, mounts, plattormes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with counterſcarps, or any other good forme of fortification, but only raiſed and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certen poynts, angles, and indents, ſhould be able to hold out the enemie, &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] —*a horrid* ſuit *of the camp*,] Thus the folio. The 4tos 1600, &c. read—a horrid *ſhout* of the camp. STEEVENS.

[1] —*ſuch ſlanders of the age*,] This was a character very troubleſome to wiſe men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him," ſays Aſcham, "to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face, yet ſome warlike ſign muſt be uſed, as a ſlovenly buſkin, or an over-ſtaring frownced head, as though out of every hair's top ſhould ſuddenly ſtart a good big oath."
JOHNSON.

[2] *I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.*] "*Speak with him from the bridge*, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain from the ſequel, that the ſcene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a moſt inaccurate criticiſm. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reaſon, that the king muſt receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the tranſactions that had happened there. This he calls *ſpeaking to the king from the bridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

Drum

Drum and colours. Enter the king, Gloster, and soldiers.

Flu. Got pless you majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs [3], and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and [4] his fire's out.

K. Henry.

[3] *—and* whelks, *and* knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakespeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face:

"A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place
"That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.
"——— ——— ——— ———
"Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
"Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
"Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
"That might him helpen of his *whelkes* white,
"Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes."

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 628, &c.
STEEVENS.

[4] *—his fire's out.*] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakespeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader,

K. Henry. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off:—and we give expreſs charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abuſed in diſdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentleſt gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. [5] *Enter Montjoy.*

Mont. You know me [6] by my habit.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; What ſhall I know of thee?

Mont. My maſter's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus ſays my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep; Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury, 'till it were full ripe:—now we ſpeak [7] upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſom; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which, in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor; for the effuſion of

er, though it may be ſomewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the ſtage. This poet is always more careful about the preſent than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON.

[5] *Enter Montjoy.*] *Mont-joie* is the title of the firſt king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

[6] *—by my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The perſon of a herald being inviolable, was diſtinguiſhed in thoſe times of formality by a peculiar dreſs, which is likewiſe yet worn on particular occaſions. JOHNSON.

[7] *—— upon our cue,——*] In our turn. This phraſe the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

our

our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; [8] so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment *: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master,—here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, [9] God before, tell him we will come on,
Though

[8] —*so much my office.*] This speech, as well as another preceding it, was first compress'd into verse by Mr. Pope. Where he wanted a syllable, he supplied it, and where there were too many for his purpose, he made suitable omissions. Shakespeare (if we may believe some of the old copies) meant both speeches for prose, and as such I have printed them. STEEVENS.

* *Without impeachment.*] i. e. hindrance. *Empechement*, French. STEEVENS.

[9] —*God before,*—] This was an expression in that age for

Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy [1].
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo, Montjoy, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it;
So tell your maſter.

Mont. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your highneſs. [*Exit.*

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.—
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

for *God being my guide*, or when uſed to another, *God be thy guide.* So, in an old dialogue between a herdſman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to Walſingham, the herdſman takes his leave in theſe words:

"*Now, go thy ways, and* God before."

To *prevent* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[1] *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*] It appears from many ancient books that it was always cuſtomary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. So, in the ancient metrical hiſtory of the *Battle of Flodden:*

"Then gave he to the herald's hand,
"Beſides, with it, *a rich reward*;
"Who haſten'd to his native land
"To ſee how with his king it far'd." STEEVENS.

SCENE

[3] SCENE VII.

The French camp near Agincourt.

Enter the constable of France, the lord Rambures, the Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the beſt armour of the world.—Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,——

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns. *Ça, ha!* [4] He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for Perſeus: he is pure air and fire [5]; and the

[3] Scene VII.] This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. POPE.

[4] *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*—] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were ſtuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*, "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

[5] ——*he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra ſpeaking of herſelf

"I am air and fire; my other elements
"I give to baſer life." STEEVENS.

dull

dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; [6] and all other jades you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, [7] *Wonder of nature,*——

Orl.

[6] ——*and all other jades you may call - beasts,*] It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said:

I had as lieve have my mistress a jade. WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this change. In the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. scene i:

"———he gave his *able horse* the head,
"And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
"Against the panting sides of the poor *jade*."

Jade is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———what *beast* was't then
"That made you break this enterprize to me?

Again, in *Timon*: "—what a wicked *beast* was I to disfurnish myself against so good a time?" STEEVENS.

[7] —*Wonder of nature*——] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

In

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, [8] like a kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers.

Con.

In the firſt Part of *K. Henry* VI. act V. ſc. iv. Shakeſpeare himſelf uſes the phraſe which he here ſeems to ridicule:
"Be not offended, *nature's miracle!*" MALONE.
The phraſe is only reprehenſible through its miſapplication. It is ſurely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addreſſed to a *horſe*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*like a kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait* ſtroſſers.] Thus all the editions have miſtaken this word, which ſhould be *troſſers*; and ſignifies a pair of breeches. THEOBALD.

This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatic writers. A man in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, ſpeaking to an Iriſh ſervant, ſays, "I'll have thee flead, and *troſſers* made of thy ſkin, to tumble in." *Troſſers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The kerns of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *ſtrait troſſers*, I believe, means only in their naked ſkin, which fits cloſe to them. The word is ſtill preſerved, but now written *trowſers*. STEEVENS.

"*Trowſes*," ſays the explanatory Index to *Cox's Hiſtory of Ireland*, "are breeches and ſtockings made to fit as cloſe to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers repreſented upon the print of my window, have ſuch hoſe or ſtrait trouſers; but the poet ſeems by the waggiſh context to have a further meaning. TOLLET.

The following paſſage in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, proves, that the ancient Iriſh *trouſers* were ſomewhat more than *mere buff*.

"*Man-*

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. *Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Even as your horſe bears your praiſes; who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert!

" *Manhurſt.* No, for my money give me your ſubſtantial Engliſh hoſe round, and ſomewhat full afore.

" *Maid.* Now they are, methinks, a little too great.

" *Manh.* The more the diſcretion of the landlord that builds them—he makes room enough for his tenant to ſtand upright in them—he may walk in and out at eaſe without ſtooping: but of all the reſt I am clean out of love with your Iriſh *trowſes*; they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always cloſe at a man's tayle." The ſpeaker is here circumſtantially deſcribing the faſhions of different countries. So, again, in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the Engliſh Gallant*, 1653: " Bombaſted and paned hoſe were, ſince I can remember, in faſhion; but now our hoſe are made ſo cloſe to our breeches, that, like Iriſh *trowſes*, they too manifeſtly diſcover the dimenſion of every part." In *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, the word is ſpelt *ſtrouces*. COLLINS.

Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the Engliſh.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners [9]?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, ſimply, the moſt active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body

[9] *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners?*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry* V:

"Come and you ſee what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

"Faith me will tro at the earl of Northumberland and, now I will tro at the king him ſelf, &c."

This incident, however, might have been furniſhed by the chronicle. STEEVENS.

ſaw

saw it, but [1] his lacquey: [2] 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. [3] I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, [4] with—A pox of the devil.

Or. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—[5] 'Would it were day!——Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

[1] —*his lacquey:*—] He has beaten nobody yet but his footboy. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.*] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

[3] *I will cap that proverb*——] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

[4] —*with,*—*A pox of the devil!*] The quartos 1600, and 1608 read,—*with, A jogge of the devil.* STEEVENS.

[5] *'Would it were day!*—] Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the 4tos 1600 and 1608 conclude this scene, with a couplet:

——— *Come, come away,*
The sun is high, and we wear out the day. STEEVENS.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish * fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef [6], and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now it is time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

* *Peevish*, in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. 7:
" ——He's strange and *peevish*." STEEVENS.

6 ——*give them great meals of beef*,] So, in *K. Edw.* III. 1599:
" ——but scant them of their *chines of beef*,
" And take away their downy featherbeds, &c."
STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
[7] Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees [8] the other's umber'd face:

Steed

[7] *Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think Shakespeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

———*following darkness like a dream.*

Besides, the image he employs shews he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet. WARBURTON.

There is a better proof that Shakespeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth*:

"*Now o'er* one half the *world*
"*Nature seems dead.*"

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

[8] —*the other's umber'd face*:] *Umber'd* or *umbred* is a term in blazonry, and signifies shadowed. WARBURTON.

———*the other's* umber'd *face*:]

Of this epithet used by Shakespeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion:

"Whose *umber'd* arms by turns thick flashes send."

Umber

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; [9] and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
[1] The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And

Umber is a brown colour. So, in *As You Like It*:

"And with a kind of *umber* smirch my face."

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. Blazonry, I believe, does not acknowledge the word *umber'd*. *Adumbration*, indeed, says Guillim, is a *shadowing*, &c. and I meet with the same word in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. X. chap. lvi:

"Sweet *adumbrations* of her zeale, &c." STEEVENS.

Another interpretation occurs, expressive of the preparation of both armies for an engagement. In *Hamlet*, act III. Mr. Steevens gives the following quotation from *Stowe's Chronicle*, "He brast up his *umber* three times." Where *umber* means the vizor of the helmet, as *umbriere* doth in *Spenser*, from the French *ombre*, ombriere, or *ombraire*, a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that hides or covers the face. Hence *umber'd face* may denote a face armed with a helmet, as in *K. Henry* IV:

"I saw young Harry with his bever on."

and in the present play:

"Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
"And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps."

Beaver here means exactly the same with *umber* in Stowe.

TOLLET.

[9] *—and from the tents,*] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in *Chaucer*:

"And on the morwe, when the day 'gan spring,
"Of horse and harneis noise and clattering,
"There was in the hostelries all about:
"The foamy stedes on the golden bridel
"Gnawing, and *fast the armureres also*
"*With file and hammer priking to and fro*," &c.

WARTON.

[1] *The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;*
And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident, and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;—]

I be-

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
[2] Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
[3] Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

I believe every reader of taste must be hurt by that heavy parenthesis in the second line. How much better might we read thus?

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Then begin another sentence. TYRWHITT.

I have admitted this very necessary and elegant emendation. STEEVENS.

[2] *Do the low-rated English play at dice;*] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

[3] Investing *lank-lean cheeks,*—] *A gesture investing cheeks and coats* is nonsense. We should read:

Invest in *lank-lean cheeks* ———

which is sense, *i. e.* their sad gesture was cloath'd, or set off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is strong and picturesque. WARBURTON.

Yet perhaps even this change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures.

Such another harsh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,
" I know not what to say." STEEVENS.

Gesture only relates to their *cheeks,* after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. In the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella:*

" Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace." TOLLET.

The present time runs throughout the whole of the description, except in this instance, where the change seems very improper. I believe we should read, *presenteth.* STEEVENS.

Investing, perhaps we should read, *in fasting,* &c. ANON.

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold [4] fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
[5] Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

[4] ——*fear, that mean and gentle all,*
Behold (*as may*, &c.]
As this stood, it was a most perplex'd and nonsensical passage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet, then addressing himself to every degree of his audience, tells them, he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night. THEOBALD.

[5] *Minding true things*—] To *mind* is the same as *to call to remembrance*. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE I.

The English camp, at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Glofter.

K. Henry. Glofter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore fhould our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is fome foul of goodnefs in things evil,
Would men obfervingly diftil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ftirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good hufbandry:
Befides, they are our outward confciences,
And preachers to us all; admonifhing,
That we fhould drefs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himfelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, [6] old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good foft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlifh turf of France.

Erping. Not fo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may fay—now lie I like a king.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their prefent pains,
Upon example; fo the fpirit is eafed:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

[6] —*old Sir Thomas Erpingham:*] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commiffioners to receive king Richard's abdication.
EDWARD's MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V.'s time warden of Dover caftle. His arms are ftill vifible on one fide of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

The

The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
[7] With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Henry. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va lá?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;

[7] *With casted slough—*] *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, B. IV. 1582:
"His *slough* uncasing himself now youthfully bleacheth."
Legerity is a word used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*. STEEVENS.

A lad

A lad of life, an imp of fame[8];
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon saint David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It sorts[9] well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen,—

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle,

[8] —*an* imp *of fame*;] An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakespeare. In Holinshed, p. 951, the last words of lord Cromwell are preserved, who says, "—and after him that his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you." STEEVENS.

[9] *It* sorts] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th book of the *Odyssey*:

"His faire long lance well *sorting* with his hand."
STEEVENS.

nor

nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobriety of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter three ſoldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Henry. No; nor it is not meet he ſhould. For, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him, as it doth to me; all

his

his senses have but human [1] conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives sav'd.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those

[1] —*conditions.*] Are *qualities.* The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him, and when he feels *fear* it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

legs,

legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We dy'd at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon [1] their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native

[1] —*their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw.* So, in *Macbeth:*
"Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children."
JOHNSON.

punish-

punishment [3], though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. [4] Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

[3] —— *native punishment.*] That is, punishment in their native country. REVISAL. i. e. such as they are born to if they offend. STEEVENS.

[4] *Every subject's duty*—] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. JOHNSON.

Will

Will. You pay him then! [5] that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay [6] twenty French

[5] *—that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,—*] In the old play the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon.* JOHNSON.

[6] *——twenty French crowns—*] This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease. JOHNSON.

There

French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt soldiers.*

[7] Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
Save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
[8] What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O cere-

There is surely no necessity for supposing any allusion *in this passage* to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crown*, which signifies either *a coin*, or *a head*. TYRWHITT.

[7] *Upon the king!* &c.] This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. POPE.

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

[8] *What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?*
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
What! is thy soul of *adoration?*]

Thus is the last line given us, and the nonsense of it made worse by the ridiculous pointing. We should read, *What is thy* toll, *O adoration!* Let us examine how the context stands with my emendation. *What are thy* rents? *What are thy* comings-in? *What is thy* worth? *What is thy* toll?——(*i. e.* the *duties* and *imposts*, thou receivest:) all is here consonant, and agreeable to a sensible exclamation. So *King John*:—"*No Italian priest shall tithe or* toll *in our dominions.*" But the Oxford editor, now he finds

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king, that find thee: and I know
'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

the way open for alteration, reads, *What is thy* shew *of adoration?* By which happy emendation, what is about to be enquired into, is first taken for granted; namely, that *ceremony* is but a shew. And to make room for this word here, which is found in the immediate preceding line, he degrades it there, but puts as good a word indeed in its stead, that is to say, *tell.* WARBURTON.

This emendation is not ill conceived, yet I believe it is erroneous. The first copy reads, *What? is the soul of adoration.* This is incorrect, but I think we may discover the true reading easily enough to be, *What is thy soul*, O adoration? That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinsic value?* JOHNSON.

The quarto has not this speech. The folio reads—What? is *thy* soul of *odoration?* STEEVENS.

I do not see any necessity for departing from the old reading:

What is the *soul* of adoration?

The same expression is found in many of Shakespeare's plays. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——my very *soul of* counsel."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I:

"The very bottom and the *soul of* hope."

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"——the *soul of* love." MALONE.

The

The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The [9] farſed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of the world,
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
[1] Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

[9] —*farſed title running* &c.] *Farſed* is *ſtuffed.* The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the ſenſe. JOHNSON.
So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1574:
"———belly-gods ſo ſwarm,
"*Farced*, and flowing with all kind of gall."
Again:
"And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*."
Again, in *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:
"To make both broth and *farcing*, and that full deinty."
Again, in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the firſt book of *Virgil:*
"Or cels are *farcing* with dulce and delicat hoonny."
Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"———*farce* thy lean ribs with it too." STEEVENS.
[1] *Can ſleep ſo ſoundly*, &c.] Theſe lines are exquiſitely pleaſing. *To ſweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to ſleep in Elyſium*, are expreſſions very poetical. JOHNSON.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; * take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;

In former editions:

———*take from them now*
The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!———]

Thus the first folio. The poet might intend, "Take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers, *which* might pluck their courage from them." But the *relative* not being express'd, the sense is very obscure. THEOBALD.

The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

———*the opposed numbers*
Which stand before them.

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus:

Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes that stand before them
May not appall their courage. JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text:

———if *th' opposed numbers*
Pluck their hearts from them.

In conjectural criticism as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force. TYRWHITT.

And

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
[2] Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glofter.

Glo. My liege!

K. Henry. My brother Glofter's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Since that my penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.
We must observe, that Henry IV. had committed an injustice, of which he, and his *son* reap'd the fruits. But reason tells us, justice demands that they who share the profits of iniquity, shall share also in the punishment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have sinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance: which, in the language of divines, are stiled *calls*. These, if neglected, or carelessly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shews that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus:

———— *comes after* call. WARBURTON.

I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming *in consequence of call*, it is sufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceased*, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakespeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. *I do all this*, says the king, *though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all*, *imploring pardon* both for the crime and the expiation.
JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
Dau. *Montez a cheval*:—My horſe! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. [4] *Via!—les eaux & la terre.*—
Orl. *Rien plus? l'air & le feu.*—
Dau. *Ciel!* couſin Orleans.—

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!
Con. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides;
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And daunt them [5] with ſuperfluous courage: Ha!

[4] *Via!——les eaux & la terre.——*] The *Reviſal* reads:
Dau. Voyez—les eaux & la terre.—
Orl. Bien—puis l'air & le feu?—
Dau. Le ciel—couſin Orleans.—
This is well conjectured; nor does the paſſage deſerve that more ſhould be done: yet I know not whether it might not ſtand thus:
Dau. *Voyez les eaux & la terre.*
Orl. *L'air & le feu—Rien puis?*
Dau. *Le ciel.*
Via is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.
Dr. Johnſon is right. So, in *K. Edward* III. 1599:
"Then *Via!* for the ſpacious bounds of France!"
Again, in the *Fawne*, by John Marſton, 1606:
"Come *Via!* to this feaſtful entertainment!"
Again, in Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607:
"Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and ſquare!" STEEVENS.

[5] *And daunt them*] The firſt folio reads *doubt*, which, perhaps, may have been uſed for *to make to doubt*; *to terrifie.* TYRWHITT.

Ram.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Engliſh are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horſe, you gallant princes! ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exceptions, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys, and our peaſants,—
Who, in unneceſſary action, ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's baſis by
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
* The tucket-ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For

* *The tucket-ſonuance*, &c.] He uſes terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chaſe for ſport. *To dare the field* is a phraſe in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from riſing, ſo that they will be ſometimes taken by the hand.

Such an eaſy capture the lords expected to make of the Engliſh. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-ſonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flouriſh on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
[7] Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the [8] gimmal bit
Lies

of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba*, is to blow the trumpet.

In the Spanish tragedy, (no date) "a *tucket* afar off."

Again, in the *Devil's Lawcase*, 1623:

"2 *tuckets* by several trumpets."

Sonance is a word used by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Or, if he chance to endure our tongues so much
"As but to hear their *sonance*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*
With torch staves in their hand;—] Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands.

A similar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he shew'd like a pewter *candlestick*, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle." STEEVENS.

[8] —*gimmal bit*—] *Gimmal* is in the western counties, a *ring*; a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts play'd one within another. JOHNSON.

I meet with the word, though differently spelt, in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596:

"Nor lay aside their jacks of *gymold* mail."

Gymold

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And [9] their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. [1] I stay but for my guard; On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,

Gymold or *gimmal'd* mail means armour composed of links like those of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted itself to the shape of the body more exactly than defensive covering of any other contrivance. There was a suit of it to be seen in the Tower. Spenser, in his *Faerie Queen*, B. I. cap. v. calls it *woven mail*:

"In *woven* mail all armed warily."

In *Lingua*, &c. 1607, is mentioned:

"——a *gimmal* ring with one link hanging."

STEEVENS.

[9] *—their executors, the knavish crows,—*] The crows who are to have the disposal of what they shall leave, their hides and their flesh. JOHNSON.

[1] *I stay but for my guard;—*] It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction than a body of attendants. JOHNSON.

The following quotation from Holinshed, p. 554, will best elucidate this passage.——"The duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard."

In the second part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Menelaus after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:

"His sword, spurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion."

From this passage it should appear that the *guard* was part of the defensive armour; perhaps what we call at present the *gorget*. Again, in Holinshed, p. 820:

"The one bare his helmet, the second his *granguard*, &c."

STEEVENS.

And

And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The English camp.

Enter Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the English host; Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. [a] Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. to Sal. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

[a] In the old edition:

Bed. *Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee;*
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
Exe. *Farewell, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day.*

What! does he do Salisbury wrong to wish him good luck? The ingenious Dr. Thirlby prescribed to me the transposition of the verses, which I have made in the text: and the old quartos plainly lead to such a regulation. THEOBALD.

I believe Mr. Theobald's transposition to be perfectly right, for it was already made in the quartos 1600 and 1608, as follows:

Farewell kind lord; fight valiantly to-day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

STEEVENS.

And

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter king Henry.

West. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
[3] My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
[4] By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

[3] *My cousin Westmoreland?*—] In the quartos 1600 and 1608, this speech is addressed to Warwick. STEEVENS.

[4] *By Jove,*—] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

This

This day is call'd—the feaſt of [5] Criſpian:
He, that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of Criſpian.
He, that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his friends,
And ſay—to-morrow is ſaint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot,
But they'll remember, [6] with advantages,
What feats they did that day: Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Gloſter,—
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd:
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
[7] From this day to the ending of the world,

[5] —*of Criſpian:*—] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Criſpin's day; the legend upon which this is founded, follows. "Criſpinus and Criſpianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soiſſons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the chriſtian religion; but becauſe they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exerciſed the trade of ſhoemakers; but the governor of the town diſcovering them to be chriſtians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the ſhoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar ſaints." *Wheatly's Rational Illuſtration*, folio edit. p. 76. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 47. GRAY.

[6] —*with advantages*—] Old men, notwithſtanding the natural forgetfulneſs of age, ſhall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boaſtful, and inclined to magnify paſt acts and paſt times. JOHNSON.

[7] *From this day to the ending*—] It may be obſerved that we are apt to promiſe to ourſelves a more laſting memory than the changing ſtate of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feaſt of Criſpin paſſes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation ſcarcely any tradition of more ancient hiſtory. JOHNSON.

But

But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall [8] gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us [9] upon saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are [1] bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience [2] charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Henry. Why, now [3] thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which

[8] —*gentle his condition.*] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings. TOLLET.

[9] —*upon St. Crispin's day.*] This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

[1] —*bravely*—] Is *splendidly, ostentatiously.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *expedience*] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

[3] —*thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,*—] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakespeare

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured over-throw:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches!) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many [4] of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

speare never thinks on such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000! STEEVENS.

[4] *A many*—] Thus the folio; the quarto—*and many*— STEEVENS.

They

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
[5] Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
[6] Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let

[5] *Mark then abounding valour in our English;*] Thus the old folios. The quartos, more erroneously still;

Mark then abundant———

Mr. Pope degraded the passage in both his editions, because, I presume, he did not understand it. I have reformed the text, and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball. THEOBALD.

[6] *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is *to kill in relapse of mortality*, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

Killing in reliques *of mortality.*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered. JOHNSON.

By this phrase, however uncouth, Shakespeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *K. Henry* VI. Part I:

"———I beg *mortality*
"Rather than life——

Relapse may be used for *rebound*. Shakespeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality* for fatal or *mortal rebound*; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed into inanimation*. STEEVENS.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakespeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no less victorious by Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821.

"Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deseris agros?
"Has trahe Cæsar, aquas; hoc, si potes, utere cœlo.

"Sed

Let me ſpeak proudly;—Tell the conſtable,
We are but [7] warriors for the working-day:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt [8], are all beſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
(Good argument, I hope, we ſhall not fly)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry:
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, king Harry. And ſo fare thee well:

" Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharſalica rura
" Eripiunt, campoſque tenent victore fugato."

Corneille has imitated this paſſage in the firſt ſpeech in his *Pompée*:

" ——————de chars,
" Sur ſes champs empeſtés confuſément épars,
" Ces montagnes de morts privés d'honneurs ſuprêmes,
" Que la nature force à ſe venger eux-mêmes,
" Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents
" De quoi faire la guerre au reſte des vivans."

Voltaire, in his letter to the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, oppoſes the preceding part of this ſpeech to a quotation from Shakeſpeare. The Frenchman, however, very prudently ſtopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

[7] —*warriors for the working day:*] We are ſoldiers but coarſely dreſſed; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

[8] —*our* gilt—] i. e. Golden ſhow, ſuperficial gilding. Obſolete. So, in *Timon:*

" When thou waſt in thy *gilt* and thy perfume, &c."

Again, in another of our author's plays:

" The double *gilt* of this opportunity you let time waſh off."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" And now the rain hath beaten off thy *gilt*." STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away :——
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The field of battle.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Pistol, French soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. [9] Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss [1].

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman [2] :—

[9] *Quality,* calmly, custure *me, art thou a gentleman?*] We should read this nonsense thus:

Quality, cality—construe *me, art thou a gentleman?*
i. e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.
WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, proposes to read:
Quality, call you me? construe me, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —discuss.] This affected word is used by Lylly in his *Woman in the Moon,* 1597:
"But first I must *discuss* this heavenly cloud." STEEVENS.

[2] —*signieur Dew* should be a *gentleman* :] I cannot help thinking, that Shakespeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, call'd, *The Gentleman's Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie,* written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of the *Booke of Armorie,* is, "the difference 'twixt *Churles* and *Gentlemen;*" and it ends thus: "From the of-spring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham, Moyses, Aaron,* and the Prophets; and also the king of the right line of *Mary,* of whom that *only absolute gentleman, Jesus,* was borne:—*gentleman,* by his mother *Mary,* princesse of coat armor." FARMER.

Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, [3] thou dy'st on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
[4] For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr.

[3] —*thou diest on point of fox,*] *Point of fox* is an expression which, if the editors understood it, they should have explained. I suppose we may better read:

——— *on point of* faulchion, &c. JOHNSON.

Fox is no more than an old cant word for a sword:

"I made my father's old *fox* fly about his ears."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*.

The same expression occurs in *The two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"I had a sword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a sword; a right *fox* i'faith."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"And by this awful cross upon my blade,
"And by this *fox* which stinks of Pagan blood,"

Again, in *The Wedding*, by Shirley, 1626:

"My *fox* shall scratch your guts out."

Again, not less than three times in *The History of the Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukely*, 1605:

"——old hack'd swords, as *foxes*, bilbo's, and horn-buckles."

Again:

"This is as right a *fox* as e'er you saw."

Again:

"for *foxes*, bilbo's, and Toledo blades."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*

"I wear as sharp steel, and my *fox* bites as deep."

STEEVENS.

[4] *For I will fetch thy* rym——] We should read:

Or, *I will fetch thy* ransom *out of thy throat*. WARBURTON.

I know not what to do with *rym*. The measure gives reason to suppose that it stands for some monosyllable; and besides, *ransome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

This line is wanting in the quartos 1600 and 1608. The folio reads: *thy rymme*. It appears, however, from sir Arthur Gorges's *Translation of Lucan*, 1614, that some part of the intestines was anciently called the *rimme*, Lucan. B. .

"The

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. [5] Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that [6] a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

"The slender *rimme* too weake to part
"The boyling liver from the heart——"
——*parvusque secat vitalia limes.* L. 623.

"*Parvus limes* (says one of the scholiasts) præcordia indicat; membrana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et liene dirimit." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts; but still in some places, the *rim*.

Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See B. XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *Brass, cur?*] Either Shakespeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brass*, that Pistol should reply *Brass, cur?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakespeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakespeare's time; "if not," says he, "it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes:" but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabeth* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronsard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakespeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen.* FARMER.

[6] ——*a ton of moys?*] *Moys* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. JOHNSON.

Boy.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him [7], and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

7 ——*and* firk *him*,] The word *firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to *chastise*. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry-Tricks*, 1611:

"————nay, I will *firk*
"My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*
"Since midwives bound his noddle."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c. it means to collect by low and dishonest industry:

"—— these five years she has *firk'd*
"A pretty living."

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, &c. it seems to be employed in the sense of—*quibble*:

"Sir, leave this *firk* of law, or by this light, &c."

In the *Alchemist*, it is obscenely used. STEEVENS.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.— Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit Pistol, and French Soldier.*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than [8] this roaring devil i'the old

[8] —*this roaring devil in the old play;*—] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

—*like this roaring devil in the old play;*] This is perhaps a sneer at the old play of *Henry the Fifth*, which I have mentioned before. There is in it a character called *Derick*, who behaves to a Frenchman taken in battle just as Pistol does in the scene before us. The first time *Derick* makes his appearance, he *enters roaring*, (one of the editions reads *rouing*) and, throughout the piece, utters an oath with almost every line he speaks.

The devil, however, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitsun Plays*, preserved in the British Museum. *Vespasian.* D. VIII. p. 136:

" I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,
" Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle;

 " Wher-

old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventrously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.— [*A short alarm.*
O meschante fortune!——Do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame [9]!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
[1] Let us die, instant:—Once more back again;

"Wherfore my name is clepyd for Satan,
"Whech aperyth among you a mater to spelle."
And perhaps the character was always performed in the most clamorous manner. STEEVENS.

[9] *O perdurable shame!—*] *Perdurable* is lasting, long to continue. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c:
"Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might." STEEVENS.

[1] *Let us die, instant:——Once more back again;*] This verse, which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's editions, stands imperfect in the first folio. By the addition of a syllable, I think, I have retrieved the poet's sense. It is thus in the old copy;
Let us die in once more back again. THEOBALD.

And

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
[2] Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
[3] Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter king Henry and his train, with prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

2 *Like a base pander,*—] The quartos read:
Like a base leno,— STEEVENS.

3 *Unto these English, or else die with fame.*] This line I have restored from the quartos 1600 and 1608. The Constable of France is throughout the play represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character. STEEVENS.

Suffolk first dy'd : and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd,
But I had not so much of man in me,
[4] But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not ;
[5] For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarm.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men :—

[4] *But all my mother came into mine eyes,*
And gave me up to tears.]
This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. xi ;
" ——— compassion quell'd
" His best of man, *and gave him up to tears.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] *For, hearing this, I must perforce compound*
With mixtful eyes, ———]
The poet must have wrote, *mistful:* i. e. just ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his observation of nature: for just before the bursting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a mist. WARBURTON.

Then

Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
[6] Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

[7] SCENE VII.

Alarums continued; after which, Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. [8] Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of kna-

[6] *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 add: Pist. *Coupe gorge.* STEEVENS.

[7] Scene VII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly, since both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluellen immediately follow those of the king just before. POPE.

[8] *Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms:—*] In the old folios, the 4th act is made to begin here. But as the matter of the Chorus, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th acts, will by no means sort with the *scenery* that here follows, I have chose to fall in with the other regulation. Mr. Pope gives a reason why this scene should be connective to the preceding scene; but his reason, according to custom, is a mistaken one. "The words of Fluellen," says he, "immediately follow those of the king just before." The king's last words, at his going off, were:

Then ev'ry soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through.

Now Mr. Pope must very accurately suppose, that Fluellen overhears this; and that by replying, *Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms;*——he is condemning the king's order, as against martial discipline. But this is a most absurd supposition. Fluellen neither overhears, nor replies to, what the king had said; nor has *kill the poyes and the luggage*, any reference to the soldiers killing their prisoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no interval of an act here) there must be some little pause betwixt the king's going off, and Fluellen's entering: (and therefore I have said, *Alarms continued;*) for we find by Gower's first speech, that the soldiers had already cut their prisoners throats, which required some time to do. The matter is this. The baggage, during the battle (as king Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French run-aways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered,

knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, has caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon, his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out

dered, and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French run-aways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poyes and the luggage!* The fact is set out (as Mr. Pope might have observed) both by Hall and Holinshed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain. JOHNSON.

of

of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it: [9] As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away [1] the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

[9] *As Alexander* &c.] I should suspect that Shakespeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, meant these speeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author, in which, circumstances common to all men are assembled in opposition, and one great action is forced into comparison with another, though as totally different in themselves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the fat knight*—] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

Alarm.

Alarum. Enter king Henry, Warwick, Gloster, Exeter, &c. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir away [2], as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
[3] Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter

[2] *And make them* skir *away,*——] I meet with this word in Ben Jonson's *News from the Moon*, a Masque: "——blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or *skir* over him with his bat's wings, &c." The word has already occurr'd in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Besides, we'll cut the throats* &c.] The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here. JOHNSON.

The difference of the two copies may be thus accounted for. The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during the representation, by the contrivance of some bookseller who was in haste to publish it; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpose. The manner in which many of the scenes are printed, adds strength to the supposition; for in these, a single line is generally divided into two, that the quantity of the play might be seemingly encreased.—The second and more ample edition may be that which regularly belonged to the playhouse; and yet with

equal

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now! what means their herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; while their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels [4] at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—

equal confidence we may pronounce, that every dramatic composition would materially suffer, if only transmitted to the publick through the medium of ignorance, presumption, and caprice, those common attendants on a theatre. STEEVENS.

[4] Yerk *out their armed heels*] So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618:
"Their neighing gennets, armed to the field,
"Do *yerk* and fling, and beat the sullen ground."
STEEVENS.

What

What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Henry. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your majeſty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majeſty ſays very true: If your majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welſhmen did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow," wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majeſty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice: and, I do believe, your majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon ſaint Tavy's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welſh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot waſh your majeſty's Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace and his majeſty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheſhu, I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the 'orld: I need not to be aſhamed of your majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Henry. God keep me ſo!—Our heralds go with him;

Enter Williams.

Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.——Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Montjoy and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will.

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, a raſcal, that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who, if 'a live, and if ever dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can ſee my glove in his cap (which, he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of [5] great ſort, [6] quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-ſawce, as ever his plack ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience, la.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who ſerveſt thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

[5] —*great ſort,*—] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore:*

"Lords and ladies of *great ſort.*" JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—*his enemy may be a gentleman* of worth. STEEVENS.

[6] —*quite from the anſwer of his degree.*] A man of ſuch ſtation as is not bound to hazard his perſon to *anſwer* to a challenge from one of the ſoldier's *low degree*. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Here Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, an thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain ſee it once; an pleaſe Got of his grace, that I might ſee it.

K. Henry. Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloſter,—
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'the ear;
It is the ſoldier's; I, by bargain, ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Warwick:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,
And quickly he'll return an injury:
Follow, and ſee there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Before king Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower, and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment [7] into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick, and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got

7 —into *plows*,—] The *Revisal* reads, very plausibly: "*in two plows*." JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *I will give treason his* due *presently*. We might therefore read—*in due* plows, i.e. in the beating that is so well his *due*. STEEVENS.

for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter king Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. [8] Give me thy glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you,

[8] *Give me* thy *glove——Look, here is the fellow of it.*] It must be, *give me* my *glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNSON.

take

take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. [9] Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

[9] *Charles duke of Orleans,* &c.] This list is copied from Hall. POPE.

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but [1] sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret [2], high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard
Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Anthony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. [3] Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire:
None else of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

[1] —*sixteen hundred mercenaries:*] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers*, or *hired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

[2] *Charles* De-la-bret,] *De-la-bret*, as is already observed, should be Charles *D'Albret*, would the measure permit of such a change. Holinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names, on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, constable of France." See p. 549, and p. 555, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Edward the duke of York*,—] This speech, which in the 4tos is given to Exeter, appears in the folio as part of the king's. STEEVENS.

Ascribe

Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Henry. [4] Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Vouchsafe, to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse

[4] *Do we all holy rites;*] The king (say the *Chronicles*) caused the Psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the Psalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be ung after the victory. POPE.

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; and there being seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath:
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne

[5] *—a mighty whiffler—*] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *huissier*. HANMER.

—a mighty whiffler—] See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. sc. ii.

In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. In *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1612, the term is often mentioned.

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"I can go into no corner, but I meet with some of my *whifflers* in their accoutrements; you may hear them half a mile ere they come at you."

"—I am afraid of nothing but that I shall be balladed. I and all my *whifflers*."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

"The torch-men and *whifflers* had an item to receive him."

Again, in ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, 1618:

"Tobacco is a *whiffler*
"And cries huff snuff with furie:
"His pipe's his club and linke, &c."

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633:

"And Manasses shall go before like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns." STEEVENS.

His

His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
[6] Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
[7] Like to the senators of antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving [8] likelihood,
[9] Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
[1] Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

[6] *Giving full trophy,—*] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God. JOHNSON.

[7] *Like to the sen*[illegible] *of antique Rome,*] This is a very extraordinary compliment [illegible] city. But he ever declines all general satire on them; [illegible] pilogue to *Henry* VIII. he hints with disapprobation [illegible] mporary poets, who were accustomed to abuse ther[illegible] Indeed his satire is very rarely partial and licentious. [illegible] RBURTON.

[8] *—like*[illegible] elihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later [illegible] in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injur[illegible] The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, [illegible] sal became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, *but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low?* The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he *is lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Were now the general* &c.] The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

[1] *Bringing rebellion broached—*] Spitted, transfixed. JOHNSON.

How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more
cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's ſtay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them) and omit
All the occurences, whatever chanc'd,
'Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The interim, by remembring you—'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to France.

SCENE I.

The Engliſh camp in France.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.[2]

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? ſaint Davy's day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The raſcally, ſcald, beggerly, lowſy, pragging knave, Piſtol,—which you and yourſelf, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and

[2] *Enter Fluellen, and Gower.*] This ſcene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the laſt chorus. There is no Engliſh camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after ſo long an interval as the chorus has ſupplied. JOHNSON.

Fluellen preſently ſays that he wore his leek in conſequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Piſtol. Their preſent quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the ſixth ſcene of the third act. STEEVENS.

prings

prings me pread and falt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got plefs you, antient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got plefs you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
[3] To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. Will [*Strikes him.* you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it.——[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a [4] squire of low degree.

[3] *To have me fold up* &c.] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death. JOHNSON.

[4] —*squire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the und.* JOHNSON.

The Squire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth.* STEEVENS.

——*a squire*

degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have [5] aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; [6] I eat, and eat, I ſwear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the ſkin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, [illegible] at them; that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it;

——*a ſquire of low degree.*
This alludes to an old metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, intitled, *The Squire of low Degree.* It was burleſqued by Chaucer in his rhime of *Sir Thopas,* and begins thus:

"It was a *ſquyre of lowe degre*
"That loved the king's daughter of Hungre."

See *Reliques of Engliſh Poetry,* Vol. III. p. 30. 2d edit. Percy.

5 ——*aſtoniſh'd him.*] That is, you have ſtunned him with the blow. Johnson.

6 *I eat, and eat, I ſwear*——] Thus the firſt folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and ſwear.* We ſhould read, I ſuppoſe, in the frigid tumour of Piſtol's dialect:

I eat and eke *I ſwear.* Johnson.

or

or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat, in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking [7] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel: you find it otherwiſe; and, henceforth, let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. [8] Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?

Nell is dead i'the ſpital

Of

[7] ... i.e. ſcoffing, ſneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. So ... eene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

... that's your only game.

"*Gleek* let it be, for I am perſuaded I ... *leek* ſome of you."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"I ſuddenly *gleek*, or men be ...e." STEEVENS.

[8] *Doth fortune play the huſwife*—] That is the *jilt*. *Huſwife* is here in an ill ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[9] *News have I, that my* Dol *is dead*—] We muſt read, *my* Nell *is dead*. Dol Tearſheet was ſo little the favourite of Piſtol that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have *cut off his rendezvous*; that is, *deprived him of a home*. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan. JOHNSON.

In the quartos of 1600 and 1608, theſe lines are read thus:

"Doth fortune play the huſwye with me now?
"Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines?
"Well, France farewell. News have I certainly,
"That Doll is ſick on mallydie of France.
"The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug,

"Bawd

Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs,
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars [1]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The French court, at Trois in Champaigne.

Enter at one door king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other lords; at another, the French king, queen Isabel, princess Katharine, the duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. [2] Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!—
Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)

" Bawd will I turne, and use the slyte of hand.
" To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
" And patches will I get unto these skarres,
" And swear I gat them in the Gallia warres." JOHNSON.

[1] The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth* and *Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

[2] *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin. JOHNSON.

We

We do ſalute you, duke of Burgundy;——
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes Engliſh, every one.

Q. Iſa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You Engliſh princes all, I do ſalute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial majeſties
[3] Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

[3] *Unto this bar*——] To this *barrier*; to this place of congreſs. JOHNSON.

[4] Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
[5] Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate [6] such savag'ry:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
[7] Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,

[4] *Her vine,-*
Unpruned dies:- ———]
We must read, *lyes*; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die which ceases to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

[5] *Like prisoners*] This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even pleach'd* is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*deracinate*——] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
" ———— rend and *deracinate*
" The unity, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *Defective in their natures,*—] *Nature* had been changed by some of the editors into *nurture*; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura.* They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEVENS.

That

That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To fwearing, and ftern looks, [8] diffus'd attire,
And every thing that feems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our [9] former favour,
You are affembled: and my fpeech intreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel thefe inconveniencies,
And blefs us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whofe want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you muft buy that peace
With full accord to all our juft demands;
Whofe tenours and particular effects
You have, enfchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no anfwer made.

K. Henry. Well then, the peace,
Which you before fo urg'd, lies in his anfwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curforary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleafeth your grace
To appoint fome of your council prefently
To fit with us once more, with better heed
To re-furvey them, [1] we will, fuddenly,
Pafs, or accept, and peremptory anfwer.

K. Henry.

[8] —*diffus'd attire,*] Diffus'd, for extravagant. The military habit of thofe times was extremely fo. Act III. Gower fays, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a* horrid fuit of the camp, *will do amongft,* &c. *is wonderful to be thought on.* WARBURTON.

Diffus'd is fo much ufed by our author for *wild, irregular,* and *ftrange,* that in *The Merry Wives of Windfor* he applies it to a fong fuppofed to be fung by fairies. JOHNSON.

[9] —*former favour,*] Former *appearance.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*We will fuddenly*
Pafs our *accept, and peremptory anfwer.*]
As the French king defires more time to confider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and abfurd for him to fay abfolutely, that he

K. Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Glofter,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wifdoms beft
Shall fee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll confign thereto.—Will you, fair fifter,
Go with the princes, or ftay here with us?

Q. Ifa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do fome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ftood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our coufin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Ifa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

Manent king Henry, Katharine, and a lady.

K. Henry. Fair Katharine, and moft fair [2]!
Will you vouchfafe to teach a foldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-fuit to her gentle heart?

he would accept them all. He certainly muft mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he diflik'd, and confign to fuch as he approv'd of. Our author ufes *pafs* in this manner in other places; as in *King John:*

"*But if you fondly* pafs *our proffer'd love.*" WARBURTON.

Pafs *our* accept, and peremptory anfwer: i. e. we will pafs our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pafs a peremptory anfwer to the reft. Politenefs might forbid his faying, we will pafs a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Befides, if we read pafs *or* accept, is not *peremptory anfwer* fuperfluous, and plainly implied in the former words? TOLLET.

[2] *Fair Katharine, and moft fair!*] Shakefpeare might have taken the hint for this fcene from the anonymous play of *Henry* V. fo often quoted, where the king begins with greater bluntnefs, and with an exordium moft truly Englifh:

"How now, fair lady Katharine of France!
"What news?" STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy,* I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Henry. The princess is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me [3] such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me

[3] —*such a plain king,*—] I know not why Shakespeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into dutchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard.* The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON.

further than to ſay—Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands, and a bargain: How ſay you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-a-napes, never off: But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me: if not, to ſay to thee—that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear Kate, [4] take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy; for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies' favours,—they do always reaſon themſelves out again.

[4] —*take a fellow of plain and* uncoined *conſtancy*;—] *i. e.* A conſtancy in the ingot, that hath ſuffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation is more ingenious than true; to *coin* is to *ſtamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uſes it in both ſenſes; *uncoined* conſtancy ſignifies *real* and *true* conſtancy, *unrefined* and *unadorned*. JOHNSON.

What

What! a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a ſtraight back will ſtoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon; or, rather, the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me: And take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a king: And what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love the enemy of France[5]?

K. Henry. No; it is not poſſible, that you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue[6] like a new-married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off. *Quand j'ay la poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi,* (let me ſee, what then? Saint Dennis be my ſpeed!)—*donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

[5] *Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?*] So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victory of Henry the Fifth:*

"*Kate.* How ſhould I love thee, which is my father's enemie? STEEVENS.

[6] *—like a married wife about her huſband's neck,——*] Every *wife* is a *married wife.* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *new-married*; an epithet more expreſſive of fondneſs. JOHNSON.

The folio reads a *new-married* wife, and the quartos 1600 and 1608—*like a bride on her new-married huſband.* STEEVENS.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Henry. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me, tells me—thou shalt) I get thee with scambling[7], and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between saint Dennis and saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall [8] go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for

[7] ———*with* scambling,] i. e. scrambling. So, Marlow, in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" We have *scambled* up
" More wealth by far, &c."

See Dr. Percy's note in the first scene of this play. Again, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:——" I am driven to a muse, how this lent I shall *scamble* in the court." STEEVENS.

[8] —*go to Constantinople*—] Shakespeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. THEOBALD.

my

my English moiety, take the word of a king and a batchelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the [9] poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;

[9] *poor and* untempering *effect*—] Certainly *untempting.* WARBURTON.

Untempering I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I understand that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. soften you to my purpose;

"———nature made you
"To *temper* man ———" Otway.

So, again in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakespeare:

"And *temper* him with all the art I have." STEEVENS.

who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good-fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for thy voice is muſic, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe de *roy mon pere.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant ſeigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoſelles, pour eſtre baiſeés devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour* de ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiſer, en* Engliſh.

K. Henry. To kiſs.

Lady. Your majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Henry. It is not a faſhion for the maids in France to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Henry. O, Kate, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty, that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your country, in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently, and yielding—[*kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a ſugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French

French council; and they should sooner [1] persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French king and queen, with French and English lords.

Burg. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burg. Is she not apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, coz[1]; and my condition is not smooth [2]: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. [3] Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

[1] *Your lips should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*:
"——Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] —*my condition is not smooth:*] *Condition* is temper. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I. sc. iii:
"———my *condition*,
"Which has been smooth as oil, &c." STEEVENS.

[3] *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,*—] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. [4] This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this;——
Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of

[4] *This moral*—] That is, the application of this fable, the *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral.* JOHNSON.

grant,

grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French:—[5] *Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France:* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
[6] Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To

[5] *nostre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin; *præclarissimus filius.*—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *precarissimus.* WARBURTON.

"This is exceeding true," says Dr. Farmer, "but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakespeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." STEEVENS.

[6] *Thrust in between the* passion *of these kingdoms,*] The old folios

To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. [7] Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;—
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
[8] Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
[9] Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

lios have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the author's word was *paction*; a word, more proper on the occasion of a peace struck up. A passion of two kingdoms for one another is an odd expression. An amity and political harmony may be fixed betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a passion for the other. THEOBALD.

[7] *Prepare we* &c.] The quarto's 1600 and 1608 conclude with the following speech:

Hen. *Why then fair Katharine,*
Come, give me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vows once made, unbroken be. STEEVENS.

[8] *Our* bending *author*——] We should read:
Our blending *author*———
So he says of him just afterwards, *mangling by starts.*
WARBURTON.

Why should we read *blending*? By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*: "Here *stooping to your* clemency."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Mangling by starts*—] By touching only on select parts.
JOHNSON.

Small

Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
 This ſtar of England: fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
 And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king
 Of France and England, did this king ſucceed;
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
 That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take [1].

[1] This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the king is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Piſtol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the Engliſh ſtage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided. JOHNSON.

HENRY VI.

PART I.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry the ſixth.
Duke of Gloſter, *uncle to the king, and protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the king, and regent of France.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *biſhop of Wincheſter, and great uncle to the king.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his ſon.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards duke of York.*
Mortimer, *earl of March.*
Sir John Faſtolfe. Woodvile, *lieutenant of the Tower.* *Lord Mayor of London.* Sir Thomas Gargrave. Sir William Glanſdale. Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the White Roſe, or York faction.*
Baſſet, *of the Red Roſe, or Lancaſter faction.*

Charles, *dauphin, and afterwards king of France.*
Reignier, *duke of Anjou, and titular king of Naples.*
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter-Gunner of Orleans. Boy, *his ſon.*
An old Shepherd, *father to Joan la Pucelle.*

Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards queen to* king Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *commonly called,* Joan of Arc; *a maid pretending to be inſpir'd from heaven, and ſetting up for the championeſs of France.*
Fiends, *attending her.*

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both on the Engliſh and French.

The SCENE *is partly in England, and partly in France.*

[1] FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey.

Dead march. Enter the funeral of king Henry the Fifth, attended on by the duke of Bedford, regent of France; the duke of Gloster, protector; the duke of Exeter, and the earl of Warwick; the bishop of Winchester, and the duke of Somerset, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets,

[1] *First Part of King Henry VI.*] The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemniz'd eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakespeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been

brought

Comets, importing change of times and states,
[2] Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented [3] unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. THEOBALD.

[2] *Brandish your* crystal *tresses*—] We have heard of crystal heaven, but never of *crystal comets* before. We should read, *cristed* or *crested*, i.e. tresses standing an end, or mounted like a crest. WARBURTON.

I believe *crystal* is right. JOHNSON.

Crystal is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

"When as those *chrystal* comets whiles appear."

Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady's face:

"Like sunny beams threw from her *chrystal* face."

"There is also a *white comet* with silver haires," says *Pliny*, as translated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

[3] *That have* consented —] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let king Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: "O sweet *consent!*" i.e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii;

"Such musick his wise words with time *consented*."

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex:*

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *concent*."

and in many other places. *Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry.* Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakespeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston.* The following lines:

"————shall we curse the planets of mishap,
"That *plotted* thus, &c."

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that——"they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd ſword did blind men with his beams:
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings;
His ſparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think [4] the ſubtle-witted French
Conjurers and ſorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verſes have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bleſt of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd:

[4] —*the ſubtle-witted French* &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As ſuperſtition grew weaker, theſe charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was ſuppoſed that the Iriſh could kill rats by a ſong.
JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Iriſhmen addict themſelves, &c. yea they will not ſticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beaſt to death."
STEEVENS.

None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whats'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
[5] Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,

[5] *Our isle be made a* marish *of salt tears,*] Thus it is in both impressions by Mr. Pope: upon what authority, I cannot say. All the old copies read, *a nourish:* and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, *a nourice*; i. e. that the whole isle should be one common *nurse*, or *nourisher*, of tears: and those be the nourishment of its miserable issue. THEOBALD.

Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that *marish* is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*.

Nourice, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one:

"Of that chylde she was blyth,
"After *noryshes* she sent belive."

Syr Eglamour of Artois, bl. l. no date.

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author signifies a *nurse*, as it apparently does in the 12th chapter of the first book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate:

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
"Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

"——Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
"Arida *nutrix*." STEEVENS.

And

And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
[6] Than Julius Cæsar, or bright———

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
[7] Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

[6] *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—— ——*] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistic and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake,*——though that were a terrible anachronism (as bad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and therefore by some critic in favour of the author afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the slight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement opposition is annexed to this passage by Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer has stopped at *Cæsar*——perhaps more judiciously. It might however have been written,—*or bright Berenice.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,*] This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Roan* among the places lost, as Gloster in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
* To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

1 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side. [*Exit.*
Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

* *To weep their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARBURTON.

Glo.

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearſe,—
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight,
Betwixt the ſtout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the ſiege of Orleans,
Having full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his troop[9],
By three and twenty thouſand of the French
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon:
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him:

[9] *Having full ſcarce* &c.] The modern editors read,—*ſcarce full*, but, I think unneceſſarily. So, in the *Tempeſt:*
"—Proſpero, maſter of a *full* poor cell." STEEVENS.

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle:
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
[1] If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
[2] He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,

[1] *If Sir John Fastolfe*—] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry* V. The occasion whereof is that this play was written before *Henry* IV. or *Henry* V." But Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called) was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter; and not the comic character afterwards introduced by our author. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe*, whether truely or not, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour."—"This Sir *John Falstoff*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the following character of this *Sir John Fastolph*:

"Strong *Fastolph* with this man compare we justly may;
"By Salsbury who oft being seriously imploy'd
"In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;
"With excellent successe in Main and Anjou fought,
"And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought;
"And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,
"Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre."

STEEVENS.

[2] *He being in the vaward* (*plac'd behind*,] Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *rereward*,—but without necessity. Some rt of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. e often say the *back front* of a house. STEEVENS.

Thrust

Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;

The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before Orleans in France.

Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with a drum and soldiers.

Char. [3] Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

[3] *Mars his true moving*, &c.] So, Nash in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596.—"You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.

When

When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*
[*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great loss.*

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us [4] as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
[5] England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd [6] gimmals or device,
Their

4 —*As their hungry prey.*] I believe it should be read:
As their hungred *prey.* JOHNSON.

5 *England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another. WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another, i. e. *to give a person as good a one as he brings.* STEEVENS.

6 —*gimmals*—] A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, [7] your chear appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the [8] nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*. JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is—"A faire chest with *gimmals* and key." Again, "Three other chests with *gimmals* of silver and gilt."

Again, in the ancient enterlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

"Your nether garments must go by *gymmes and joints*."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*:

"Sure I should know that *gymmal*.
"'Tis certain he: I had forgot my *ring* too."

Again, in the *Vow-breaker*, or the *Faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636:

"My actes are like the motionall *gymmals*
"Fixt in a watch." STEEVENS.

[7] —*your chear appall'd*;—] *Chear* is countenance, appearance. STEEVENS.

[8] *nine* — *of old Rome*;] There were no *nine sibyls* of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. WARBURTON.

Speak,

Speak, ſhall I call her in? * Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Dau. Go, call her in; But firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern;—
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?—
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate:
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs:
In compleat glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,

* *Believe my words,*] It ſhould be read:
believe her words. JOHNSON.

And I will anſwer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this : Thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In ſingle combat thou ſhall buckle with me ;
And, if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true ;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each ſide [1] ;
The which, at Touraine in ſaint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the ſword of Debora.

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me :
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire [2] ;
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not ſovereign, be ;
'Tis the French Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above :

[1] *Deck'd with* fine *flower-de-luces* &c.] We ſhould read, according to Holinſhed, *five* flower-de-luces. "——in a ſecret place there among old iron, appointed ſhe hir ſword to be ſought out and brought her, that with *five* floure delices was graven on both ſides, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Impatiently I burn with thy deſire* ;] The amorous conſtitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play :

"*Doing* is activity and he will ſtill be *doing*." COLLINS."

When

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight 'till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
[3] Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship [4],
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

[3] *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect *prosperity* after *misfortune*, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*like that proud insulting ship,*
Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.]
This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by sir T. North. "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him, but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*" STEEVENS.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove [5]?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
[6] Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:—
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tower-gates, in London.

Enter Glofter, with his serving-men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, [7] there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Glofter that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble duke of Glofter.

2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

[5] Dauph. *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] *Mahomet* had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find it's breakfast; *Mahomet* persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice." See Sir *Walter Raleigh's History of the World*, Book I. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GRAY.

[6] *Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,*—] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

[7] —*there is conveyance.*—] *Conveyance* means *theft*. HANMER.

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him:
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I.—
Break up the gates [8], I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloſter's men ruſh at the Tower gates, and Woodvile, the lieutenant, ſpeaks within.

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloſter, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant Wincheſter? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late ſovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector;
We'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

[8] Break up *the gates,*] I ſuppoſe to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themſelves. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter to the protector, at the Tower-gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats [9].

Win. [1] How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. [2] Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
[3] Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll

9 —*tawny coats.*] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called, *A Maidenhead well Lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a *sumpner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court:

"Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *summoner's* part."

These are the proper attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822: "——and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*, &c." STEEVENS.

1 *How now, ambitious* umpire, *what means this?*] This reading has obtained in all the editions since the second folio. The first folio has it *umpheir*. In both the word is distinguished in *italicks*. But why, *umpire?* Or of what? The traces of the letters, and the words being printed in *italicks*, convince me, that the duke's christian name lurk'd under this corruption. THEOBALD.

2 *Piel'd priest,*—] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose dictionary I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd garlick, cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim e lue venerea, defluxerunt.*

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* the following instance occurs:

"I'll see them p—'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd.*" STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154. Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peeled* priest, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

3 *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:*—] The public stews

[4] I'll canvafs thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy infolence.

Win. Nay, ftand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
[5] This be Damafcus, be thou curfed Cain,
To flay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not flay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy fcarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll ufe, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'ft; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Prieft, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you foundly:
Under my feet I'll ftamp thy cardinal's hat;
In fpite of pope, or dignities of church,

ftews were formerly under the diftrict of the bifhop of Winchefter. POPE.

There is now extant an old manufcript (formerly the office-book of the court leet held under the jurifdiction of the bifhop of Winchefter in Southwark) in which are mentioned the feveral fees arifing from the brothel-houfes allowed to be kept in the bifhop's manor, with the cuftoms and regulations of them. One of the articles is,

"*De his, qui cuftodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*"

"*Item*, That no ftewholder keep any woman within his houfe, that hath any ficknefs of brenning, but that fhe be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C fhillings." UPTON.

[4] *I'll* canvafs *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and fhake thee, as bran and meal are fhaken in a fieve.*
So, fir *W. Davenant*, in the *Cruel Brother*, 1630:
"I'll fift and winnow him in an old hat."
To *canvas* was anciently ufed for *to fift*. So, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invifible Comedy*, 1618:
"———We'll *canvas* him.———
"———I am too big——— STEEVENS.

[5] *This be Damafcus, be thou curfed Cain,*] *N. B.* About four miles from Damafcus is a high hill, reported to be the fame on which Cain flew his brother Abel. Maundrel's *Travels*, p. 131. POPE.

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glofter, thou'lt anfwer this before the pope.
Glo. [6] Winchefter goofe! I cry —— A rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them ftay?—
Thee I'll chafe hence, thou wolf in fheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, fcarlet hypocrite!

Here Glofter's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London, and his officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being fupreme magiftrates,
Thus contumelioufly fhould break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor; for thou know'ft little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here diftrain'd the Tower to his ufe.
Win. Here's Glofter too, a foe to citizens;
One that ftill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purfes with large fines;
That feeks to overthrow religion,
Becaufe he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himfelf king, and fupprefs the prince.
Glo. I will not anfwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they fkirmifh again.*
Mayor. Nought refts for me, in this tumultuous ftrife,
But to make open proclamation:——
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canft.

Off. All manner of men, affembled here in arms this day, againft God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highnefs' name, to repair to your feveral dwelling places; and not wear, handle, or ufe, any

[6] *Winchefter goofe!*—] A ftrumpet, or the confequences of her love, was a Winchefter goofe. JOHNSON.

fword,

sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be thou sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewel: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! [7] that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Orleans in France.

Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

7 ———*that nobles should such stomachs bear!*
I myself fight not once in forty year.]
The Mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards. WARBURTON.

I see no reason for this change. The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. JOHNSON.

M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief maſter-gunner am I of this town;
Something I muſt do, to procure me grace.
The prince's 'ſpials[8] have informed me,
How[9] the Engliſh, in the ſuburbs cloſe entrench'd,
Went, through a ſecret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover, how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot, or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordinance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully even theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them: Now, boy, do thou watch;
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word;
And thou ſhalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

Enter the lords Saliſbury and Talbot[1], *with Sir W. Glanſdale and Sir Tho. Gargrave, on the turrets.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?

Or

[8] *The prince's* 'ſpials] *Eſpials* are ſpies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale:*

"For ſubtilly he had his *eſpiaille.*" STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the Engliſh*——
Went, through a ſecret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city;]

That is, the Engliſh *went,* not *through a ſecret grate,* but *went to over-peer the city through a ſecret grate* which is *in yonder tower.* I did not know till of late that this paſſage had been thought difficult. JOHNSON.

I believe, inſtead of *went,* we ſhould read *wont,* the third perſon plural of the old verb *wont.* "*The Engliſh—wont,* that is, *are accuſtomed—to overpeer the city.*" The word is uſed very frequently by Spenſer, and ſeveral times by Milton. TYRWHITT.

[1] ——Talbot,] Though the three parts of *K. Henry* VI. are de-

Or by what means got'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a priſoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, diſdaining, ſcorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be [2] ſo pill'd eſteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But, oh! the treacherous Faſtolffe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With ſcoffs, and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public ſpectacle to all;
Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the French,
The ſcare-crow that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure;

deſervedly numbered among the feebleſt performances of Shakeſpeare, this firſt of them appears to have been received with the greateſt applauſe. So, in *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſh, 1595. "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had line two hundred yeares in his tombe, he ſhould triumph againe on the ſtage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt (at ſeveral times) who in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon, imagine they behold him freſh bleeding." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſo pill'd eſteem'd.*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, but without authority——"ſo *vile* eſteem'd." *So pill'd*, means *ſo pillag'd, ſo ſtripp'd of honours.* STEEVENS.

So great fear of my name 'mongſt them was ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd, I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, with a linſtock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanſdale,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there ſtand lords.
Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.
[*Shot from the town. Saliſbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave fall down.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſs'd us?—
Speak, Saliſbury; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!—
Accurſed tower! accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Saliſbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he firſt train'd to the wars:
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.—
Yet

Yet liv'ſt thou, Saliſbury? though thy ſpeech doth fail,
[3] One eye thou haſt to look to heaven for grace:
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Saliſbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Saliſbury, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort;
Thou ſhalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me;
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.—
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall France be only in my name.
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy propheteſs, new riſen up,—
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here Saliſbury lifteth himſelf up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Saliſbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Saliſbury to you:—
[4] Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfiſh,
Your

[3] *One eye thou haſt* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in *King Lear:*
"——*my lord, you have one eye left,*
"*To ſee ſome miſchief on him.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Pucelle or Puſſel,*—] I know not what *puſſel* is: perhaps it ſhould

Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my horſe's heels;
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Saliſbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarum. Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Engliſhmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh troops retire, I cannot ſtay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here ſhe comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

ſhould be *pucelle* or *puzzle*. Something with a meaning it ſhould be, but a very poor meaning will ſerve. JOHNSON.

It ſhould be remembered, that in Shakeſpeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEEVENS.

Puſſel means *a dirty wench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, i. e. malus fætor, ſays Minſhew. In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read,—"Some filthy queans, eſpecially our *puzzles* of Paris, uſe this other theft." TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595.—"No nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a noſegay in her hand."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Commendatory Verſes*, prefix'd to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Lady or *Puſill* that wears maſk or fan."

As for the conceit, miſerable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the ſtatue of Sir Tho. *Bodley* in the library at Oxford, "—Pii Thomæ *Godly* nomine inſignivit, eoque potius nomine quam *Bodly*, deinceps merito nominandum eſſe cenſuit." See *Rex Platonicus* &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187. STEEVENS.

Blood

[5] Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewel; thy hour is not yet come:
I muſt go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A ſhort alarum. Then enters the town with ſoldiers.*
O'ertake me if thou canſt; I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved men;
Help Saliſbury to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit Pucelle.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So bees with ſmoke, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, Engliſh dogs;
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.
[*A ſhort alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo timorous from the wolf,
Or horſe, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.——
[*Alarum. Here another ſkirmiſh.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto Saliſbury's death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

[5] *Blood will I draw on thee,*——] The ſuperſtition of thoſe times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

In

In spight of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot.*
[*Alarum, retreat, flourish.*

SCENE VI.

Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alençon, and soldiers.

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are [6] like Adonis' gardens,
That

[6] —*like Adonis' gardens,*] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very *important* point of the *gardens of Adonis.* Milton had said:

"*Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,*
"*Or of reviv'd Adonis, or* ——"

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; *for that the* Κῆποι Αδώνιδος, *the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettice or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettice bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c.* To this Dr. Pearce replies, *That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why* (says he) *did the Grecians on Adonis' festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a* tradition, *that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny's words,* xix. 4. "Antiquitas nihil priùs mirata est quàm Hesperidum *hortos,* ac regum *Adonidis* & Alcinoi." One would now think the question well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's second. *A learned and reverend gentleman* (says he) *having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there* never was existent *any magnificent or*

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

or spacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to second the doctor, I thought myself concerned in some part, to weigh those authorities alledged by the objector, &c. The reader sees that Mr. Theobald mistakes the very question in dispute between these two truly learned men, which was not whether *Adonis' gardens were ever existent*, but whether there was *a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis.* For this would sufficiently justify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinous, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no such garden* (says Dr. Bentley) *ever existent*, or *even feign'd.* He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would justify the poet; and it is on that assertion only that his adversary Dr. Pearce joins issue with him. *Why* (says he) *did they carry the small earthen gardens? It was because they had a tradition, that when alive he delighted in gardens.* Mr. Theobald, therefore, mistaking the question, it is no wonder that all he says, in his long note at the end of the fourth volume, is nothing to the purpose; it being to shew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from Pliny and others, do not prove the real *existence* of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley against Dr. Pearce, in these words, *The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description.* But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. WARBURTON.

A state-

A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
[7] Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius [8],
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on ſaint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle ſhall be France's ſaint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[7] *Than Rhodope's,*—] Rhodope was a famous ſtrumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The leaſt but moſt finiſhed of the Egyptian pyramids (ſays Pliny in the 36th book of his *Natural Hiſtory*) was built by her. She is ſaid afterwards to have married Pſammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnſon thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a ſtrumpet, all the while he is making this loud praiſe of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Coſtly Whore*, 1633:

"———a baſe *Rhodope*,
"Whoſe body is as common as the ſea
"In the receipt of every luſtful ſpring."

I would read:

Than Rhodope's *of* Memphis, ever was. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*coffer of Darius*] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidſt the other ſpoils and wealth of Darius treaſured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little cheſt or caſket, and aſked thoſe about him what they thought fitteſt to be laid up in it. When they had ſeverally delivered their opinions, he told them, he eſteemed nothing ſo worthy to be preſerved in it as *Homer's Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a French Serjeant, with two Centinels.

Serj. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe, or ſoldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whoſe approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,——
This happy night the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid! and be ſo martial!
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long;
If underneath the ſtandard of the French,
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.

Tal.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George! A Talbot!*

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all [9] unready so?

Bast.

[9] —*unready so?*] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:
"Enter Sixtus, and Lucrece *unready*."

Again, in *The two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:
"Enter James *unready* in his night-cap, garterless," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
"Enter Prince John all *unready*, and Pacheco his page."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this stage direction.
"*He makes himself* unready."

"Why what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil as to *unbrace* you here?"

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"You

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate, than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, ſure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he ſped.

Enter Charles, and Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defenſive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times ſo much?
Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident ſoldiers! had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my lord.

"You are not going to bed, I ſee you are not yet *unready*." Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611.
"Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himſelf *unready*." STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot[1]*! they fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

[1] "Enter a soldier crying "*a Talbot! a Talbot!*"] And afterwards:

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword.

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakespeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that lord Talbot's "noblenesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at *the only hearing of his name*: insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.*" See also the end of Sc. iii. Act II. WARTON.

The same is said in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, of Lord Warwick:

"And still so fearful was great *Warwick*'s name
"That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
"On the king's army till at length they light."

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.
Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)

Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull[a];
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men

[a] —*his* trull;] I believe *trull* did not anciently bear so harsh an interpretation as at present. In the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient Child* (no date) by Tho. Ingeland, is the following stanza of a song sung by a young man in the presence of the lady to whom he was instantly to be married.

"This mynion here, this mynsing *trull*,
"Doth please me more a thousande folde,
"Than all the earthe that is so full
"Of precious stones, silver and golde," &c.
"How lyke ye this songe my owne swete Rose?
"Is it well made for our purpose?

Young Woman.

"I never hard in all my lyfe a better,
"More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter." STEEVENS.

Could

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindneſs over-rul'd :—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company ?
Bed. No, truly ; that is more than manners will :
And I have heard it ſaid,—Unbidden gueſts
Are often welcomeſt when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, ſince there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courteſy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whiſpers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord ; and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The counteſs of Auvergne's caſtle.

Enter the Counteſs, and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;
And, when you have done ſo, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his atchievements of no leſs account:
Fain would mine eyes be witneſs with mine ears,
To give their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger, and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madam, according as your ladyſhip deſir'd,
By meſſage crav'd, ſo is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What ! is this the man ?
Meſſ. Madam, it is.
Count. [*as muſing.*] Is this the ſcourge of France ?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate [3].

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

[3] —captivate.] So, in *Soliman and Perseda:*
"If not destroy'd and bound, and *captivate*,
"If *captivate*, then forc'd from holy faith." STEEVENS.

Tal.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond [4],
To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. [5] This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his horn; drums strike up: a peal of ordnance.

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence

4 —*so* fond,] i. e. so foolish. So, in *K. Hen.* IV. Part II
" *Fondly* brought here, and foolishly sent hence."
STEEVENS.

5 *This is a riddling merchant* &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" What saucy *merchant* was this."
See a note on this passage, act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple garden.

Enter the earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plant. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
[6] Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

[6] All the editions read:
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset i' th' error?] There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read,
Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right? JOHNSON.
Sir T. Hanmer would read:
And was not ——— STEEVENS.

Be-

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
[7] From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som.

[7] *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too? —— The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this. "Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii *sub rosa*, Anglicè *under the rose*, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista, Μισῶ μνά-

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. [8] I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is [9] well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

μνήμονα συμπότην. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent
"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.
"Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
"Convivæ ut sub eâ dicta tacenda sciant." UPTON.

[8] *I love no colours;—*] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. JOHNSON.

[9] *—well objected;*] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's Version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:
"Excites Penelope t' *object* the prize
"(The bow and bright steeles) to the woer's strength."
STEEVENS.

Law-

Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To Somerſet.*
In ſign whereof, I pluck a white roſe too.
Plant. Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my ſcabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plant. Hath not thy roſe a canker, Somerſet?
Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plant. Ay, ſharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe Plantagenet dare not be ſeen.
Plant. Now, by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
[1] I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peeviſh boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plant. Proud Poole, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.

[1] *I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion,*—] So, the old copies r[ea]d [a]nd rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not conſidering that by *faſhion* is meant the badge of the *red roſe*, which Somerſet ſaid he and his friends ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd by. But Mr. Theobald aſks, *If* faction *was not the true reading, why ſhould Suffolk immediately reply,*

Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet?

Why? becauſe Plantagenet had called Somerſet, with whom Suffolk ſided, *peeviſh boy.* WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope had altered *faſhion* to *paſſion*. JOHNSON.

Suf.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
[2] Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plant. [3] He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
[4] Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
[5] To scourge you [6] for this apprehension:

[2] *Spring crestless yeomen*——] i. e. those who have no right to arms. WARBURTON.

[3] *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

[4] *Corrupted, and exempt*——] *Exempt*, for *excluded.* WARBURTON.

[5] *To scourge you for this apprehension:*——] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventur'd to read, *reprehension:* and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his father, the earl of Cambridge's treason. THEOBALD.

[6] ——*for this apprehension:*] Apprehension, *i. e.* opinion. WARBURTON.

Look

Look to it well; and ſay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill:
And know us, by theſe colours, for thy foes;
For theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.

Plant. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate [7],
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition!
And ſo farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plant. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Wincheſter and Gloſter:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud Somerſet, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe:
And here I propheſy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,

7 ——— *this* pale *and angry roſe,*
As cognizance of my blood-drinking *hate,*]
So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt *pale.*—
"And, truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
"Dry ſorrow *drinks our blood.*" STEEVENS.

A *badge* is called a *cogniſance à cognoſcendo*, becauſe by it ſuch perſons as do wear it upon their ſleeves, their ſhoulders, or in their hats, are manifeſtly known whoſe ſervants they are. In heraldry the *cogniſance* is ſeated upon the moſt eminent part of the helmet; and by a deſigned blunder in Ben Jonſon's works, 1756, Vol. I. p. 160, and Vol. VII. p. 356, it is called a *culliſen*, which Mr. Whalley's Dictionaries, or the heralds he conſulted, could not explain. TOLLET.

Shall

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A room in the Tower.

[8] *Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
[9] Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the [1] pursuivants of death,

[8] *Enter Mortimer,—*] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, that Shakespeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

[9] *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself,—*] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third act of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides:

Tiresias. Ἡγοῦ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς εἶ σὺ, ναυβάταισιν ἄστρον ὥς,
Δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἴχνος τιθεῖσ' ἐμόν, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *——pursuivants of death,*] Pursuivants. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

Nestor

Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of [2] Edmund Mortimer.
Theſe eyes—like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent—
Wax dim, [3] as drawing to their exigent:
Weak ſhoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
[4] And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground.—
Yet are theſe feet—whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And even ſince then hath Richard been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of deſpairs,
[5] Juſt death, kind umpire of men's miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence;
I would, his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt.

[2] —*Edmund Mortimer.*] This Edmund Mortimer, when king Richard II. ſet out upon his fatal Iriſh expedition, was declared by that prince heir apparent to the crown; for which reaſon king Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in priſon during their whole reigns. THEOBALD.

[3] —*as drawing to their exigent:*] Exigent, end. JOHNSON.
So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:
"Hath driven her to ſome deſperate *exigent.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *And pithleſs arms,*——] *Pith* was uſed for *marrow*, and, figuratively, for *ſtrength.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Juſt death, kind umpire of mens' miſeries,*] That is, he that terminates or concludes miſery. The expreſſion is harſh and forced. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?
Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, [6] I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

[6] *—I'll tell thee my disease.*] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent.* JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakespeare elsewhere. Thus likewise in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III. c. 5:

" But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease.*"

That to *disease* is to *disturb*, may be known from the following passages in Chapman's version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*:

" But brother, hye thee to the ships, and Idomen *disease.*" i. e. wake him. Book VI. edit. 1598. Again, Odyss. B. VI:

" ————with which he declin'd
" The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,
" And any sleeper, when he wish'd, *diseased.*"

Again, in the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Floddon*:

" He thought the Scots might him *disease*
" With constituted captains meet." STEEVENS.

Was

Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plant. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew * Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young kind Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, [7] in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,

* *his* nephew *Richard*;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall "have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him." STEEVENS.

[7] —*in this haughty great attempt*] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

And

And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
[8] Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewel; [9] and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

[8] *Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:*] The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.
REVISAL.

[9] ——*and fair be all thy hopes,*] Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the establishment of the Lancastrian line disappointed them: sure, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the poet wrote;
————*and fair* befal *thy hopes!* THEOBALD.
This emendation is received by sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how the readings differ in sense. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune.
JOHNSON.

And like a hermit over-pafs'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counfel in my breaft;
And what I do imagine, let that reft.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myfelf
Will fee his burial better than his life.—
[1] Here dies the dufky torch of Mortimer,
[2] Choak'd with ambition of the meaner fort:—
And, for thofe wrongs, thofe bitter injuries,
Which Somerfet hath offer'd to my houfe,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redrefs:
And therefore hafte I to the parliament;
Either to be reftored to my blood,
[3] Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

[1] *Here* dies *the dufky torch*——] The image is of a torch juft extinguifhed, and yet fmoaking. But we fhould read *lies* inftead of *dies*. For when a dead man is reprefented by an extinguifhed torch, we muft fay the *torch lies:* when an extinguifhed torch is compared to a dead man, we muft fay the *torch dies*. The reafon is plain, becaufe integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illuftrating*, not the thing *illuftrated*, be employed. WARBURTON.

[2] *Choak'd with ambition of the meaner fort:*—] We are to underftand the fpeaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in afferting his claim to the crown, in fupport of his own princely ambition. WARBURTON.

[3] In the former editions:

Or make my will *th' advantage of my good.*

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read:

Or make my ill th' *advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the *antithefis* of the expreffion. THEOBALD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The parliament.

Flourish. Enter king Henry, Exeter, Glofter, Winchefter, Warwick, Somerfet, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Glofter offers to put up a bill; Winchefter fnatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'ft thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ftudioufly devis'd,
Humphrey of Glofter? if thou canft accufe,
Or ought intend'ft to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention fuddenly;
As I with fudden and extemporal fpeech
Purpofe to anfwer what thou canft object.
Glo. Prefumptuous prieft! this place commands my patience,
Or thou fhouldft find thou haft difhonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearfe the method of my pen:
No, prelate; fuch is thy audacious wickednefs,
Thy lewd, peftiferous, and diffentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moft pernicious ufurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lafcivious, wanton, more than well befeems
A man of thy profeffion, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifeft?
In that thou laid'ft a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Befide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were fifted,
The king, thy fovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy fwelling heart.

Win.

Win. Glofter, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchfafe
To give me hearing what I fhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverfe, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I fo poor?
Or how haps it, I feek not to advance
Or raife myfelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diffention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, becaufe no one fhould fway but he;
No one, but he, fhould be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breaft,
And makes him roar thefe accufations forth.
But he fhall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou baftard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly fir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, faucy prieft?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a caftle keeps,
And ufeth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Glofter!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy fpiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome fhall remedy this.

War. [4] Roam thither then.

[5] *Som.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War.

[4] —*Roam thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is fuppofed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nafh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "——three hundred thoufand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills, &c."
STEEVENS.

[5] Som. *My lord, it were your duty to forbear.*] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemiftich fpoken by Warwick.

The

War. Ay, fee the bifhop be not over-borne.
Som. Methinks, my lord fhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to fuch.
War. Methinks, his lordfhip fhould be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate fo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ftate is touch'd fo near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Rich. Plantagenet, I fee, muft hold his tongue;
Left it be faid, *Speak, firrah, when you fhould;*
Muft your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Elfe would I have a fling at Winchefter. [*Afide.*
K. Henry. Uncles of Glofter, and of Winchefter,
The fpecial watchmen of our Englifh weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a fcandal is it to our crown,
That two fuch noble peers as ye, fhould jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diffention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—
[*A noife within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bifhop's men.
[*A noife again,* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bifhop and the duke of Glofter's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ftones;

The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerfet, for whom it feems to have been meant.

Ay, fee, the bifhop be not over-borne,

was as erroneoufly given in the next fpeech to Somerfet inftead of Warwick, to whom it has been fince reftored. STEEVENS.

And.

And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter men in ſkirmiſh, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelf,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloſter, mitigate this ſtrife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glo. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this [6] unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majeſty:
And, ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by [7] an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glo. Stay, ſtay, I ſay!
And, if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. Oh, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!—
Can you, my lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?

[6] ——*unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.*] *Unaccuſtom'd* is *unſeemly*, *indecent.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——*an inkhorn mate,*] A *bookman.* JOHNSON.

Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obſtinate repulſe,
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compaſſion on the king commands me ſtoop;
Or, I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Wincheſter, the duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Wincheſter, I offer thee my hand.
K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?
War. Sweet king!—the biſhop[8] hath a kindly gird.—
For ſhame, my lord of Wincheſter! relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloſter, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

[8] —*hath a kindly gird.*—] i. e. Feels an emotion of kind remorſe. JOHNSON.

A kindly gird is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof.* Falſtaff obſerves, that—"men of all ſorts take a pride to *gird* at him:" and in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Baptiſta ſays: "—Tranio *hits* you now:" to which Lucentio anſwers:

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

This

'This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood;

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, 'till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
[9] And, in reguerdon of that duty done,

9 ——*reguerdon*——] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

I gird thee with the valiant ſword of York:
Riſe, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And riſe created princely duke of York.

Rich. And ſo thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they
That grudge one thought againſt your majeſty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Periſh, baſe prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aſide.*

Glo. Now will it beſt avail your majeſty,
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in France:
The preſence of a king engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects, and his loyal friends;
As it diſanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Gloſter ſays the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ſhips already are in readineſs.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,
And will at laſt break out into a flame:
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away,
[1] So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, ſhould win all;
And Henry, born at Windſor, ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that Exeter doth wiſh
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

[1] *So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.*] That is, ſo will the malignity of this diſcord *propagate itſelf*, and advance. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and soldiers with sacks upon their backs, like countrymen.

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach:—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city [2],
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon.

Dau. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. [3] Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants:

[2] *Our* sacks *shall be the means to* sack *the city,*] Falstaff has the same quibble, shewing his bottle of *sack*: "Here's that will *sack* a city." STEEVENS.

[3] —*Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.*] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems*. JOHNSON.

Now

Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

Reig. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,—
[4] No way to that, for weakneſs, which ſhe enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on a battlement, thruſting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Baſt. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.

Dau. Now ſhine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—preſently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarum; Talbot in an excurſion.*

Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If Talbot but ſurvive thy treachery.—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares,
[5] That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France. [*Exit.*

[4] *No way to that,*—] That is, *no way equal to that,* no way ſo fit as that. JOHNSON.

[5] *That hardly we eſcap'd the pride of France.*] *Pride* ſignifies the *haughty power.* The ſame ſpeaker ſays afterwards, act IV. ſcene VI:

And from the pride *of* Gallia *reſcu'd thee.*

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critic obſcure! Mr. Theobald ſays, Pride of France *is an abſurd and unmeaning expreſſion,* and therefore alters it to *prize of France*; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor. WARBURTON.

An alarum: excursions. Enter Bedford, brought in sick, in a chair, with Talbot and Burgundy, without. Within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and [6] *Alençon, on the walls.*

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[*Talbot, and the rest, whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, you lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

6 ——*Alençon, on the walls.*—] Alençon sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of Reignier, because Alençon, not Reignier, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

Tal.

Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the reſt;
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—baſe muleteers of France!
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodneſs, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, ſir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be Talbot's greateſt fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy houſe,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, ſuſtain'd in France)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as ſure as Engliſh Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear, to get the town, or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.
Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read [7],
That

[7] *once I read,*
That ſtout Pendragon, *in his litter,* &c.]
This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.

Shakeſpeare, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, ſays Holinſhed, "even ſicke of a flixe as he was, cauſed him-

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and forces.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolffe, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolffe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alençon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please;

himselfe to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so incouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie." *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle*, (as I learn from Dr. Gray) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon:

"For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter
"To bear him so then unto Verolame,
"Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,
"That saint Albone's now hight of noble fame,
"Bet downe the walles; but to him forth they came,
"Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.
"The fielde he had, and thereof was full fayne."

STEEVENS.

For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

An alarum: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the reſt.

Tal. Loſt, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:—
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is aſleep:
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.
Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaſeth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in Roan;
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court:
But kings, and mightieſt potentates, muſt die;
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. The plain near the city.

Enter the Dauphin, Bastard, Alençon, and Joan a Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces [8].
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France [9],
And

[8] *But be* extirped *from our provinces.*] To *extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:
"The world shall gather to *extirp* our name."
STEEVENS.

[9] —expuls'd *from France,*] i. e. expelled. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:
"The

And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums beats afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Here beat an English march.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

[*French march.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the duke of Burgundy, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
[1] As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When

"The *expulsed* Apicata finds them there."
Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium:*
"And if you *expulse* them there,
"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.

[1] *As looks the mother on her* lowly *babe,*] It is plain Shakespeare wrote,—*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. WARBURTON.

The

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spight of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

The alteration is easy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wasting ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*. JOHNSON.

Burg. I am vanquiſhed; [2] theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;—
So, farewel, Talbot; I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. [3] Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Dau. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ———— *theſe haughty words of hers*
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,] How theſe lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the ſpeech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all ſoft entreaty and mild expoſtulation. JOHNSON.

[3] *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] This ſeems to be an offering of the poet to his royal miſtreſs's reſentment, for Henry the Fourth's laſt great turn in religion, in the year 1593. WARBURTON.

The inconſtancy of the French was always the ſubject of ſatire. I have read a diſſertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our ſteeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Paris. An apartment in the palace.

Enter king Henry, Glofter, Vernon, Baffet, &c. To them Talbot, with foldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my fovereign:
In fign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreffes,
Twelve cities, and feven walled towns of ftrength,
Befide five hundred prifoners of efteem,—
Lets fall his fword before your highnefs' feet;
And, with fubmiffive loyalty of heart,
Afcribes the glory of his conqueft got,
Firft to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Glofter,
That hath fo long been refident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it pleafe your majefty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father faid,
A ftouter champion never handled fword.
Long fince we were refolved of your truth,
Your faithful fervice, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tafted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd [4] with fo much as thanks,
Becaufe 'till now we never faw your face:
Therefore, ftand up; and, for thefe good deferts,

[4] *Or been* reguerdon'd] i. e. rewarded. The word w... lete even in the time of Shakefpeare. Chaucer ufes it in the ... *of Boethius.* STEEVENS.

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt King, Glo. Tal.*

Ver. Now, Sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear [5]
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
[6] That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

5 —*these* colours *that I wear*] This was the badge of a *rose*, and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:
"And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop."
Act III. Scene the last. TOLLET.

6 *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death*;] Shakespeare wrote:
——— *draws a* sword i'th' presence 't's *death*;
i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber. WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shews the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written as it is in the folio:—
That, who so *draws a sword*———
i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has observed) with a menace in the court, or in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

Johnson, in his collection of *Ecclesiastical Laws*, has preserved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons 693. "If any one fight in the king's house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not." I am told that there are many other ancient canons to the same purpose. *Grey*. STEEVENS.

Ver.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Paris. A room of ſtate.

Enter king Henry, Gloſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

Glo. Lord biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave king Henry, of that name the ſixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
That you elect no other king but him:
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but [7] ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate:
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious ſovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haſte unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the reſt:

[7] —*ſuch as ſhall pretend*] To *pretend* is to *deſign*, to *intend.* JOHNSON.

This dastard, at the battle of Poictiers [8],—
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of [9] haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)

[8] —*at the battle of* Poictiers.] The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakespeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read, instead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter, &c." Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601.
STEEVENS.

[9] —*haughty courage*,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*. JOHNSON.

Be

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.
K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit Faſtolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
[*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his ſovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will[1]?
What's here?—*I have, upon eſpecial cauſe,*— [Reads.
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon,—
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.
O monſtrous treachery! Can this be ſo;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Henry. Is that the worſt, this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then, lord Talbot there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe:—
My lord, how ſay you? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,

[1] Pretend *ſome alteration in good will?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* ſeems to be here uſed in its Latin ſenſe, i. e. to *hold out*, to *ſtretch forward*. Modern editors read *portend*. STEEVENS.

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Tal.*

Enter Vernon, and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth [2],
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

2 ——*did* repugn *the truth*,] To *repugn* is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Ver.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord :
For though he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
And he firſt took exceptions, at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleneſs of this flower
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerſet, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

K. Henry. Good Lord ! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men ;
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe !—
Good couſins both, of York and Somerſet,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this diſſention firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your highneſs ſhall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerſet.

Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it ſo ? Confounded be your ſtrife !
And periſh ye, with your audacious prate !
Preſumptuous vaſſals ! are you not aſham'd,
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the king and us ?—
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverſe objections ;
Much leſs, to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves ;
Let me perſuade you take a better courſe.

Exe. It grieves his highneſs ;—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants :

Hence-

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To

To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. [3] And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,

[3] In the former editions,
And if I wish he did——] By the pointing reform'd, and a single letter expung'd, I have restor'd the text to its purity. *And, if I wis, he did*—Warwick had said, the king meant no harm in wearing Somerset's rose: York testily replies, "Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm." THEOBALD.

This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plausible enough; but perhaps this speech may become sufficiently intelligible without any change, only supposing it broken.

And if—I wish—he did.

or, perhaps:

And if he did, I wish— JOHNSON.

I read, I *wist*. The pret. of the old obsolete verb I *wis*, which is used by Shakespeare in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"There be fools alive, I *wis*,
"Silver'd o'er, and so was this." STEEVENS.

But

But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion;
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpets and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the walls. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,——Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us; call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving towers,
If you forſake [4] the offer of their love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are ſquadrons pitch'd,

[4] —*their* love.] The old editions read —*the offer of* their *love.* Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our.* JOHNSON.

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
[5] To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, [6] due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy musick to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

5 *To rive their dangerous artillery*] I do not understand the phrase *to rive artillery*, perhaps it might be to *drive*; we say *to drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault. JOHNSON.

To *rive* seems to be used with some deviation from its common meaning in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. ii:

"The soul and body *rive* not more at parting."
STEEVENS.

Rive their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and *split* his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

6 —*due thee withal*;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.
JOHNSON.

The old copy reads,—dew *thee withal*; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets: Shakespeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

"To *dew* the sovereign flow'r, and drown the weeds."

Again, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

"——give me thy hand,
"That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears."
STEEVENS.

Tal.

Tal. [7] He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.—
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be Engliſh deer, [8] be then in blood:
[9] Not raſcal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds [1] with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of [2] us, my friends.—
God, and ſaint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of France.

Enter a Meſſenger, meeting York, who enters with a trumpet, and many ſoldiers.

York. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

[7] —*He fables not,*—] This expreſſion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*
"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear."
It occurs again in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
"——good father *fable* not with him." STEEVENS.

[8] —*be then in blood;*] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle. JOHNSON.

[9] *Not raſcal-like,*—] A raſcal deer is the term of chaſe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

[1] —*with heads of ſteel,*] Continuing the image of the *deer*, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

[2] ——dear deer *of us,*] The ſame quibble occurs in *King Henry* IV. Part I:
"Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a *deer* to-day,
"Though many a *dearer*, &c." STEEVENS.

Meſſ.

Meff. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your efpials were difcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerfet;
That thus delays my promifed fupply
Of horfemen, that were levied for this fiege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
[3] And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceffity!
If he mifcarry, farewel wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our Englifh ftrength,
Never fo needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the refcue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waift of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deftruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Elfe, farewel Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerfet—who in proud heart
Doth ftop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So fhould we fave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remifs traitors fleep.

[3] *And am I lowted*——] To *lowt* may fignify to *deprefs*, to *lower*, to *difhonour*; but I do not remember it fo ufed. We may read, *And I am* flouted. *I am mocked*, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, fignifies to *fubmit*. To *fubmit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden:

"Sometimes the hill *fubmits* itfelf a while
"In fmall defcents, &c." STEEVENS.

Lucy.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewel: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while [4] the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of France.

Enter Somerset, with his army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force

[4] *—the vulture—*] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.
JOHNSON.

Might

Might with a fally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath fullied all his glofs of former honour
By this unheedful, defperate, wild adventure:
York fet him on to fight, and die in fhame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is fir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, fir William? whither were you fent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and fold lord Talbot;
Who, [5] ring'd about with bold adverfity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerfet,
To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody fweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, [6] in advantage ling'ring, looks for refcue,
You, his falfe hopes, the truft of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with [7] worthlefs emulation.
Let not your private difcord keep away
The levied fuccours that fhould lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Baftard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compafs him about,
And Talbot perifheth by your default.

Som. York fet him on, York fhould have fent him aid.

Lucy. And York as faft upon your grace exclaims;

[5] *—ring'd about—*] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

[6] *—in advantage ling'ring,—*] Protracting his refiftance by the advantage of a ftrong poft. JOHNSON.

[7] *—worthlefs emulation.*] In this line *emulation* fignifies merely *rivalry*, not ftruggle for fuperior excellence. JOHNSON.

vearing, that you withhold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love;
And take foul ſcorn, to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en, or ſlain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A field of battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, and his ſon.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did ſend for thee,
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!—
Now art thou come unto [8] a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape

[8] —*a feaſt of death,*] To a field where *death* will be *feaſted* with ſlaughter. JOHNSON.

By

By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when [9] noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great; so [1] your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

[9] *noble Talbot stood.*] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON.

[1] *—your regard—*] Your care of your own safety. JOHNSON.

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
'Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,

Beat

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from he pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our houshold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
[1] Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,
To

[1] On *that advantage, bought with such a shame,*
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!]
This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be justified; nor is the sentiment better. I have ventur'd at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
[3] And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot, led by the French.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
[4] Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

takes away the obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the author's meaning:

Out on that *vantage.* THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *O what advantage*, which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

[3] *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] *To like one to the peasants* is, to *compare*, to *level by comparison*; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *And* leave *me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

His

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
[5] Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. [6] Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, [7] winged through the lither sky,
In

[5] *Tend'ring my ruin,*—] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read,—*Tending my ruin*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia:

"———*Tender* yourself more dearly." STEEVENS.

[6] *Thou antic death*,——] The *fool*, or *antic* of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*winged through the* lither *sky*,] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the same sense Milton says:

"———He with broad sails
"Winnow'd the *buxom* air."

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

Lither is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*.

So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"———to breed numbness or *litherness*."

Litherness is *limberness* or *yielding weakness*.

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

"I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame."

Milton might have borrow'd the expression from Spenser, or Gower, who uses it in the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis*:

 "That

In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died today.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard and Joan la Pucelle.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young [8] whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did

" That unto him whiche the head is,
" The membres *buxom* shall bowe."

In the old service of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom* therefore anciently signified obedient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense: " ——are so *buxome* to their shameless desires, &c." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*whelp of Talbot's, raging* brood,] Thus the modern editions. I have restored the old reading. *Raging-wood* signifies *raging mad.*

So, Heywood in his *Dialogues containing a number of effectual proverbes*, 1562;

" ——and

Did flesh his puny sword [9] in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestical, high scorn—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born—*
To be the pillage [1] *of a giglot wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French [2],
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

"——— and God wot
"He is *wood* at a word, little pott soone hot."

And again:

"———— as good
"As she gave him. She was, as they say, *horn-wood.*"

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"He will fight as he were *wood.*"

Again, in the *Mystery of Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"Like as a *wodman* he gan to fray." STEEVENS.

[9] —*in Frenchmen's blood!*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*of a giglot wench.*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet.* JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

"Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,
"That left her lord, prince Menelaus." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *in the bowels of the French,*] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"Meet, Don Andrea! yes, in the *battle's bowels.*" STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. [3] Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Pucel. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!
The Turk [4], that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—

[3] *Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know*
Who hath obtain'd———] Lucy's message implied that he knew who had obtained the victory: therefore sir T. Hanmer reads:
Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent. JOHNSON.

[4] *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent*, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GRAY.

Him,

Him, that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot ſlain; the Frenchmen's only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemeſis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.
Pucel. I think, this upſtart is old Talbot's ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear
Them hence: but from their aſhes ſhall be rear'd
A phœnix, that ſhall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

England.

Enter King Henry, Gloſter, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly ſue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.
K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity[5] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Henry. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two ambassadors, with Winchester as cardinal.

Exe. [6] What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—

[5] ——*immanity*] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

[6] *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,*
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!]
This (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's *hat*;
and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEEVENS.

If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Henry. My lords ambaſſadors, your ſeveral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on.
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Wincheſter, we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your maſter,—
I have inform'd his highneſs ſo at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt king, and train.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his holineſs
For cloathing me in theſe grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.

Win. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt peer.
Humphrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
[7] That, not in birth, nor for authority,
The biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *That, nor in birth,*—] I would read *for* birth. That is, thou ſhalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate and thy authority ſupreme. JOHNSON.
The old copy reads, *neither*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.
Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my lords; And France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.——
Now help, [9] ye charming spells, and periapts;
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly [1] monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

[9] —*ye charming spells, and periapts;*] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes, to hunt souls.* POPE.

Periapts were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c. STEEVENS.

The following story which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted. "A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel?* Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin." MALONE.

[1] —*monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of Isaiah is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the* north. STEEVENS.

² Out of the powerful regions under eart
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit*

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

² *Out of the powerful* regions *under earth,*] I believe Shakespeare wrote *legions.* WARBURTON.

Pucel.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag [3]! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, leading in lady Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
[4] As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So

[3] ——*fell* banning *hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in the *Jew of Malta*, 1633:
"I *ban* their souls to everlasting pains." STEEVENS.

[4] *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,* &c.] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's

beauty,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! [5] disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How can'st thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card [6].

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's [7] a wooden thing.

Mar.

beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle: which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *disable not thyself;*] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As You Like It*, act V:—"If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled my judgment.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *a* cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"I'll have a present *cooling card* for you." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *a wooden thing.*] Is *an aukward business*, an *undertaking not likely to succeed.*

So, in Lylly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck."

Again,

Mar. He talks of wood: It is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he ſeems a knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cauſe—
Mar. Tuſh! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden ſcepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:
"My maſter takes but *wooden* pains."
Again, in the *Knave of Spades*, &c. no date.
"To make an end of that ſame *wooden* phraſe."
STEEVENS.

If thou wilt condeſcend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, madam; are you ſo content?

Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's caſtle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, ſee, thy daughter priſoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Conſent, (and, for thy honour, give conſent)
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleaſes.

Suf.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What anſwer makes your grace unto my ſuit?
Reig. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of ſuch a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be Henry's, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So, farewel, Reignier! Set this diamond ſafe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wiſhes, praiſe, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, madam, I muſt trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,

[8] To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier, and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Sollicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
[9] Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Camp of the duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

[8] *To send such* peevish *tokens*——] *Peevish*, for childish. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, act I. sc. vii: "He's strange and *peevish.*" STEEVENS.

[9] Mad, *natural graces*——] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read *her* natural graces. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or uncultivated. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*——*he she lov'd prov'd* mad. Which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mad-cap.*

Mad, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild. STEEVENS.

Must

Muſt I behold thy timeleſs [1] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, ſweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepit miſer [2]! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!——My lords, an pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can teſtify
She was the firſt-fruit of my batchelorſhip.

War. Graceleſs! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! [3] that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle!
God

[1] —timeleſs] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:
"Thy ſtrength was buried in his *timeleſs* death."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Decrepit* miſer!] *Miſer* has no relation to avarice in this paſſage, but ſimply means a miſerable creature. So, in the *Interlude of Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:
"But as for theſe *miſers* within my father's tent."
Again, in Lord Sterline's tragedy of *Crœſus*, 1604:
"Or thinkſt thou me of judgment too remiſs,
"A *miſer* that in miſerie remains;
"The baſtard child of fortune, barr'd from bliſs,
"Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world diſdains?"
Again, in Holinſhed, p. 760, where he is ſpeaking of the death of Richard III: "And ſo this *miſer*, at the ſame verie point, had like chance and fortune, &c." Again, p. 951, among the laſt words of lord Cromwell: "—for if I ſhould ſo doo, I were a very wretch and a *miſer*." Again, *ibid:* "—and ſo patiently ſuffered the ſtroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcherlie *miſer*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office." STEEVENS.

[3] —*that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle!*] A vulgar corruption of *obſtinate*, which I think has oddly laſted ſince our author's time till now. JOHNSON.

The ſame corruption may be met with in other writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:
"An *obſtacle* young thing it is."
Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:
"Be not *obſtacle*, old duke."

 Again,

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure[4] my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,

Again, in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. II:
"He thanked God of his miracle,
"To whose might may be none *obstacle.*" STEEVENS.

[4] - *my noble birth.*
———*'Tis true, I gave a noble*———]
This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *Henry* IV. of the *nobleman* and *Royal man*. JOHNSON.

You

You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
[5] No, miſconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden blood, thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, ſirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, diſcover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greateſt miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially, ſince Charles muſt father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. [6] Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thouſand lives.

Pucel.

[5] *No, miſconceived!*—] i. e. *No, ye miſconceivers, ye who miſtake me and my qualities.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!*] Machiavel being mentioned ſomewhat before his time, this line is by ſome of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel ſeems to have made ſo very deep an impreſſion on the dramatic writers of this age, that he is many times

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death[7]
Environ you; [8] 'till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

times as prematurely spoken of. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caractacus*,

" ——— read *Machiavel:*
" Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell."

Again:

" ———my brain
" Italianates my barren faculties
" To *Machiavelian* blackness———" STEEVENS.

[7] —*darkness and the gloomy shade of death*—] The expression is scriptural: " Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit *in darkness and the shadow of death*." MALONE.

[8] ———*till mischief and despair*
Drive you to break your necks,——]
Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, &c.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the king.
For know, my lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe at theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a general peace
[9] Betwixt our nation and the aſpiring French;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Baſtard, and Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,

[9] *Betwixt our nation and th'* aſpiring *French*;] But would an ambaſſador, who came to perſuade peace with France, uſe it as an argument, that France was *aſpiring*? Shakeſpeare without doubt wrote:

——*th'* reſpiring *French*;

i. e. who had but juſt got into breath again, after having been almoſt hunted down by the Engliſh. WARBURTON.

The ambaſſador yet uſes no argument, but if he did, *reſpiring* would not much help the cauſe. Shakeſpeare wrote what might be pronounced, and therefore did not write *th' reſpiring*. JOHNSON.

We

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler choaks
The hollow passage of my [1] poison'd voice,
By sight of these our [2] baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples [3] with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

[1] —*poison'd voice,*] *Poison'd voice* agrees well enough with *baneful enemies,* or with *baleful,* if it can be used in the same sense. The modern editors read, *prison'd voice.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*baleful enemies.*] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read *baneful,* hurtful, or mischievous. JOHNSON.

Baleful had anciently the same meaning as *baneful.* It is an epithet very frequently bestow'd on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers." STEEVENS.

[3] —*with a coronet;*] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown.* JOHNSON.

No,

No, lord embaſſador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
York. Inſulting Charles! haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof [4] upon compariſon?
Either [5] accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*
War. How ſay'ſt thou, Charles? ſhall our condition ſtand?
Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.
York. Then ſwear allegiance to his majeſty;
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[*Charles, and the reſt, give tokens of fealty.*

[4] —*upon compariſon?*] Do you ſtand to compare your preſent ſtate, a ſtate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

[5] ———*accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,*
Of benefit———]
Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.

So,

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.

England.

A room in the palace.

Enter Suffolk, in conference with king Henry; Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
[6] So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

[6] *So am I driven,*——] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. JOHNSON.

To

To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, [7] at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

[7] *-at a triumph-*] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

As

As market-men for oxen, ſheep, or horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in [8] by attorneyſhip;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen) will
Anſwer our hope in iſſue of a king;
For Henry, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret ſhall be queen, and none but ſhe.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, ſhipping; poſt, my lord, to France;

[8] *—by attorneyſhip,—*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the diſcretional agency of another. JOHNSON.

Agree

Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, 'till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
[9] If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and [1] ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glo.

9 *If you do censure me* &c.] To *censure* is here simply to *judge. If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* JOHNSON.

1 —*ruminate my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the second specially for *sorrow*.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England bleed
Which oft our stage hath shewn.

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry* VI. were printed in 1600. When *Henry* V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exeunt Gloſter, and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret ſhall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

part: the firſt part of *Henry* VI. had been often *ſhewn on the ſtage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publiſher. JOHNSON.

HENRY

HENRY VI.

PART II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, duke of Gloſter, *uncle to the king.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *biſhop of Wincheſter.*
Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*
Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerſet, } *of the king's party.*
Duke of Suffolk, }
Earl of Saliſbury, } *of the York faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }
Lord Clifford, *of the king's party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *governor of the Tower.*
Sir Humphrey Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a Kentiſh gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *ſon to lord Clifford.*
Edward Plantagenet, } *ſons to the duke of York.*
Richard Plantagenet, }
Vaux, *a ſea captain, and* Walter Whitmore, *pirates.*
A Herald. Hume *and* Southwell, *two prieſts.*
Bolingbroke, *an aſtrologer.*
A ſpirit, attending on Jordan the witch.
Thomas Horner, *an armourer.* Peter, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Albans.
Simpcox, *an impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the butcher,* Smith *the weaver, and ſeveral others, rebels.*

Margaret, *queen to king Henry VI.*
Dame Eleanor, *wife to the duke of Gloſter.*
Mother Jordan, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral parts of England.*

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter king Henry, duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

[2] *Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As

[1] *Second Part* &c.] This and the third part were first written under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the author. POPE.

Second Part of King Henry VI.] This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign; so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company that this play, &c. was entered by Tho. Millington, March 12, 1593. It was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681. STEEVENS.

[2] *As by your high*, &c.] Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 66. year 23. init. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first

first

As procurator to your excellence [3],
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

[3] *As procurator to your excellence, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 625: "The marquesse of Suffolk as procurator to king Henrie, espoused the said ladie in the church of saint Martins. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband, and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There were also the dukes of Orleance, of Calabre, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seaven earles, tw lve barons, twenty bishops, &c." STEEVENS.

The

[4] The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you [5] mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, embassador for Henry king of England,—that the said*

[4] *The mutual conference*——] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*mine alder-liefest sovereign,*] *Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached: *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief.* So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, *Henry* VI. folio 12. "Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* lord." WARBURTON.

Alder-liefest—] Is a corruption of the German word *alder-liebste*, beloved above all things.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtesan:

"O mine *alder-liefest* love."

Again:

"——pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-liefest* affection."

Again, in Gascoigne:

"——and to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite."

STEEVENS.

Henry

Henry ſhall eſpouſe the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeruſalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.

Item, *That the dutchies of Anjou and of Maine, ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her fa——*

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Wincheſter, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *it is further agreed between them,—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father; and ſhe ſent over of the king of England's own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They pleaſe us well.—Lord marqueſs, kneel down;
We here create thee the firſt duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the ſword.—
Couſin of York, we here diſcharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Wincheſter, Gloſter, York, and Buckingham,
Somerſet, Saliſbury, and Warwick;
[6] We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
To you duke Humphrey muſt unload his grief,

[6] *We thank you for all this great favour done,*] Undoubtedly we ſhould read, from a regard both to the ſenſe and the metre:

We thank you all for *this great favour done.* REVISAL.

The firſt folio confirms the propriety of this conjecture.

STEEVENS.

Your

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Study'd ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
Or hath his highneſs in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in deſpight of foes;
And ſhall theſe labours, and theſe honours, die?
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O peers of England, ſhameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Reverſing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
[7] This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whoſe large ſtyle

[7] *This peroration with ſuch circumſtance?*] This ſpeech crowded with ſo many inſtances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

Agrees

Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
Theſe counties were the keys of Normandy :—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant ſon ?

War. For grief that they are paſt recovery :
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine ! myſelf did win them both ;
Thoſe provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer :
[8] And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu !

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike iſle !
France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large ſums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That Suffolk ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
For coſts and charges in tranſporting her !
She ſhould have ſtaid in France, and ſtarv'd in France,
Before———

Car. My lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot ;
It was the pleaſure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Wincheſter, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy fury : if I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings [9].—

Fare-

[8] *And are the cities,* &c.] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wiſh it had been better expreſſed ; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Bickerings.*] To *bicker* is *to ſkirmiſh*. In the ancient metrical

Farewel, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
[1] And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

cal romance of *Guy E. of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chace*:

"Bomen *bickarte* upon the bent
"With their browd aras cleare."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song IX:

"From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back."

Again, in the *Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589:
"——sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the foyle." Again, in Holinshed, p. 537: "At another *bickering* also it chanced that the Englishmen had the upper hand." Again, p. 572: "At first there was a sharpe *bickering* betwixt them, but in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen." *Levi pugna congredior* is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dict.* 1580, explains the verb to *bicker*. STEEVENS.

[1] *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] Certainly Shakespeare wrote *east*. WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. JOHNSON.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,
He being of age to govern of himſelf?—
Couſin of Somerſet, join you with me,
And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
We'll quickly hoiſe duke Humphrey from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk preſently. [*Exit.*

Som. Couſin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beſide;
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerſet, will be protector,
Deſpight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerſet.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never ſaw but Humphrey duke of Gloſter
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I ſeen the haughty cardinal—
More like a ſoldier, than a man o'the church,
As ſtout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil diſcipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our ſovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:—
Join we together, for the public good;

In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land [2].

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands [3] on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:

[2] ——the *profit of the land.*] I think we might read, more clearly——*to* profit of the land,—i. e. to profit themselves by it, unless '*tend* be written for *attend.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*on a tickle point,*——] *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakespeare. So, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

"Time is *tickell*, we may matche time in this,
"For we be even as *tickell* as time is."

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now stands our fortune on a *tickle* point."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"The rest by turning of my *tickle* wheel." STEEVENS.

While

While as the filly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his haplefs hands,
And fhakes his head, and trembling ftands aloof,
While all is fhar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to ftarve, and dares not touch his own.
So York muft fit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and fold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flefh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon [4].
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's foil.
A day will come, when York fhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a fhew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I fpy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I feek to hit:
Nor fhall proud Lancafter ufurp my right,
Nor hold the fcepter in his childifh fift,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whofe church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be ftill a while, 'till time do ferve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be afleep,
To pry into the fecrets of the ftate;
'Till Henry, furfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raife aloft the milk-white rofe,
With whofe fweet fmell the air fhall be perfum'd;
And in my ftandard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the houfe of Lancafter;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whofe bookifh rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit York.*

4 —*the prince's heart of Calydon.*] Meleager. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The duke of Glofter's houfe.

Enter duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which feems to dim thy fight?
What fee'ft thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If fo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the fame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too fhort? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abafe our fight fo low
As to vouchfafe one glance unto the ground.
Glo. O Nell, fweet Nell, if thou doft love thy lord,
Banifh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againft my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my laft breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me fad.
Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With fweet rehearfal of my morning's dream.
Glo. Methought, this ftaff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk [5].

Glo.

[5] Whereas *the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. So in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"But see *whereas* Lucretius is return'd.
"Welcome, brave Roman!"

The

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exit Glofter.*
Follow I muft, I cannot go before,
While Glofter bears this bafe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove thefe tedious ftumbling-blocks,
And fmooth my way upon their headlefs necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be flack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jefu preferve your royal majefty!
Elean. My majefty! why, man, I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title fhall be multiply'd.
Elean. What fay'ft thou, man? haft thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promifed,—to fhew your highnefs
A fpirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That fhall make anfwer to fuch queftions,

The word is feveral times ufed in this piece, as well as in fome others; and always with the fame fenfe.
Again, in the 51ft fonnet of Lord *Sterline*, 1604:
" I dream'd the nymph, that o'er my fancy reigns,
" Came to a part *whereas* I paus'd alone:"
Again, in the *Tryal of Treafure*, 1567:
" *Whereas* fhe is refident, I muft needes be."
Again, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1599:
" That I fhould pafs *whereas* Octavia ftands
" To view my mifery, &c." STEEVENS.

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

[6] *Elean.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit Eleanor.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker[7];
Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

[6] Elean. *It is enough*; &c.] This speech stands thus in the old quarto:

"*Elean.* Thanks, good sir John,
Some two days hence I guess will fit our time;
Then see that they be here.
For now the king is riding to St. Albans,
And all the dukes and earls along with him.
When they be gone, then safely may they come,
And on the backside of mine orchard here
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolve us of the thing we wish:——
"Till when, drink that for my sake, and farewell."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*A crafty knave does need no broker*;] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

Well,

Well, ſo it ſtands: And thus, I fear, at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
[8] Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter three or four petitioners, Peter, the armourer's man, being one.

1 *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications [9] in the quill.

2 *Pet.*

[8] *Sort how it will,* ——] Let the iſſue be what it will. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*in the quill.*] *In quill* is ſir Thomas Hanmer's reading; the reſt have *in the quill.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps our ſupplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penn'd* ſupplications. We ſtill ſay, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the uſe of chalk. STEEVENS.

In the quill.] This may mean, with great exactneſs and obſervance of form, or with the utmoſt punctilio of ceremony. The phraſe ſeems to be taken from part of the dreſs of our anceſtors, whoſe ruffs were *quilled*. While theſe were worn, it might be the vogue to ſay, ſuch a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taſte. TOLLET.

To this obſervation I may add, that after printing began, the ſimilar phraſe of a thing being *in print*, was uſed to expreſs the ſame circumſtance of exactneſs. "All this," (declares one of the quibbling ſervants in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*) "I ſay *in print*, for in print I found it." STEEVENS.

Deliver our ſupplications in quill.] This may be ſuppoſed to have been a phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man, when he ſtands upright upon his feet without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and in ſome parts of England, nine-pins are ſtill called *cayls*, which word is uſed in the ſtatute

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. For my lord protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. What's your's? what's here! [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my mistress was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send

33 *Hen.* VIII. c. 9. *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright. HAWKINS.

for

for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Peter, guarded.*

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.*

Away, baſe cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe,
Is this the faſhion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's iſle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! ſhall king Henry be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly Gloſter's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had reſembled thee,
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are—the prophets, and apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would chuſe him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
Your highneſs came to England, ſo will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beſide the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerſet, Buckingham,

 And

And grumbling York: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Saliſbury, and Warwick, are no ſimple peers.
Q. Mar. Not all theſe lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empreſs, than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born callat as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her[1];
And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her reſt: And, madam, liſt to me;
For I am bold to counſel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet muſt we join with him, and with the lords,
'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in diſgrace.
As for the duke of York,—[2] this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy helm.

[1] ——lim'd *a buſh for her;*] So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"*Lime* your twigs to catch this weary bird."
Again, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:
"A crimſon *buſh* that ever *limes* the ſoul." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*this late complaint*] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man againſt his maſter, for ſaying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

To them enter king Henry, duke Humphery, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the dutchess of Gloster.

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him [3] be deny'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give [4] his censure: these are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)

[3] ——*be deny'd*——] The folio reads *denay'd*. I have noted the variation only to observe, that the one word is frequently used for the other among the old writers. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*his censure*:] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. JOHNSON.

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,—
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face [5].

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

[5] *I'll set my* ten commandments *in your face.*] So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:
"—your harpy has *set his ten commandments* on my back."
Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:
"I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's *ten commandments.*"
Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:
"Now ten times I beseeche him that hie sits,
"Thy wives x *com.* may serche thy five wits."
STEEVENS.

Though

Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[6] [Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[Exit Buckingham.

Re-enter duke Humphrey.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

[6] *Exit Eleanor.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

" *King.* Believe me, love, that thou wert much to blame.
" I would not for a thousand pounds in gold,
" My noble uncle had been here in place.——
" See, where he comes! I am glad he met her not."

STEEVENS.

'Till

'Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner the armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. [7] By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

[7] *By these ten bones,* &c.] We have just heard a dutchess threaten *to set her ten commandments* in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers.

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

It occurs likewise more than once in the morality of *Hycke Scorner.* Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1637:

"By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears."

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworne." STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech :—
I do beſeech your royal majeſty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witneſs of this; therefore, I beſeech your majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerſet be regent o'er the French,
Becauſe in York this breeds ſuſpicion:
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

[8] *K. Henry.* Then be it ſo. My lord of Somerſet,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

[8] K. Henry. *Then be it ſo*, &c.] Theſe two lines I have inſerted from the old quarto; and, as I think, very neceſſarily. For, without them, the king has not declared his aſſent to Gloſter's opinion: and the duke of Somerſet is made to thank him for the regency before the king has deputed him to it.
THEOBALD.

After the lines inſerted by Theobald, the king continues his ſpeech thus:

——— over the French;
And to defend our right 'gainſt foreign foes,
And ſo do good unto the realm of France.
Make haſte, my lord; 'tis time that you were gone:
The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majeſty,
And take my leave, to poſt with ſpeed to France.
[*Exit Somerſet.*

King. Come, uncle Gloſter; now let's have our horſe,
For we will to St. Albans preſently.
Madam, your hawk they ſay, is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will fly to-day. [*Exeunt omnes.*
STEEVENS.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spight of [9] a man prevaileth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Duke Humphrey's garden.

[1] *Enter mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.*

Hume. Come, my masters; the dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate,

[9] —*a man*—] The old copy reads *of my man.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter,* &c.] The quarto reads:

Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer, and Margery Jourdain a witch.

Eleanor. Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask:
And I will stand upon this tower here,
And hear the spirit what it says to you;
And to my questions write the answers down.
[*She goes up to the tower.*
STEEVENS.

and

and grovel on the earth:—John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters; and welcome all.
To this geer; the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
[2] Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was ſet on fire;

[2] *Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night.*] *The ſilent of the night* is a claſſical expreſſion: and means an interlunar night. ——*Amica ſilentia lunæ.* So Pliny, *Inter omnes vero convenit, utiliſſimè in coitu ejus ſterni, quem diem alii* interlunii, *alii* ſilentis *lunæ appellant.* lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton ſays:

"The ſun to me is dark
"And *ſilent* as the moon,
"When ſhe deſerts the night,
"Hid in her vacant *interlunar* cave." WARBURTON.

I believe this diſplay of learning might have been ſpared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is uſed by Shakeſpeare as a ſubſtantive. So, in *The Tempeſt*, the *waſt* of night is uſed for the greateſt part of it. The old quarto reads, *the ſilence of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice.

Bolingbrook makes a circle.

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the *ſilence* of the night,
Wherein the furies maſk in helliſh troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake
The ſpirit Aſcalon to come to me;
To pierce the bowels of this central earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye!
Aſcalon, aſcend! aſcend!"

In a ſpeech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor ſays, they have

——— caſt their ſpells in *ſilence of the night.*

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the ſame expreſſion:

"Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde beſyly
"Her ſtrange entunes in *ſylence of the nyght?*"

Again, in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* of B. and Fletcher:

"Through ſtill *ſilence of the night,*
"Guided by the glow-worm's light." STEEVENS.

The

The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl[3],
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwel reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.*

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done[4]!

Boling. *First, of the king. What shall of him become?* [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.*

Boling. *What fates await the duke of Suffolk?*

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*

Spirit. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
[5] Than where castles mounted stand.

Have

[3] —ban-dogs *howl,*] The etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrific beings whose office it was *to make night hideous,* like those mentioned in the first book and eighth satire of *Horace:*

"———serpentes, atque videres
"*Infernas* errare *canes.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —*that I had said and done!*] It was anciently believed that spirits who were raised by incantations, remain'd above ground, and answer'd questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

[5] *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
[6] False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter the duke of York, and the duke of Buckingham, with their guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.——
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

this prophecy in some of our old chronicles, where, I think, it ran thus:

"Safer shall he be on sand,
"Than where castles mounted stand:"

at present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

[6] *False fiend, avoid!*] Instead of this short speech at the dismission of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following:

"Then down, I say, unto the damned pool
"Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
"Riding, amidst the sing'd and parched smoaks,
"The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx;
"There howle and burn for ever in those flames:—
"'Zounds! we are betray'd!"

Dytas is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Tho. Drant's Translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567:

"And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke." STEEVENS.

And

And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.——
We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;
Away! [*Exeunt guards with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.*

York. [7] Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By Water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords:
[8] These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.

[7] *Lord Buckingham, methinks* &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. POPE.

[8] *These oracles are hardly attain'd,*
And hardly understood.]
Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the parties and their papers, says, he'll see the devil's writ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text:
These oracles are hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly understood.
i. e. A great risque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *hardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood. THEOBALD.

The king is now in progress towards saint Albans;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

At Saint Albans.

Enter king Henry, Queen, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, [9] for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, [1] the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

[9] —*for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*the wind was very high;*
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.]
I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNSON.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds [2], are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft [3],
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar
Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

——*old Joan had not gone out*, i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement, were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon* a *buck*, and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work (as I learn from sir John Hawkins's very elegant edition of *Walton's Complete Angler*) was written by dame Julyana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakespeare has fixed the present scene) and was first *prynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde*, 1496. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*are fain of climbing high.*] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. The word (as I am informed) is still used in Scotland.

So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:
"Fayre words make fooles *faine*."
Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:
"Her brother's life will make her glad and *fain*."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to be aloft*,] Perhaps alluding to the adage:
"High flying hawks are fit for princes."
See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
[4]Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
[5]With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

[4] *Beat* &c.] To *bait* or *beat* (*bathe*) is a term in falconry. JOHNSON.

To *bathe* and to *beat*, or *bate*, are distinct terms in this diversion. To *bathe* a hawk was to wash his plumage. To *beat*, or *bate*, was to flutter with his wings. To *beat on a crown* is equivalent to an expression which is still used—*to hammer*, i. e. to work in the mind. Shakespeare employs it in another play:

"Wilt thou still be *hammering* treachery?"

So, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"With him whose restless thoughts do *beat* on thee."

Again, in Doctor *Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Since my mind *beats on it* mightily."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"I feel within my cogitations *beating*."

Later editors concur in reading, *Beat on a crown*. I follow the old copy. STEEVENS.

[5] *With such holiness can you do it?*] Do what? The verse wants a foot; we should read,

With such holiness can you not do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice? WARBURTON.

The verse is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random:

A churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

The transcriber saw *churchman* just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line. JOHNSON.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Glofter.

K. Henry. I prythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on these too too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, } *Aside.*
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Glofter,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had had more sport.——[6] Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to Glofter.*

Glo. True, uncle.
Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

[6] *Come with thy two-hand sword.*
Glo. *True, uncle, are ye advis'd—the east-side of the grove.*
Cardinal, I am with you.]
Thus is the whole speech placed to Glofter, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvertence. It is the cardinal who first appoints the east-side of the grove: and how finely does it express rancour and impetuosity for fear Glofter should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right! THEOBALD.

The *two-hand sword* is mentioned by Holinshed, p. 843: "—And he that touched the tawnie shield should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword.*" STEEVENS.

Glo.

Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glofter?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing elfe, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, prieft, I'll fhave your crown for this,
Or all my fence fhall fail [7]. [*Aside.*

Car. [afide] *Medice, teipfum*;
Protector, fee to't well, protect yourfelf.

K. Henry. The winds grow high; fo do your ftomachs, lords.
How irkfome is this mufic to my heart!
When fuch ftrings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this ftrife.

Enter one, crying, A miracle!

Glo. What means this noife?
Fellow, what miracle doft thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forfooth, a blind man at faint Alban's fhrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his fight;
A man, that ne'er faw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing fouls
Gives light in darknefs, comfort in defpair!

Enter the Mayor of faint Albans, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

Car. Here come the townfmen on proceffion,
To prefent your highnefs with the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his fight his fin be multiply'd.

[7] ——*my* fence *fhall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, *Much Ado about Nothing*:
"Defpight his nice *fence*, and his active practice."
STEEVENS.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Henry. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
By good saint Alban; [8] who said,—*Saunder, come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

[8] *-who said,—Saunder,* &c.] The former copies:
-who said, Simon, *come;*
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.
Why, *Simon?* The chronicles that take notice of Gloster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who asserted himself to be cured of blindness, was called *Saunder Simpcox—Simon* was therefore a corruption. THEOBALD.

Suf.

Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, maſter.

Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simp. O, born ſo, maſter.

Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Maſs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good maſter, my wife deſir'd ſome damſons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A ſubtle knave! but yet it ſhall not ſerve.—
Let me ſee thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou ſee'ſt not well.

Simp. Yes, maſter, clear as day; I thank God, and ſaint Alban.

Glo. Say'ſt thou me ſo? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, maſter; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well ſaid: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forſooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'ſt what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never ſee.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, ſirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, maſter, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, maſter.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it pleaſe you, maſter.

Glo. Then Saunder, ſit there, the lyingeſt knave
In Chriſtendom. If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours; but ſuddenly
To nominate them all, it is impoſſible.—
My lords, ſaint Alban here hath done a miracle;
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, maſter, that you could!

Glo. My maſters of ſaint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it pleaſe your grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.
[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither by and by. Now, ſirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle, with whips.

Glo. Well, ſir, we muſt have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, ſirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool, and runs away; and the people follow and cry,* A Miracle!

K. Henry. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long?

Queen.

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wif. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.
[*Exit Beadle, with the woman, &c.*
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, [9] lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
[1] Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to Gloster.*
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

[9] —*lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Your lady is forth-coming* —] That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNSON.

Sorrow

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Glofter, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Glofter's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
[2] And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

[2] *And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,*
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:

———*justice' equal scale,*
Whose beam stand *sure, whose rightful cause* prevail!
JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
[3] In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:——
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd king;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,

[3] *In craving your opinion of my title,*
Which is infallible, to England's crown.]
I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible. Johnson.

And

And him to Pomfret; where, as both you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And

And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter king Henry, queen Margaret, Glofter, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Dutchess, mother Jourdain, Southwel, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glofter's wife:

In

In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the ſentence of the law, for ſins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to priſon back again;
[*To the other priſoners.*
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
With ſir John Stanley, in the iſle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is baniſhment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou ſeeſt, hath judged thee;
I cannot juſtify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this diſhonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground!—
I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;
[4] Sorrow would ſolace, and mine age would eaſe.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloſter: ere thou go,
Give up thy ſtaff; Henry will to himſelf
Protector be; and God ſhall be my hope,
My ſtay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey; no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I ſee no reaſon, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
[5] God and king Henry govern England's realm:
Give

[4] *Sorrow would ſolace, and my age would eaſe.*] That is, ſorrow would have; ſorrow requires ſolace, and age requires eaſe. JOHNSON.

[5] *God and king Henry govern England's realm:*] The words recent

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!
[*Exit Gloster.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
[6] This staff of honour raught:—There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. [7] Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

realm at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered, that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene of this play:

And you yourself shall steer the happy *helm.* STEEVENS.

[6] *This staff of honour raught:—*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser, as in the following instance, b. iii. c. ix. s. 20:

"Her golden lockes that were in tramels gay
"Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,
"And *raught* unto her heeles."—— STEEVENS.

[7] *Lords, let him go.*] i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Humphrey had already left the stage. STEEVENS.

Left

Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow [8] worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff [9] with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door enters his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's [1] a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.*

[8] ——*worse bested,*] In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humourous lines:

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
"As men with *sand-bags* did of old." WARBURTON.

Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a cup of charneco.*] On which the Oxford Editor thus criticizes in his index: "This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish *charniegos* is a term used for the stocks." It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate,* printed 1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry sack, nor *charneco,* maligo, nor amber-colour'd candy, nor li-

quorish

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all;
And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you;* for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able

quoriſh ipocras, brown beloved baſtard, fat aligant, or any quick-ſpirited liquor."— And as *charneca* is, in Spaniſh, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding with that tree: or that it had its name from a certain flavour reſembling it. WARBURTON.

The vulgar name for this liquor was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old catch ſet to muſic by Lawes. HAWKINS.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs*, printed in 1596, it is ſaid, that "the only medicine for the fleghm is three cups of *charneco* faſting."

In *A Collection of Epigrams and Satyres*, without date, but of the ſame age, this liquor is mentioned again:

"———happy is the man doth rightly know
"The virtue of three cups of *charneco*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

"Where no old *charneco* is, nor no anchovies."

Again, in Deckar's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, 2d Part:

"Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-ſa-meene, a pottle of *charneco*, and a pottle of Ziattica."

Again, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"Aragooſa, or Peter-ſee-me, canary, or *charneco*."

STEEVENS.

——*a cup of* charnico.] Mention is made of this liquor in an ancient collection of *Epigrams*, now in my poſſeſſion:

"When Seigneur Sack-and-Sugar drink-drown'd reels,
"He vows to hew the ſpurs from fellow's heels;
"When calling for a quart of *charnico*,
"Into a loving league they preſent grow; &c." PERCY.

to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.— Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York,— I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, [1] as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Dispatch:—[2] this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

[1] ——*as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

Ascapart—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

" Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw
" Charing-cross for a bar, &c." JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

[2] *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakespeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason.

" ——When he should have come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slain without guilt; as for the false servant he lived not long," &c. STEEVENS.

Peter.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?
O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt[3]:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The street.

Enter duke Humphrey, and his men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet[4].—
Sirs, what's o' clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:

[3] *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt.*] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hannesly, Militem, & Robertum Katlenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus.* From whence, says the historian, "*magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*" A. Murimuth, ad ann. 1380, p. 149. BOWLE.

[4] —*as seasons* fleet.] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"———now the *fleeting* moon
"No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.

[5] Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

[5] *Uneath*—] i. e. Scarcely. POPE.
So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:
"*Uneathes* we came from him certain,
"That he ne had us all slain."
Eath is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 6:
"More *eath* was new impression to receive."
Uneath is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*.
STEEVENS.

Mail'd

'Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-ſet groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this ſhameful yoke?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
No; dark ſhall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-ſtock,
To every idle raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame;
Nor ſtir at nothing, 'till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will,
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry;
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe [7],
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.

[6] *Mail'd up in ſhame,*——] Wrapped up; bundled up in diſgrace; alluding to the ſheet of penance. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*any* ſcathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or miſchief. Chaucer, Spenſer, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their uſe of this word. STEEVENS.

Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
[8] Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few-days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament, holden at Bury the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before!
This is cloſe dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, maſter ſheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commiſſion.

Sher. An't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
And ſir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the iſle of Man.

Glo. Muſt you, ſir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: [9] the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if
You do it her. And ſo, ſir John, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewel?

Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit Gloſter.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;

[8] *Thy greateſt help is quiet,*—] The poet has not endeavoured to raiſe much compaſſion for the dutcheſs, who indeed ſuffers but what ſhe had deſerved. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *the world may laugh*——] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

Death

Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; [1] I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desireable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The abbey at Bury.

Enter king Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, and Buckingham, &c. to the parliament.

K. Henry. I muse, my lord of Glofter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
[2] Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

[2] *Me seemeth*——] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

And

And his advantage following your deceafe,—
That he fhould come about your royal perfon,
Or be admitted to your highnefs' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he pleafe to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the fpring, and weeds are fhallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choak the herbs for want of hufbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect thefe dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reafons can fupplant,
I will fubfcribe, and fay—I wrong'd the duke.
My lords of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or elfe conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highnefs feen into this duke;
And, had I firft been put to fpeak my mind,
I think, I fhould have told[3] your grace's tale.
The dutchefs, by his fubornation,
Upon my life, began her devilifh practices:
Or if he were not privy to thofe faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high defcent[4],
(As next the king, he was fucceffive heir,)
And fuch high vaunts of his nobility,
Did inftigate the bedlam brain-fick dutchefs,
By wicked means to frame our fovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepeft;
And in his fimple fhew he harbours treafon.
The fox barks not, when he would fteal the lamb.

[3] —*your grace's tale.*] Suffolk ufes *highnefs* and *grace* promifcuoufly to the queen. *Majefty* was not the fettled title till the time of king James the Firft. JOHNSON.

[4] *Yet by* reputing *of his high defcent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputing of his high defcent*, is *valuing himfelf upon it.* The fame word occurs in the 5th act:
And in my confcience do *repute* his grace, &c. STEEVENS.

No,

No, no, my ſovereign; Gloſter is a man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of money through the realm,
For ſoldiers' pay in France, and never ſent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut! theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke Humphrey.
K. Henry. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praiſe: But ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
Our kinſman Gloſter is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon
As is the ſucking lamb, or harmleſs dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his ſkin is ſurely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious ſovereign!
K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerſet. What news from France?
Som. That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. [5] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy [6] this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?

[5] *Cold news for me*; &c.] These two lines York had spoken before in the first act of this play. He is now meditating on his disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *this gear*——] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:
"Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

I never

I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in ſtudying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſpurſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my lord, to ſay ſo much.

Glo. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!

York. In your protectorſhip, you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault.
Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

Suf. My lord, [7] theſe faults are eaſy, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his highneſs' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpecial hope,

[7] ——*theſe faults are eaſy,*——] *Eaſy* is ſlight, inconſiderable, as in other paſſages of this author. JOHNSON.

That

That you will clear yourself from [8] all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, theſe days are dangerous!
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul ſubornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highneſs' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his ſtormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my life:——
And you, my ſovereign lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
And, with your beſt endeavour, have ſtirr'd up
My [9] liefeſt liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltleſs life:
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt;

8 ——*all ſuſpicion*;] The folio reads—*all ſuſpence.* Perhaps the author wrote—*ſuſpect.* So, in a following ſcene:
" If my *ſuſpect* be falſe, forgive me, God!" STEEVENS.

9 ——*liefeſt*——] Is *deareſt.* JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:
" ——Madam, my *lief*,
" For God's dear love, &c."
Again, c. ii:
" ——Fly, oh my *liefeſt* lord." STEEVENS.

The

The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—
Beſhrew the winners, for they play me falſe!—
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your priſoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exit guarded.*

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wiſdom ſeemeth beſt,
Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highneſs leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with miſery;
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I ſee

The

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
[1] And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*

[1] *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,] But how can it *stray* when it is *bound?* The poet certainly intended when it *strives*; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors; and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image, and part by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. JOHNSON.

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. [2] Free lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: and Gloſter's ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the ſnake, roll'd on a flowering bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wiſe than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Gloſter ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
The commons haply riſe to ſave his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive ſo fain as I.

York. [3] 'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.——
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

[2] *Free lords*, &c.] By this ſhe means (as may be ſeen by the ſequel) you, who are not bound up to ſuch preciſe regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

[3] *'Tis York that hath more reaſon for his death.*] Why York had more reaſon than the reſt for deſiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerſet. JOHNSON.

York had more reaſon, becauſe duke Humphrey ſtood between him and the crown, which he had propoſed to himſelf as the termination of his ambitious views. So act III. ſc. v:

For Humphrey being dead, as he ſhall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. STEEVENS.

Say

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
[4] No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit [5]
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

[4] *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.]
The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

[5] *——for that is good deceit*
Which mates *him first, that first intends deceit.*]
Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and [6] I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, [7] and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
[8] It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.——
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

[6] ——*I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*and censure well the deed,*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

[8] *It skills not*——] It is of no importance. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624: "I will describe to you one or other of them, for *it skilleth* not greatly which." MALONE.

Had

Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:——
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame!
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this [9] mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;

[9] ——*mad-bred flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.
JOHNSON.

And

And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like to[1] a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
ll often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:

1 ———*a wild Morisco,*] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos*.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:
"Your wit skips a *Morisco*."

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus: "——faciem plerunque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assumunt, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse."

In the churchwardens' accompts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—"For two dossin of *Morres* bells." As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of the first part of *K. Henry* IV. with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[2]

An apartment in the palace.

Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of duke Humphrey.

First. M. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
Second M. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First M. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
First M. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:——
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

[2] *Scene II.*] This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition:

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them.

Suff. How now, sirs! what have you dispatch'd him?
One. Aye, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.
Suff. Then see the cloaths laid smooth about him still,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he dide of his own accord.
2. All things is handsome, now my lord.
Suff. Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward anon.
[*Exit murtherers.* STEEVENS.

First M.

First M. Yes, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter king Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. Lords, take your places;—And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Henry. [2] I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.——

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The king swoons.*

[2] *I thank thee:* &c.] In former editions;
I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.
This is king Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason why he should forget his own wife's name, and call her Nell instead of Margaret. As the change of a single letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus:
I thank thee. Well, *these words content me much.*
THEOBALD.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—Oh, Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he[3] right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,

3 —*right now*—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

And

And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. [4] Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf [5]?

[4] *Be woe for me,*——] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

[5] *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*] This allusion which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalm* lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x.

"A serpent, which that aspidis
"Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
"That he the stone noblest of all
The whiche that men carbuncle call,
Bereth in his heed above on hight;
For whiche whan that a man by slight
(The stone to wynne, and him to dante)
With his carecte him wolde enchante,
Anone as he perceiveth that,
He leyth downe his one eare all plat
Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:
And eke that other eare als faste
He stoppeth with his taille so sore
That he the wordes, lasse nor more,
Of his enchantement ne hereth:
And in this wise himselfe he skiereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayved,
"And thus his eare is nought deceived."

Shakespeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Have ears more *deaf* than *adders*, to the voice of any true decision." STEEVENS.

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glofter's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by [6] aukward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
[7] The splitting rocks cowr'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret [8].
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

[6] ——*aukward wind*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

[7] *The splitting rocks* &c.] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

[8] *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——let not my fins
"*Perish* your noble youth." STEEVENS.

I took

I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land; the ſea receiv'd it;
And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I loſt fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of Albion's wiſhed coaſt.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
[9] To ſit and witch me, as Aſcanius did,
When he to madding Dido, would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Ay me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou doſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Saliſbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty ſovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traiterouſly is murder'd
By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.

[9] *To ſit and* watch *me, as Aſcanius did,*
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?]
The poet here, is unqueſtionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he ſtrangely blends fact with fiction. In the firſt place, it was Cupid in the ſemblance of Aſcanius, who ſat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the proceſs of Troy's deſtruction, but it was Æneas himſelf who related this hiſtory. Again, how did the ſuppoſed Aſcanius ſit and *watch* her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido miſtakenly careſſed him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumſtance the poet certainly alludes; and, unleſs he had wrote, as I have reſtored to the text:
To ſit and witch *me,*——
why ſhould the queen immediately draw this inference:
Am I not witch'd *like her?* THEOBALD.

The

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down,
And care not who they ſting in his revenge.
Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, [1] not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corpſe,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That I ſhall do, my liege:—Stay, Saliſbury,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return.

[*Warwick goes in.*

K. Henry. O thou that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies;
And, to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

[*A bed, with Gloſter's body, put forth.*

War. Come hither, gracious ſovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For, with his ſoul, fled all my worldly ſolace;
[2] For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War

[1] ——— *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uſes Henry as a word of three ſyllables. JOHNSON.

[2] *For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.*] Though, by a violent opera-

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
[3] Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of

operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus:

For seeing him, I see my death *in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line:

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
K. Henry. *That is to see how deep my grave is made.*

JOHNSON.

—*I see my life in death.*] Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

[3] *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,*
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,]
All that is true of the body of a dead man, is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read:

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakespeare's.

JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakespeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"———damned *spirits* all
"That in cross-ways and floods have *burial.*"

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelm'd in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*,

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Queen, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guyon* is in a swoon, and two knights are about to strip him, when the *Palmer* says:

"——no knight so rude I weene
"As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*."

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of the three first books of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, 1596:

"And grones of *buried ghostes* the heavens did perse."

Again, in our author's *K. Richard* II:

"The *ghosts* they have depos'd."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges's translation of *Lucan*, B. IX:

"——a peasant of that coast
"Bids him not tread on Hector's *ghost*." STEEVENS.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exit Cardinal.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would,

I would, falſe murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay—it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thyſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do ſome ſervice to duke Humphrey's ghoſt.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. Mar. What noiſe is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence? dare you be ſo bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty ſovereign.

Noiſe of a crowd within. Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the king ſhall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs lord Suffolk ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They

They ſay, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They ſay, in him they fear your highneſs' death;
And mere inſtinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
That, if your highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge—that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen, with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided towards your majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm [4] might make the ſleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe Suffolk is;
With whoſe envenomed and fatal ſting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within.*] An anſwer from the king, my lord of Saliſbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their ſovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Saliſbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambaſſador,
Sent from [5] a ſort of tinkers to the king.

[4] *The mortal* worm———] Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander ſays when he takes off the aſpicks from the young princes:

"How now, proud *worms*? how taſtes yon princes' blood?"
STEEVENS.

[5] ———*a ſort*——] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:
"—ruſſet-pated choughs, many in *ſort*." STEEVENS.

Within. An anſwer from the king, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, Saliſbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſy
Miſchance unto my ſtate by Suffolk's means.
And therefore,—by his majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy deputy I am,—
He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Saliſbury.*

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I ſay; if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add encreaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But, when I ſwear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days ſpace, thou here be'ſt found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Suffolk, and the Queen.*

Q. Mar. Miſchance, and ſorrow, go along with you!
Heart's diſcontent, and ſour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle queen, theſe execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch!
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemies?

Suf.

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
[6] Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathſome cave:
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words;
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one diſtract;
Ay, every joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt that they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a grove of cypreſs trees[7]!
Their chiefeſt proſpect, murdering baſiliſks[8]!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings!
Their muſic, frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs;
And boding ſcritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet Suffolk, thou torment'ſt thyſelf;

[6] *Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering ſuch unwelcome violence, the practice of thoſe who gather mandrakes is, to tie one end of a ſtring to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan diſcharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

The ſame alluſion occurs in *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, by Randolph:

"This is the *mandrake's voice* that *undoes me.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*a* cypreſs *tree!*] *Cypreſs* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*murdering baſiliſks!*——*Lizard's* ſtings!] It has been ſaid of the *baſiliſk* that it had the power of deſtroying by a ſingle glance of its eye. A *lizard* has no ſting, but is quite inoffenſive. STEEVENS.

And thefe dread curfes—like the fun 'gainft glafs,
Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyfelf.
Suf. [9] You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banifh'd from,
Well could I curfe away a winter's night,
Though ftanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grafs grow,
And think it but a minute fpent in fport.
Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee ceafe! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wafh away my woeful monuments.
Oh, could this kifs be printed in thy hand; [*Kiffes his hand.*
[1] That thou might'ft think upon thefe by the feal,
Through whom a thoufand fighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but furmis'd whilft thou art ftanding by,
As one that furfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well affur'd,
Adventure to be banifhed myfelf:
And banifhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, fpeak not to me; even now be gone.—
Oh, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kifs, and take ten thoufand leaves,

[9] *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconfiftency is very common in real life. Thofe who are vexed to impatience are angry to fee others lefs difturbed than themfelves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately fee in them what they could not find in themfelves, the deformity and folly of ufelefs rage. JOHNSON.

[1] *That thou might'ft think upon thefe by the feal,*
Through whom a thoufand fighs &c.]
That by the impreffion of my kifs for ever remaining on thy hand thou mighteft think on thofe lips through which a thoufand fighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

Lother

Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewel; and farewel life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pry'thee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world? what news are these[2]?
But wherefore grieve I[3] at an hour's poor loss,
Omit-

[2] *Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?*] Instead of this line, the quarto reads:

Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*at an hour's poor loss,*] She means, I believe, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's encrease, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So should'st thou either [4] turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

4 ——*turn thy flying soul*,] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Eloisa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say:

"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
"Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul."
STEEVENS.

I'll

I'll have an Iris[5] that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE III.

The Cardinal's bed-chamber.

Enter king Henry[6]*, Salisbury, Warwick, and others, to the Cardinal in bed.*

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then shew me where he is;

5 *I'll have an Iris*——] Iris was the messenger of Juno. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:
"—— this distemper'd messenger of wet,
"The many-colour'd Iris——" STEEVENS.

6 *Enter king Henry, &c.*] The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand [7], make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. [8] Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [9] [*Exeunt.*

ACT

[7] *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1611, Pandulph sees the king dying, and says:

"Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
"*Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive."

Again:

"*Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here,
"Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ:—
"Now joy betide thy soul!"

This *K. John* was first published in 1591. STEEVENS.

[8] *Forbear to judge*, &c.]

"Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,
"Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est."

JOHNSON.

[9] *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applaud-

ed

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coaſt of Kent.

Alarm. Fight at ſea[1]*. Ordnance goes off. Enter captain Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk, and other priſoners.*

Cap. [2] The gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day [3]
Is crept into the boſom of the ſea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouſe [4] the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;

ed by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice ſhall ceaſe, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. Theſe are beauties that riſe out of nature and of truth; the ſuperficial reader cannot miſs them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

[1] *Fight at ſea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonſon was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Moroſe in the *Silent Woman.* "Nay, I would ſit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

[2] *The gaudy, blabbing,—day,*] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquiſitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, conſiders darkneſs as a natural ſhelter, and makes night the confidante of thoſe actions which cannot be truſted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——remorſeful *day*.] *Remorſeful* is pitiful. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"——a gentleman,
"Valiant, wiſe, *remorſeful*, well accompliſh'd."

The ſame idea occurs in *Macbeth:*

"Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the jades*
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens' graves,——]

The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is ſuppoſed, by Shakeſpeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

Who

Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their miſty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize;
For, whilſt our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.—
Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy ſhare.

[*Pointing to Suffolk.*

1 *Gent.* What is my ranſom, maſter? let me know.

Maſt. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.

Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you ſhall;
[5] Nor can thoſe lives which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, ſir; and therefore ſpare my life.

2 *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.

Whit. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die;

[*To Suffolk.*

And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not ſo raſh; take ranſom, let him live.

Suf. [6] Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.—

Whit. And ſo am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.

[5] *Nor can thoſe lives*—] The old copy reads *the lives of thoſe.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Look on my George,*—] In the firſt edition it is *my ring.* WARBURTON.

How

How now? why ſtart'ſt thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *Water* I ſhould die[7]:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy priſoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but theſe rags are no part of the duke;
[8] Jove ſometime went diſguis'd, And why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never ſlain, as thou ſhalt be.

Suf. Obſcure and [9] lowly ſwain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaſter,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom.

[7] —*by* Water—] So, in queen Margaret's letter to this duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton:
"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou doſt paſs,
"Never the ſea yet half ſo dangerous was,
"And one foretold, by *water* thou ſhould'ſt die, &c."
A note on theſe lines ſays, "The witch of Eye received anſwer from her ſpirit, that the duke of Suffolk ſhould take heed of *water*." See the fourth ſcene of the firſt act of this play.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Jove ſometime went diſguis'd*, &c.] This verſe is omitted in all but the firſt old edition, without which what follows is not ſenſe. The next line alſo:
Obſcure and lowly ſwain, king Henry's blood,
was falſly put in the Captain's mouth. POPE.

[9] ——*lowly ſwain*,—] The quarto reads *lowſy ſwain*.
STEEVENS.

Haſt

Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy [1] abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?

Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave! thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's ſide
Strike off his head.

Suf. [2] Thou dar'ſt not for thine own.

Cap. [3] Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, ſink; whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver ſpring where England drinks.

[1] ——*abortive pride:*] Pride that has had birth too ſoon, pride iſſuing before its time. JOHNSON.

[2] *Thou dar'ſt not* &c.] In the quarto edition the paſſage ſtands thus:

> *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
> *Cap.* Yes, Pole.
> *Suf.* Pole?
> *Cap.* Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, ſink, and dirt,
> I'll ſtop that yawning mouth of thine.

I think the two intermediate ſpeeches ſhould be inſerted in the text, to introduce the captain's repetition of *Poole*, &c.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The diſſonance of this broken line makes it almoſt certain that we ſhould read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

> *Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?*

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, *kennel*, *puddle*. JOHNSON.

Now

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the treaſure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good duke Humphrey's death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, ſhall hiſs at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy[4] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king,
Having neither ſubject, wealth, nor diadem.
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were ſold to France:
The falſe revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath ſlain their governors, ſurpriz'd our forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are riſing up in arms:
And now the houſe of York—thruſt from the crown,
By ſhameful murder of a guiltleſs king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd ſun, ſtriving to ſhine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

4 ——*to* affy——] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton*:
"In bands of wedlock did to me *affy*
"A lady, &c."
Again, in the 17th Song of the *Polyolbion*:
"——the Almaine emperor's bride
"Which after to the earl of Anjou was *affy'd.*"
STEEVENS.

Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace [5], threatens more
[6] Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

[5] *Being captain of a* pinnace,] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118: "The king (James I.) naming the great ship, Trade's Increase; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her) Peppercorn." STEEVENS.

[6] *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, "This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him." And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's History*. "*Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit*," lib. ii. cap. 11.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakespeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him "Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry;" and Nicholas Grimald, about twenty-three years afterwards, "Bargulus, the Illyrian robber."

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto; but we meet with another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk,

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedonian pirate.

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*, 1601:

"*Abradas* the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." STEEVENS.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, *Abbras* is the name of a terrible gyant in the old Romants: whence, Ce fier *Abbras*; this kilcow, skarecrow, bugbear, swash-buckler, horrible hackster.
TOLLET.

Cap.

Cap. Walter,—

Wit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* [7] :—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can [8].—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians [9]:
A Roman sworder [1] and banditto slave

[7] Gelidus timor occupat artus:] *Ovid. de Tristibus*, 313. STEEVENS.

[8] *Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.*] Surely this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of Suffolk's reply to the captain. STEEVENS.

[9] —*bezonians.*] See a note on the 2d part of *Henry* IV, act V. sc. iii:

Bisognoso, is a mean low man.

So, in Sir *Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

"——if he come to me like your *Besognio* or your boor."

Again, in Markham's *English Husbandman*, p. 4:

"The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France pesants, in Spain *besonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe" STEEVENS.

[1] *A Roman sworder*, &c.] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

Mur-

Murder'd ſweet Tully; Brutus' baſtard hand [2]
Stabb'd Julius Cæſar; ſavage iſlanders,
[3] Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit Walter Whitmore, with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for theſe whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exit Captain, with all but the firſt Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. [4] There let his head and lifeleſs body lie,
Until the queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit. Whit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

[2] —*Brutus'* baſtard *hand*] Brutus was the ſon of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

[3] *Pompey the great*; &c.] The poet ſeems to have confounded the ſtory of Pompey with ſome other. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance might be advanced as a ſlight proof, in aid of many ſtronger, that our poet was no claſſical ſcholar. Such a one could not eaſily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Spenſer likewiſe abounds with deviations from eſtabliſhed hiſtory and fable. STEEVENS.

[4] *There let his head*, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quarto gives us the following:

Cap. Off with his head, and ſend it to the queen,
And ranſomleſs this priſoner ſhall go free,
To ſee it ſafe delivered unto her. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of Kent.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a ſword [5], though made of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

Hol. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in England, ſince gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable age! Virtue is not regarded in handycrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think ſcorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; And yet it is ſaid,—Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to ſay as,—let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them! I ſee them! There's Beſt's ſon, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

[5] ——*get thee a ſword,*] The 4to reads—*put a long ſtaff in thy pike,* &c. STEEVENS.

Hol. And Smith the weaver :—

Bevis. *Argo*, their thread of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a ſawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father,——

Dick. Or rather, of ſtealing [6] a cade of herrings. [*Aſide.*

Cade. For [7] our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down kings and princes.——Command ſilence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honeſt man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aſide.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife. [*Aſide.*

Cade. My wife deſcended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces. [*Aſide.*

6 ——*a cade of herrings.*] That is, A barrel of herrings. I ſuppoſe the word *keg*, which is now uſed, is *cade* corrupted. JOHNSON.

Naſh ſpeaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books againſt *a cade of herrings*, and ſays; "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the firſt that deviſed to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name." *Praiſe of the Red Herring*, 1599. STEEVENS.

7 ——*our enemies ſhall fall before us,*—] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall.* He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

We John Cade, &c.] This paſſage, I think, ſhould be regulated thus.

Cade. We John Cade, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father, for our enemies ſhall fall before us;——

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. Inſpired with the ſpirit &c. TYRWHITT.

Smith,

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her [8] furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops [9]; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:— [1] there shall be

8 ——*furr'd pack,*—] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

9 ——*the* three-hoop'd *pot shall have ten* hoops;] In the *Guls Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Deckar, 1609, *hoops* are mentioned among other drinking measures: "—his *hoopes*, cans, half-cans, &c." And, in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more." STEEVENS.

1 *there shall be no money*;—] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or

be no money; all ſhall eat and drink on my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment? that parchment, being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings: but I ſay, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who's there?

Enter ſome, bringing in the clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Smith. We took him ſetting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die.—Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. [2] They uſe to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade.

or ticket of riches, muſt, if money were to ceaſe, ariſe immediately from riches themſelves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own ſhare of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

[2] *They uſe to write it on the top of letters;*] i.e. Of letters miſſive, and ſuch like public acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*. WARBURTON.

In

Cade. Let me alone:—Doſt thou uſe to write thy name? or haſt thou a mark to thyſelf, like an honeſt plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſs'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! ſir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, ſtand, or I'll fell thee down: He ſhall be encounter'd with a man as good as himſelf: He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myſelf a knight preſently; Riſe up ſir John Mortimer. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher;
Riſe up ſir Dick Butcher. Now ſound up the drum.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of Henry V. containing the honourable Battell of Agin-court*, I find the ſame circumſtance. The archbiſhop of Burges (*i. e.* Bruges) is the ſpeaker, and addreſſes himſelf to king Henry:

" I beſeech your grace to deliver me your ſafe
" Conduct, under your broad ſeal *Emanuel.*"

The king in anſwer ſays:

" ———deliver him ſafe conduct
" Under our broad ſeal *Emanuel.*" STEEVENS.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, [3] I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;
And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

[3] —— *I pass not*;] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.
So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia*:
"Transform me to what shape you can,
"I *pass not* what it be." STEEVENS.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. *Aside.*—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those, which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and childrens' sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field. The parties fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Re-enter Cade, and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee,—The [4] Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. [5] This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, 'till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

4 ——*Lent shall be as long as it is,*——] Methinks it might be read more humorously, *Lent shall be as long again as it is.* JOHNSON.

The old quarto reads *as long* again *as it is.* STEEVENS.

5 *This monument of the victory will I bear;* —] Here Cade must be suppos'd to take off Stafford's armour. So, Holinshed:

"Jack Cade, upon victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London." STEEVENS.

Dick.

Dick. [6] If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prifoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Black-Heath.

Enter king Henry with a fupplication, and queen Margaret with Suffolk's head; the duke of Buckingham, and and the lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief foftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceafe to weep.
But who can ceafe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaft:
But where's the body that I fhould embrace?

Buck. What anfwer makes your grace to the rebels' fupplication?

K. Henry. I'll fend fome holy bifhop to entreat:
For God forbid, fo many fimple fouls
Should perifh by the fword! And I myfelf,
Rather than bloody war fhould cut them fhort,
Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—
But ftay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
[7] Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,

[6] *If we mean to thrive and do good,* &c.] I think it fhould be read thus, *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols,* &c. JOHNSON.

[7] *Rul'd like a wandering planet* —] Predominate irrefiftibly over my paffions, as the planets over the lives of thofe that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

That

That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highneſs ſhall have his.

K. Henry. How now, madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. Henry. How now! what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf lord Mortimer,
Deſcended from the duke of Clarence' houſe;
And calls your grace uſurper, openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, [8] retire to Kenelworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
Theſe Kentiſh rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

[8] ——*retire to* Killingworth,] Thus all the modern editors, but we ſhould read *to Kenelworth*; or perhaps *Killingworth* might be the old pronunciation. STEEVENS.

In the letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at this place, we find, "the caſtle hath name of *Kyllelingwoorth*, but of truth, grounded upon faythfull ſtory, *Kenelworth*." TARLTER.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's perſon be in danger;
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes:
The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear,
To ſpoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.

K. Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will ſuccour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my lord; truſt not to Kentiſh rebels.

Buck. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London.

Enter lord Scales, and others, on the walls of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade ſlain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be ſlain; for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf,

The

The rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and the reſt. He ſtrikes his ſtaff on London-ſtone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, ſitting upon London-ſtone, I charge and command, that, of the city's coſt, the piſſing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there [9]. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, firſt, go and ſet London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinſhed, p. 634: "He alſo put to execution, &c. and other being his old acquaintance, leſt they ſhould bewraie his baſe lineage, diſparaging him for his uſurped name of Mortimer." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter Jack Cade with his company. They fight with the king's forces, and Matthew Gough[1] *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth[2].

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

[1] *Matthew Gough.*] "A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father." Holinshed, p. 635. STEEVENS.

[2] *That the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinshed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432. "It was reported indeed, that he should saie with great pride, putting his hands to his lipps, that within four daies *all the lawes of England should come foorth of his mouth.*" TYRWHITT.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, [3] thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused [4] printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king,

[3] ——*thou say, thou serge,*——] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

" All in a kirtle of discolour'd *say*
" He clothed was."

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

" And in a kirtle of green *say*."

It appears, however, from the following passage in the *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ii. that *say* was not *silk*:

" His garment neither was of *silk* nor *say*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*printing to be us'd;*——] Shakespeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

" Let there be found two fatal instruments,
" The one to publish, th' other to defend
" Impious

king, his crown, and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a noun, and a verb; and ſuch abominable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and, [5] becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not [6]?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not [7] to let thy horſe

"Impious contention, and proud diſcontents;
"Make that *inſtamped characters* may ſend
"Abroad to thouſands thouſand men's intent;
"And, in a moment, may diſpatch much more
"Than could a world of pens perform before."

Shakeſpeare's abſurdities may always be countenanced by thoſe of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervaſe Markham and William Sampſon, who were both ſcholars, is the following paſſage:

"Though *cannons* roar yet you muſt not be deaf."

Spenſer mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorn'd a caſtle at the ſame period "with cloth of *Arras* and of *Toure*." Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has obſerved) Salvator Roſa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEEVENS.

5 ——— *becauſe they could not read thou haſt hang'd them*;—] That is, They were hanged becauſe they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

6 —*Thou doſt ride on a* footcloth,——] A *footcloth* was a horſe with houſings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, 1610:

"I have ſeen, ſince my coming to Florence, the ſon of a pedlar mounted on a *footcloth*." STEEVENS.

7 ——*to let thy horſe wear a cloak*,——] This is a reproach truly characteriſtical. Nothing gives ſo much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the ſight of ſuperfluities merely oſtentatious. JOHNSON.

wear

wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,——

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis [8] *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle [9]:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
[1] When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent

[8] ——*bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceed thus:

"*Cade.* *Bonum terrum*; what's that?
"*Dick.* He speaks French.
"*Will.* No, 'tis Dutch.
"*Nick.* No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough."

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677. "The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar's *Comment.* B. V. "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt." The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590. "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentishfoke." STEEVENS.

[1] *When have I aught exacted at your hands?*
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king.]

This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent

and

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,——

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks!

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens' causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man [2]?

Say.

and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read:

When have I aught exacted at your hand,
But *to maintain the king, the realm, and you?* JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands at present, not only declares he had preferred men of learning *to maintain Kent, the king, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you*; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost*, *to* &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Why dost thou quiver, man?* &c.] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved:*

Say. The palſy, and not fear, provokes me?

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; ſpeak?
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words: but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life [3]. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue [4]; he ſpeaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir James Cromer, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,

" *Spinoſa.* You are trembling, ſir.
" *Renault.* 'Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,
" Full of decay and natural infirmities."
STEEVENS.

3 ——*he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life.*] This ſentiment is not merely deſigned as an expreſſion of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to thoſe of more liberal education and ſuperior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and inſult the eminence which they deſpair to reach. STEEVENS.

4 —*a familiar under his tongue*;] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was ſuppoſed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" Love is a *familiar*; there is no angel but love."
STEEVENS.

How

How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some, with lord Say.*

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head * ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills [5]?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another [6]; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

* —— *shall pay to me her maidenhead*, &c.] Alluding to an ancient usage on which B. and Fletcher have founded their play called the *Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seyward's note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell's *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

5 —— *Take up commodities upon our bills?*] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

6 *Let them kiss one another*;] This is from the *Mirrour for Magistrates* in the legend of *Jack Cade*:

" With these two heads I made a pretty play,
" For pight on poales I bore them through the strete,
" And for my sport made *each kisse other* swete."

FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634: " and as it were in a spite caused them in every street *to kisse* together." STEEVENS.

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fiſh-ſtreet! down ſaint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!— [*A parley ſounded.* What noiſe is this I hear? Dare any be ſo bold to ſound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will diſturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambaſſadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou haſt miſ-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.
Clif. What ſay ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilſt 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and ſay—God ſave his majeſty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſs by.
All. God ſave the king! God ſave the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye ſo brave?—And you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out theſe arms, 'till you had recover'd

ver'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and daſtards; and delight to live in ſlavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make ſhift for one; and ſo—God's curſe 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the ſon of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil,
Unleſs by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I ſee them lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thouſand baſe-born Cades miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have loſt;
Spare England, for it is your native coaſt:
[7] Henry hath money, you are ſtrong and manly;
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales

[7] *Henry hath money,*——] Dr. Warburton reads, *Henry hath mercy*, but he does not ſeem to have attended to the ſpeaker's drift, which is to lure them from their preſent deſign by the hope of French plunder. He bids them ſpare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *ſtrength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

 them

them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despight of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter king Henry, queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the terras.

K. Henry. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham, and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter

Enter below, multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect you highness' doom, of life, or death.
K. Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes[8],
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
[9] Is straitway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But

[8] *Of* Gallowglasses *and stout* Kernes,] These were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first act of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Is straitway* claim'd *and boarded with a pirate:*] So the editions

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms, to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

tions read; and one would think it plain enough; alluding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*, as York's premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical; Mr. Theobald says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a *calm* frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be so; but not here, if the king's word may be taken; who expresly says, that no sooner was Cade driven back, but York appeared in arms:

But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton begins his note by roundly asserting that the editions read *claim'd*. The passage, indeed, is not found in the quarto; but the folio, 1623, which is the only copy of authority, reads *calme*. Theobald says, that the third folio had anticipated his correction. I believe *calm'd* is right. The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the king was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE X.

A garden in Kent[1].

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myſelf; that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh! Theſe five days have I hid me in theſe woods; and durſt not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word ſallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, [2] but for a ſallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

[1] *A garden in Kent.*] Holinſhed, p. 635, ſays: "——a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited ſo his time, that he tooke the ſaid Cade in a garden in *Suſſex*, ſo that there he was ſlaine at Hothfield, &c."

Inſtead of the ſoliloquy with which the preſent ſcene begins, the quarto has only this ſtage direction. *Enter Jack Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.* STEEVENS.

[2] *——but for a ſallet, my brain-pan* &c.] A *ſallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet (ſays Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* POPE.

So, in ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, "—One of the company ſeeing Brutus athirſt alſo, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *ſallet*."

Again, *Ibid:* "Some were driven to fill their *ſalletts* and murrians with water."

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"This will beare away a good rappe,
"As good as a *ſallet* to me verilie." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entering his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thouſand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; Why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat theſe five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon;

My

My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
[3] As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech Jove on my knees, thou may'ſt be turn'd to hobnails.

[*Here they fight.*

O, I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me: let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead [4]:
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,

[3] *As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,*
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.]
Sir Thomas Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, read:
As for more words, let this my ſword report
(*Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words*) *what ſpeech forbears.*
It ſeems to be a poor praiſe of a ſword, that *its greatneſs anſwers words*, whatever be the meaning of the expreſſion. The old reading, though ſomewhat obſcure, ſeems to me more capable of explanation. *For more words*, whoſe pomp and tumour may anſwer words, and only words, I ſhall forbear them, *and refer the reſt to my ſword.* JOHNSON.

[4] —*when I am dead:*] How Iden was to hang a ſword over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not eaſy to explain. The ſentiment is more correctly expreſſed in the quarto:

Oh ſword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,
For this great ſervice thou haſt done to me. STEEVENS.

To

To emblaze the honour that thy maſter got.

Cade. Iden, farewel; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquiſh'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. [5] How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee!
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
[6] So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

[5] *How much thou wrong'ſt me,*—] That is, in ſuppoſing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

[6] *So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedneſs of this horrid wiſh, with which Iden debaſes his character, the whole ſpeech is wild and confuſed. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is ſomewhat difficult; nor can I diſcover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. Theſe I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden's morality and language. It omits this ſavage wiſh, and makes him only add, after the lines I have juſt quoted:

> I'll drag him hence, and with my ſword
> Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.

The player editors ſeem to have preferred want of humanity and common ſenſe, to fewneſs of lines, and defect of verſification.
STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Enter York, attended, with drum and colours.

York, at a diſtance from his followers.

From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
[7] Ah, *ſancta majeſtas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword, or ſcepter, [8] balance it.
[9] A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;
On which I'll toſs the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to diſturb me?
The king hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?

[7] *Ah,* ſancta majeſtas!] Thus the old copy; inſtead of which the modern editors read, *Ah, majeſty!* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

[9] *A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul;*]
I read:
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſword.
York obſerves that his hand muſt be employed with a ſword or ſcepter; he then naturally obſerves, that he has a ſword, and reſolves that if he has a ſword he will have a ſcepter. JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to ſay—If I have a *ſoul,* my hand ſhall not be without a ſcepter. STEEVENS.

Buck.

Buck. A meſſenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a ſubject as I am,—
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.

York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On ſheep and oxen could I ſpend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more ſtrong.——
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,
Is—to remove proud Somerſet from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the ſtate.

Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do diſmiſs my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to-morrow in ſaint George's field,
You ſhall have pay, and every thing you wiſh.—
And let my ſovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldeſt ſon,—nay, all my ſons,—
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo Somerſet may die.

Buck.

Buck. York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
We twain will go into his highneſs' tent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter king Henry, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your highneſs.
K. Henry. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence;
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, Cade,
Whom ſince I hear to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a king,
Lo, I preſent your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat ſlew.
K. Henry. The head of Cade?—Great God, how juſt art thou!—
O, let me view his viſage being dead,
That living wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your majeſty.
K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor eſquire of Kent, that loves the king.
Buck. So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created knight for his good ſervice.
K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Riſe up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden.

Iden. [1] May Iden live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerſet comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter queen Margaret, and Somerſet.

Q. Mar. For thouſand Yorks he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerſet at liberty?
Then, York, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?—
Falſe king! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine;
Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to Achilles' ſpear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor!—I arreſt thee, York,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

[1] *May Iden* &c.] Iden has ſaid before:
Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.
Shakeſpeare makes Iden rail at thoſe enjoyments which he ſuppoſes to be out of his reach; but no ſooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

York.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
[2] Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
[3] Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it
good.

[2] *Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.] As these lines have hitherto stood, I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventured to transpose them. WARBURTON.

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order in which they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York means *his knees*. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said, δεικτικῶς: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees. TYRWHITT.

The speech originally stood thus:
Would'st have me kneel? First let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords of my enfranchisement.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those*] Considering how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c. THEOBALD.

Bale signifies sorrow. Either word may serve. JOHNSON.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; [4] a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
[5] Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That

[4] ——*a bedlam and ambitious humour*] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. DR. GRAY.

[5] *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,*
——*Bid Salisbury and Warwick come*——]
The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance; but the Talbots, who were formerly earls of Shrewsbury,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs [6]:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. Enter the earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen [7] a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?

bury, had a *lion*; and the present earl of Talbot, a descendant of that family, has the same. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] ——fell lurking *curs*:] Mr. Roderick would read "fell *barking*;" the author of the *Revisal* "fell *lurching*;" but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant, curs who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Oft have I seen* &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Amusements of this kind*; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*. PERCY.

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet [8],
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge [9], old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell these traitors, and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic [1], that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The field of battle at Saint Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,

8 ——*burgonet,*] Is a *helmet.* JOHNSON.
So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638:
"——now tye
"Strong charms upon my full-plum'd *burgonet.*"
STEEVENS.

9 ——*my father's* badge,] The quarto reads—*age.* STEEVENS.

1 *Foul* stigmatic,] A *stigmatic* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. STEEVENS.

Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead mens' cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit Warwick.*
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—
York. [9] A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
[*Fight, and Clifford falls.*

9 *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.
JOHNSON.

Clif.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres*[3]. [*Dies*[4].

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
[5] And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease[6]!——Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

[3] *La fin couronne les œuvres.*] The players read;
La fin corrone les eumenes. STEEVENS.

[4] *York kills Clifford.*] Our author has here departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast
Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain. PERCY.

[5] *And the premised flames*——] *Premised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. WARBURTON.

[6] *To cease!*] is to *stop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon*:
"——be not *ceas'd*
"With slight denial—— STEEVENS.

To lose thy youth in peace, and [7] to atchieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax [8].
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders [9];
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

[7] ——— *to atchieve*] Is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. STEEVENS.

[9] The quarto copy has these lines:
Even so will I.—But stay, here's one of them,
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.
Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights him, and Richard flies away again.
Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my sight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit young Clifford with his father.*
STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. [1] So, lie thou there;— [*Somerset is killed.*
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard [2] famous in his death.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter king Henry, and queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away!

[1] *So, lie thou there;————*
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous——]
The particle *for* in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read:
Fall'n *underneath an ale-house' paltry sign*, &c.
Yet the alteration is not necessary; for the old reading is sense, though obscure. JOHNSON.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto:
Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
What's here? the sign of the Castle?
Then the prophecy is come to pass;
For Somerset was forewarned of castles,
The which he always did observe; and now,
Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death.
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*famous in his death.*——] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the first act of this play:
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles, mounted, *stand.*
i. e. the representation of a *castle*, mounted for a *sign.* THEOBALD.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, ſtay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt; uncurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts [3].
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Saliſbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contuſions and all [4] bruſh of time;

[3] —*all our preſent* parts.] Should we not read? —*party.* TYRWHITT.

[4] —*bruſh of time*;] Read *bruiſe* of time. WARBURTON.
The *bruſh of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I ſuppoſe to be the true one. So, in *Timon*:
"——one winter's *bruſh*." STEEVENS.

And

And, like a [5] gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
[6] Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—

[5] ——*gallant in the brow of youth,*] The *brow of youth* is an expression not very easily explained. I read *the blow of youth*; the blossom, the spring. JOHNSON.

The *brow of youth*, is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its summit. So, in *Othello*:
"——the head and *front* of my offending."
Again, in *K. John*:
"Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Three times bestrid him;*——] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

What

What ſays lord Warwick, ſhall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all;
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

HENRY

HENRY VI.

PART III.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, *Prince of Wales, his ſon.*
Duke of Somerſet, Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Exeter, Earl of Weſtmoreland, Lord Clifford, } *lords on king Henry's ſide.*
Richard, Duke of York.
Edward, *earl of March, afterwards king,* George, Duke of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloceſter, Edmund, E. of Rutland, } *his ſons.*
Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Montague, Earl of Warwick, Earl of Saliſbury, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Haſtings, Lord Stafford, } *of the duke of York's party.*
Sir John Mortimer, Sir Hugh Mortimer, } *uncles to the duke of York.*
Lord Rivers, *brother to the lady Gray.*
Sir John Montgomery, *lieutenant of the Tower.*
Mayor of York, Sir John Somerville.
Humphrey, *and* Sinklo, *two huntſmen.*
Lewis XI. *king of France.*

Queen Margaret. Bona, *ſiſter to the French king.*
Lady Gray, *afterwards queen to Edward IV.*

Soldiers and other Attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward, &c.

In part of the third act, the Scene *is laid in France; during all the reſt of the play, in England.*

[1] THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament House.

Alarum. Enter duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. [2] I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He

[1] *Third Part*—] First printed under the title of *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention between York and Lancaster*, 1600. POPE.

Third Part of King Henry VI.] The action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster)* opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War.* Surely the works of Shakespeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:
" For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,
" The divine Shakespeare *did not lay one stone.*"
whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *K. Hen.* VI. and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

[2] *I won-*

He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf.
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breaſt,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either ſlain, or wounded dangerouſly:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Shewing his bloody ſword.*

Mount. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltſhire's blood, [*To Warwick, ſhewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the duke of Somerſet's head.*

York. Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons.—
Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerſet?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake king Henry's head.

War. And ſo do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter uſurps,
I vow by heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal ſeat: poſſeſs it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.

[2] *I wonder how the king*—] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the ſeries of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two ſcenes of any play more cloſely connected than the firſt ſcene of this play with the laſt of the former. JOHNSON.

York.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords ;——
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
But little thinks, we shall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, [3] if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares :—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*

Enter king Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—

3 ——*if Warwick shake his bells.*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. JOHNSON.

And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K Henry. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the duke.*

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is *.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

* ——*as the kingdom is.*] Thus the quarto 1600, and that without date. The folio erroneously reads
————as the *earldom was.* STEEVENS.

Clif.

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.
K. Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?
York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo.—Content thyſelf.
War. Be duke of Lancaſter, let him be king.
Weſt. He is both king and duke of Lancaſter;
And that the lord of Weſtmoreland ſhall maintain.
War. And Warwick ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates,
North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſt. Plantagenet, of thee, and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, Warwick, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats!
York. Will you, we ſhew our title to the crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. Henry. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
[5] I am the ſon of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Henry. The lord protector loſt it, and not I;

[5] *I am the ſon of Henry the Fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the ſole ſupport of his ſon. The name of Henry the Fifth diſperſed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

 When

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose:——
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Henry. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Henry. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
[6] Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

[6] *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?*] The phrase *prejudicial to the crown*, if it be right, must mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read *prejudicial to his* son, *to his* next heir. JOHNSON.

Dr. Percy observes on Dr. Johnson's note, that *son* could not have been the right word, as Richard the IId. had no issue; and our author would hardly have used it simply for *heir general*. *Prejudicial to the crown*, is right,—*i.e.* to the prerogative of the crown." STEEVENS.

And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.

[*He ſtamps, and the ſoldiers ſhew themſelves.*

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;——
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your ſon?

War. What good is this to England, and himſelf?

Weſt. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing Henry!

Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us?

Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, couſin, let's go tell the queen theſe news.

Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and deſpis'd!

Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Weſtmoreland.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. [7] They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?

K. Henry. Not for myſelf, lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

[7] *They ſeek revenge,*—] They go away, not becauſe they doubt the juſtice of this determination, but becauſe they have been conquered, and ſeek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but paſſion. JOHNSON.

Condi-

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceafe this civil war, and, whilft I live,
To honour me as thy king and fovereign; and
Neither by treafon, nor hoftility,
To feek to put me down, and reign thyfelf.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and thefe thy forward fons!

York. Now York and Lancafter are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that feeks to make them foes!
[*Here the lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my caftle.

War. And I'll keep London with my foldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the fea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York, and his fons, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*

K. Henry. And I, with grief and forrow, to the court.

Enter the Queen, and Prince.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whofe looks bewray her anger:
I'll fteal away.

K. Henry. Exeter, fo will I. [*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I willftay.

Queen. Who can be patient in fuch extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never feen thee, never borne thee fon,
Seeing thou haft prov'd fo unnatural a father!
Hath he deferv'd to lofe his birth-right thus?
Hadft thou but lov'd him half fo well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourifh'd him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage duke thine heir,
And diſinherited thine only ſon.

Prince. Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
If you be king, why ſhould not I ſucceed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, ſweet ſon;—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
And given unto the houſe of York ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
[8] What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour:
And, ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.
The northern lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be; to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruin of the houſe of York.

[8] *What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a poſition long received among politicians, that the loſs of a king's power is ſoon followed by loſs of life.
JOHNSON.

Thus

Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace : 'till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen, and Prince.*

K. Henry. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;
9 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will

9 *Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,*
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh———] Read *coast*, i. e. hover over it.
WARBURTON.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, appears to violate the metaphor, nor is *to coast* used as a term of falconry in any of the books professedly written on that subject. To *coast* is a sea-faring expression, and means to keep along shore. We may, however, maintain the integrity of the figure, by inserting the word *cote*, which is used in *Hamlet*, and in a sense convenient enough on this occasion :

" We *coted* them on the way."

To *cote* is to come up with, to overtake.

So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606 :

" ——marry, we presently *coted* and outstript them."

Yet I am not certain, that to *coast* is a sea-faring expression only. It is used in the following instance to denote speed :

" And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry."
Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher :

" Take you those horse, and *coast* them."

Again, in *The Maid of the Mill*, by the same authors, two gentlemen are entering, and a lady asks :

" ——who are those that *coast* us ?"

Mr.

Will coaſt my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the fleſh of me, and of my ſon!
The loſs of [1] thoſe three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Sandal Caſtle, near Wakefield, in Yorkſhire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the duke of York.

York. Why, how now, [2] ſons, and brother, at a ſtriſe?
What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?

Edw.

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that Dr. Warburton's interpretation may be right, as Holinſhed often uſes the verb to *coaſt*, i. e. to hover, or range about any thing. See Vol. III. p. 352: "William Douglas ſtill *coaſted* the Engliſhmen, doing them what damage he might." So, again, p. 387, and 404, and in other writers. STEEVENS.

To *tire* is to faſten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*. JOHNSON.

To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
"——the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*thoſe three lords*——] That is, of Northumberland, Weſtmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in diſguſt. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*ſons and brother*——] I believe we ſhould read *couſin* inſtead of *brother*, unleſs *brother* be uſed by Shakeſpeare as a term expreſſive of endearment, or becauſe they embarked, like brothers, in one cauſe. Montague was only couſin to York,

and

Edw. [3] No quarrel, but a sweet contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not 'till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

and in the quarto he is so called. Shakespeare uses the expression, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It should be *sons and brothers*; my *sons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

——sons *and* brother. This is right. In the two succeeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in respect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens observes, or of the same council as in *K. Henry* VIII. who says to Cranmer, "You are a *brother* of us." Mountague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a son of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

[3] *No quarrel, but a* slight *contention.*] Thus the players, first, in their edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the epithet in the old quarto, which I have restored—*sweet contention*, i. e. the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic; the question of their father's immediate right to the crown. THEOBALD.

Rich.

Rich. [4] An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
That hath authority over him that ſwears:
Henry had none, but did uſurp the place;
Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white roſe, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
Thou, Richard, ſhalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, ſhall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe:
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
[5] Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.—

While

[4] *An oath is of no moment,*—] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very deſpicable ſophiſtry. A lawful magiſtrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magiſtrate. The plea againſt the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an uſurper, taken from the unlawfulneſs of the oath itſelf in the foregoing play, was rational and juſt. JOHNSON.

[5] In former editions:

Witty, *courteous*, *liberal*, *full of ſpirit.*]

What a bleſſed harmonious line have the editors given us! and what a promiſing epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentiſhmen being ſo *witty!* I cannot be ſo partial, however, to my own county, as to let this compliment paſs. I make no doubt to read:

———*for they are ſoldiers,*
Wealthy *and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.*

Now theſe five characteriſtics anſwer to lord Say's deſcription of them in the preceding play:

"Kent,

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

[6] *Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
Gab. [7] The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit Montague.*

"Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
"Is term'd the civil'st place in all this isle;
"The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy."
THEOBALD.

This is a conjecture of very little import. JOHNSON.

I see no reason for adopting Theobald's emendation. *Witty*, anciently signified, of sound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham, "the deep-revolving, *witty* Buckingham." STEEVENS.

[6] *Enter a Messenger.*] Thus the quartos; the folio reads, *Enter Gabriel.* STEEVENS.

[7] *The queen, with all* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. JOHNSON.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; Let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle, betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, dragg'd off.*
Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. [8] So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——, [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

[8] *So looks the pent-up lion*—] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNSON.

Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Clifford stabs him.*

Rut. [9] *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Richard duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me [1];
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

[9] This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I have met with the same quotation in more than one of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[1] *My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;*] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle.* PERCY.

And

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
[2] We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Cliff. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,

[2] *We bodg'd again*;—] Of this word the meaning is plain, but I never saw it in any other place. I suppose it is only the word *budged*, perhaps misprinted. JOHNSON.

I find *bodgery* used by Nashe in his *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, for *botchery*.

"Do you know your own misbegotten *bodgery*?"

To *bodge* might therefore mean (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and aukwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miscarry* in an attempt. MALONE.

And

And made an evening at the [3] noon-tide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*
Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
[4] It is war's prize to take all vantages;

[3] ——*noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHNSON.

[4] *It is war's prize*—] Read *praise.* WARBURTON.

I think the old reading right, which means, that all 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and used. JOHNSON.

And

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
[5] That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd [6] this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

[5] *That raught*—] i. e. That *reach'd.* The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach.* So, Shakespeare in another

"The hand of death has *raught* him."

So, in *Tancred and Guismund*, 1592:

-she *raught* the cane,
"And with her own sweet hand did give it me."

Again, *ibid:*

"Therewith she *raught* from her alluring locks
"This golden tress." STEEVENS.

[6] —*this napkin*——] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head*[7].
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Cliff. That is my office, for my father's death.
Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

[7] *Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakespeare has on this occasion deviated from history. The paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head 'till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewise was not killed by Clifford 'till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

To

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
[8] Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with ufe of evil deeds,
I would affay, proud queen, to make thee blufh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ft, of whom deriv'd,
Were fhame enough to fhame thee, wert thou not fhamelefs.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerufalem;
Yet not fo wealthy as an Englifh yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to infult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unlefs the adage muft be verify'd,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horfe to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy fhare thereof is fmall:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moft admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
[9] 'Tis government, that makes them feem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as oppofite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the fouth to the feptentrion.
Oh, tygres heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'ft thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be feen to bear a woman's face?
Women are foft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou ftern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorfelefs.
Bid'ft thou me rage? why, now thou haft [1] thy wifh:

[8] *Upon their woes* ——] So the folio. The quarto reads *Upon his woes*. STEEVENS.

[9] *'Tis government that makes them feem divine*;] *Government*, in the language of that time, fignified evennefs of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

[1] *thy wifh*:] So, the folio. The quarto reads *thy will*. STEEVENS.

 Wouldft

Wouldſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
[2] For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
Theſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;
[3] And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainſt thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, falſe French-woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, [4] would not have ſtain'd with blood:

But

2 *For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

For raging winds blow up a ſtorm of tears. STEEVENS.

3 *And every drop cries vengeance for his death,*] So, the folio. The quarto thus:

And every drop begs *vengeance* as it falls,
On *thee*, &c. STEEVENS.

4 ——*would not have ſtain'd* the roſes juſt *with blood:*] So, the ſecond folio nonſenſically reads the paſſage; but the old quarto, and firſt folio editions, of better authority, have it thus:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood.

And this is ſenſe. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common underſtanding ſhould reject this, and faſten upon the nonſenſe of a later edition, only becauſe it afforded matter of conjecture? and yet Mr. Theobald will needs correct, *roſes juſt with blood*, to *roſes* juic'd *with blood*, that is, change one blundering editor's nonſenſe for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expreſſed:

Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt in bud.

And this the Oxford editor hath eſpouſed. WARBURTON.

—— *the roſes juſt with blood.*] The words [*the roſes juſt*] are only found in the ſecond folio. But as without correction they do not make good ſenſe, there is very little reaſon to ſuſpect their being interpolated, and therefore it is moſt probable they were preſerved among the players by memory. The correction is this:

That face of his, the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd:
Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt *i' th' bloom.*

The

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers [5] of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foe will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
[6] I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

The words [*The roses just*] were, I suppose, left out by the first editors in order to get rid of the superfluous hemistich. MUSGRAVE.

[5] ——*of Hyrcania.*] So, the folio. The quartos read *of Arcadia.* STEEVENS.

[6] *I should not for my life but weep with him,*
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.]
So, the folio. The quartos as follows:
I could not choose but weep with him, to see
How inward anger gripes his heart. STEEVENS.

Queen. [7] And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabs him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
[8] How fares our brother? why is he so sad?

[7] *And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.*] Thus the folio; The quarto thus:

And there's to right our gentle-harted kind.

Of these kind of variations there are many, but it is useless labour to enumerate them all. STEEVENS.

[8] *How fares our brother?*——] This scene, in the old quarto, begins thus:

"After this dangerous fight and hapless war,
"How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to revise his play, he hardly would have begun the first act and the second with almost the same exclamation, express'd in almost the same words. Warwick opens the scene with——

I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands. STEEVENS.

Rich.

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
[9] Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
[1] And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated by the racking clouds[2],
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

[9] *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads *pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. JOHNSON.

[1] *And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewel of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*the* racking *clouds*,] So, in *The Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596:
"——like inconstant clouds
"That *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
"Encrease and die." STEEVENS.

I think

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already [3] blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I ſpeak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſ. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. [4] Oh, ſpeak no more! [5] for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
Meſ. Environed he was with many foes;
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd;
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm

[3] ——*blazing by our meeds,*] Illuſtrious and ſhining by the armorial enſigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits. *Meed* likewiſe is *merit.* It might be plauſibly read:

——*blazing by our* deeds. JOHNSON.

[4] *Oh, ſpeak no more!*] The generous tenderneſs of Edward, and ſavage fortitude of Richard, are well diſtinguiſhed by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*for I have heard too much.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:

——*for I can hear no more.*
Rich. *Tell on thy tale,* &c. STEEVENS.

Of

Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high deſpight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay!—
Oh Clifford, boiſtrous Clifford, thou haſt ſlain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee!—
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, O, never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
And burn me up with flame, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
[6] His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

[6] *His dukedom and his chair with me is left.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
His chair, and dukedom, that remains for me. STEEVENS.

Rich.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun [7]:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, marquis of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
[8] Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:

[7] *Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.*] So, in Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*:
" ——like the native brood of eagle's kind,
" On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes."
Again, in *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599:
" As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive
" That any of their brood but close their sight,
" When they should gaze against the glorious sun,
" They straitway seize upon him with their talons,
" That on the earth it may untimely die,
" For looking but askew at heaven's bright eye."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.*] *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time. Thus Chaucer:
" And seide, that if ye *done* us both to *dien*." GRAY.
Spenser mentions a plague " which many *did to dye*." JOHNSON.
So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:
" We understand that he was *done to death*."
Again, *ibid*:
" —— *done to death* with many a mortal wound."
Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:
" I am the man that *did* the slave *to death*." STEEVENS.

And

And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſts could run,
Were brought me of your loſs, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[9] And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards ſaint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,—we at ſaint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their heated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers'— [1] like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle threſher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

[9] *And very well* &c.] This line I have reſtored from the old quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] This image is not very congruous to the ſubject, nor was it neceſſary to the compariſon, which is happily enough completed by the threſher.
JOHNSON.

And

And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power:
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.
Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to 't, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With

With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland [2],
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought [3] the eaſy-melting king like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welſhmen canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries—Retire, when Warwick bids him ſtay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

[2] ——haught *Northumberland*,] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* ſays, p. 417: "——the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called ſir Henry Hotſpurre."
PERCY.

The word is common to many writers. So, in Marlow's *K. Edward* II. 1622:
"This *haught* reſolve becomes your majeſty."
Again, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:
"Pompey, that ſecond Mars, whoſe *haught* renown, &c."
Again, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:
"Thy mind as *haught* as Jupiter's high thoughts."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the eaſy-melting king, like* wax.] So, again in this play, of the *Lady Grey*:
"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* muſt melt."
JOHNSON.

War.

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is, England's royal king:
For king of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along;
And he, that caſts not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
(As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums;—God, and ſaint George, for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Meſ. The duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

War. [4] Why then it ſorts, brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

York.

Enter king Henry, the Queen, the prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with forces.

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

[4] *Why then it ſorts;*——] Why then things are as they ſhould be. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "——thy love ſhall *ſort* to ſuch happy ſucceſs as thou thyſelf doſt ſeek for." STEEVENS.

Yonder's

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompafs'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To fee this fight, it irks my very foul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, muft be laid afide.
To whom do lions caft their gentle looks?
Not to the beaft that would ufurp their den.
Whofe hand is that, the foreft bear doth lick?
Not his, that fpoils her young before her face.
Who 'fcapes the lurking ferpent's mortal fting?
Not he, that fets his foot upon her back.
The fmalleft worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, [5] in fafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou fmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his fon a king,
And raife his iffue, like a loving fire;
Thou, being a king, bleft with a goodly fon,
Didft yield confent to difinherit him,
Which argued thee a moft [6] unloving father.
Unreafonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not feen them (even with thofe wings
Which fometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neft,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For fhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

[5] ——— *in fafeguard*——] Thus the folio. The quartos read *in refcue.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *unloving father.*] The quartos read *unnatural father.* STEEVENS.

Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
[7] Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
[8] Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

[7] *Whose father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb:
Happy the child whose father went to the devil. JOHNSON.

[8] *Than in possession any jot of pleasure.*—] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:
Than may the present profit countervail. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of [9] thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
[1] Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field [2];
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

[9] ——*thirty thousand*——] The quarto reads *fifty thousand.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Darraign*——] That is, *Range* your host, put your host in order. JOHNSON.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, use this word.
So, in *Guy Earl of Warwick, a Tragical History*, 1661:
" *Darraign* our battles, and begin the fight."
The quartos read—*Prepare your battles*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *I would your highness would depart the field;*
The queen &c.]
This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of our unhappy prince, is yet more circumstantially introduced by Drayton in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret:*

' Some think that *Warwick* had not lost the day,
' But that the king into the field he brought;
' For with the worse that side went still away
' Which had king *Henry* with them when they fought;
' Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
' As that he never prospered in aught.
" The queen wan two, among the loss of many,
" Her husband absent; present, never any."

STEEVENS.

March. *Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
[3] Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Art thou there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands [4].

[3] *Since when,* &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this speech to Clarence, and read:
To blot our brother *out,* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Your legs did better service than your hands.*] An allusion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, [5] I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

[5] ——— *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul [6] mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or [7] lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt [8],
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
[9] To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. [1] A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To

[6] ——*mis-shapen stigmatic,*] "A *stigmatic,*" says J. Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616: "is a notorious lewd fellow, which hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment."

The word is likewise used in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
"——that prodigious, bloody *stigmatic*."
Again, in Drayton's Epistle from *Q. Margaret to W. de la Poole*:
"That foul, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatic*."
Again, in *Two Tragedies in One*, 1601:
"A one-ey'd Cyclop, a *stigmatic* brat."
Again, in Drayton's epistle from *K. John to Matilda*:
"These for the crook'd, the halt, the *stigmatic*."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*lizards' dreadful stings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:
——— *or lizards'* fainting looks.
This is the second time that Shakespeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no such defence) with a sting; but great powers seem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:
"The *lizard* shuts up his *sharp-sighted eyes*,
"Amongst the serpents, and there sadly lies."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*gilt,*] *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

[9] *To let thy tongue detect*—] To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou railest at my deformity. JOHNSON.

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?] So the folio. The quartos:
To parley thus with England's lawful heirs. STEEVENS.

[1] *A wisp of straw*——] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt her. JOHNSON.

I be-

To make this ſhameleſs callat know herſelf.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Al-

* I believe that a *wiſp* ſignified ſome inſtrument of correction uſed in the time of Shakeſpeare. The following inſtance ſeems to favour the ſuppoſition. See *A Woman never Vexed*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"Nay, worſe;—I'll ſtain thy ruff; nay, worſe than that,
"I'll do thus— [*Holds up a wiſp.*"
"——*doſt* wiſp *me, thou tatterdemallion?*"

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Thou little more than a dwarf, and ſomething leſs than a woman!
"Criſ. *A wiſpe! a wiſpe! a wiſpe!*"

Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wiſpe* by *peniculus* or σπογγος, which ſignify any thing to wipe or cleanſe with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is ſtill ſcoured by a *wiſpe of ſtraw*, or *hay*. Perhaps, Edward means one of theſe *wiſps*, as the denotement of a menial ſervant. Barrett adds, that, like a *waſe*, it ſignifies "a wreath to be laied under the veſſel that is borne upon the head, as women uſe." If this be its true ſenſe, the prince may think that ſuch a *wiſp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*.

It appears, however, from the following paſſage in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the ſeventh ſatire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wiſpe* was the puniſhment of a ſcold:

"So perfyte and exacte a ſcoulde that women mighte geve place,
"Whoſe tatling tongues had won a *wiſpe*, &c."

STEEVENS.

² *To make this ſhameleſs callat know herſelf.*—] Shakeſpeare uſes the word *callat* likewiſe in *The Winter's Tale*, act II. ſc. iii:

Leonatus of Paulina. "A *callat*——
"Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat
"Her huſband, and now beats me."

Callat, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. See, *Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer*.

"A cold old knave cuckolde himſelf winyng,
"And of *calot* of lewd demenyng."

Chaucer's *Remedy of Love*, ver. 307.

So, Skelton, in his *Elinour Rumming*, Works, p. 133:

"Then Elinour ſaid, ye *callettes*,
"I ſhall break your palettes."

And again, p. 136:

"She was a cumlye *callet*."

 Gam-

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what [3] hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Cla. But, when [4] we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no encrease,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

Gammar. "Vengeance on those *callets*, whose conscience is so large." *Gammar Gurton's Needle*, act III. sc. iii. *Old Plays*, publisthed 1744, Vol. I. p. 154:

"A cart for a *callet*." Id. *ib.*
"Why the *callet* you told me of here,
"I have tane disguis'd."
Ben Jonson's Volpone, act IV. sc. iii.
GRAY.

[3] *hath broach'd this tumult,*——] The quarto reads, "hath *mov'd* this," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,*
And that thy summer bred us no encrease,]
When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:
But when we saw our summer brought thee gain,
And that the harvest brought us no increase. STEEVENS.

Yet,

Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this reſolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any further conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle king to ſpeak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or elſe a grave.
Queen. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer ſtay:
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand lives to day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhire.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. [5] Forſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. [6] Smile, gentle heaven! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.

[5] *Forſpent with toil,*——] Thus the folio. The quartos read "*Sore* ſpent," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Smile, gentle heaven!* &c.] Thus the folio. Inſtead of theſe lines, the quartos give the following:

Smile, gentle heavens, or ſtrike, ungentle death,
That we may die unleſs we gain the day!
What fatal ſtar malignant frowns from heaven
Upon the harmleſs line of York's true houſe?

STEEVENS.

War.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. [7] Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?

Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?
[8] Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd

[7] *Our hap is loſs,* &c] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:
Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Leſt they retire now we have left the field.
War. How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?" STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] This paſſage from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old quarto applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of hiſtory. For the earl of Saliſbury in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard duke of York loſt his life, was taken priſoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the duke of York's, fixed over York gates. Then the only brother of Warwick, introduced in this play, is the marqueſs of Montacute (or Montague, as he is called by our author): but he does not die till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewiſe was killed. The truth is, the brother here mentioned is no perſon in the drama, and his death is only an incidental piece of hiſtory. Conſulting the chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural ſon of Saliſbury (in that reſpect a brother to Warwick) and eſteemed a valiant young gentleman. THEOBALD.

Thy brother's blood, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, which is printed, like almoſt all the reſt of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

Thy

Broach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,—
Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly [9].
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
'Till either death hath cloſ'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
[1] And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine.—
And, ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thy noble father in the thickeſt throngs
Cry'd ſtill for Warwick, his thrice valiant ſon;
Until with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breaſt.
And, as he tottering ſat upon his ſteed,
He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſon:
And ſtill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
And with theſe words he tumbled off his horſe;
And ſo the noble Saliſbury gave up the ghoſt.
STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll kill my horſe,* &c.] So, in the *Miſeries of Queen Margaret* by Drayton:
"Reſolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu:
"Which ſpoke, the earl his ſprightly courſer flew."
Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars,* B. VIII. St. xiii. STEEVENS.

[1] *And in this vow do chain my ſoul to thine.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:
"And in *that* vow *now join* my ſoul to *thee.* STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou ſetter up and plucker down of kings!
Beſeeching thee,—if with thy will it ſtands,
That to my foes this body muſt be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:——
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

War. Away, away! Once more, ſweet lords, farewel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-flow no longer [2], make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] Fore-flow *no longer*,——] To *fore-ſlow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Why, king Sebaſtian, wilt thou now *foreſlow*?"

Again, in Marlow's *Edward II.* 1612:

"*Foreſlow* no time; ſweet Lancaſter, let's march."

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Good knight, for time do not my ſuit *foreſlow*."

Again, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*:

"No time thereon ſhe meaneth to *foreſlow*."

Again, in *The weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1618:

"And you *foreſlow* the preſent time's occaſion."

Again in Turbervile's *Book on Hawking*, 1575:

"Water doth *foreſlow* her mewing."

I have been the more liberal of inſtances, becauſe I ſuppoſe *fore-ſlow* is one of the words in this play which Mr. Theobald has diſtinguiſhed as obſolete in the time of Shakeſpeare. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.

Rich. [3] Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
For I myself wilt hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter king Henry.

K. Henry. [4] This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When

[3] *Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made. STEEVENS.

[4] *This battle fares like to the morning's war,* &c.] Instead of this interesting speech, the quartos exhibit only the following:

Oh

When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poiſe of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were ſo:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! [5] methinks, it were a happy life,

To

Oh gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And ſet ſome ends to theſe inceſſant griefs!
How like a maſtleſs ſhip upon the ſeas,
This woeful battle doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe *civil* * jars!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſs when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well;
Or, would my crown ſuffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life!

The leading thought in both theſe ſoliloquies is borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 665:—"This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull ſtate of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and ſetting on both ſides, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *methinks it were a happy life,*] This ſpeech is mournful and ſoft, exquiſitely ſuited to the character of the king, and

* The quarto 1600 reads—*cruel* jars.

makes

To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours muſt I tend my flock;
So many hours muſt I take my reſt;
So many hours muſt I contemplate;
So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
[6] So many months ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Paſt over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon waits on him.

makes a pleaſing interchange, by affording, amidſt the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpſe of rural innocence and paſtoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

[6] *So many months*—] The old copy reads *ſo many years*; and in the next line, *weeks* was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father [7].

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed of some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—Oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
[8] And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

[7] These two horrible incidents are selected to shew the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON.

In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion. STEEVENS.

[8] *And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.
The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves. JOHNSON.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise[9],
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
[1] What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
[2] O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

And

9 ——— *what showers arise,*
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart]
This image had occurred in the preceding act:
For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs. STEEVENS.

1 *What stratagems,—*] Stratagem seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend snares and surprizes. JOHNSON.

2 *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel. JOHNSON.

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!] i. e. He should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the two lines; however, an indifferent sense was better than none, as it is brought to by the Oxford editor, by reading the lines thus:
O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon,* to be this: Thy father exposed thee to danger by *giving thee life too soon,* and hath *bereft thee of life* by living himself too long. JOHNSON.

The Oxford editor might have justified the change he made, from the authority of the quarto, according to which I would read; explaining the first line thus. *Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him.* The next line can want no explanation. Mr.

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Henry. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would ſtay theſe ruthful deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!——
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
The one, his purple blood right well reſembles;
The other, his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth:
[3] Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

K. Henry. [4] How will the country, for theſe woeful chances,
Miſ-think the king, and not be ſatisfy'd?

Son. Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?

K. Henry. Was ever king, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit, with the body.*

Tollet thinks, that by *too late*, is meant *too lately*, as in *K. Rich.* III. act III:

"*Too late* he died that might have kept that title."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"For if you ſtrive, a thouſand lives muſt periſh."

STEEVENS.

[4] *How will the country*, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:

How will the country now miſdeem their king!
Oh, would my death their minds could ſatisfy!

To *miſ-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. So, in the *Northern Laſs*, 1613:

"——and heaven pardon me what I *miſ-thought* every hour of the night!" STEEVENS.

Fath.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
[5] And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee [6], having no more,
[7] As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

[5] *And so obsequious will thy father be,*] Obsequious is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

In the same sense it is used in *Hamlet:*

"——to do *obsequious* sorrow." STEEVENS.

[6] Sad *for the loss of thee,*] The old copy reads—*men* for the loss, &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration, but I think we might read *man.* STEEVENS.

[7] *As Priam was for all*—] I having but one son, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

Nay,

Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded[8].

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it laſted, gave king Henry light.
Ah, Lancaſter! I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, [9] thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, ſtrength'ning miſ-proud York.
The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but Henry's enemy?
O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent
That Phaeton ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning car had never ſcorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadſt thou ſway'd as kings ſhould do,
And as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of York,

[8] *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* In ridicule of this B. and Fletcher have introduced *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, with a *forked arrow through his head.* It appears, however, from Holinſhed, p. 664, that this circumſtance has ſome relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget ſuddenlie, with an *arrow* (as ſome ſaie) without a head, was ſtriken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his ſpirit." STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *thy tough commixture*———] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

The quartos read "*that* tough commixture *melts*." STEEVENS.

They

They never then had sprung like summer flies—
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
[1] No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
[2] I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. [3] Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

[1] *No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight.*] This line is clear and proper as it is now read; yet perhaps an opposition of images was meant, and Clifford said:

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out fight. JOHNSON.

The quartos read "*no* strength to hold *out* flight." i. e. No way to fly, nor with strength sufficient left to sustain myself in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

[2] *I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.*] So the folio. The quartos read:

"I stabb'd your father's, *now come* split my breast."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Now breathe we, lords*; &c.] Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:

Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory,
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That now towards Berwick doth post amain:——
But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?
STEEVENS.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*

[4] *Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, [5] like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our house,

[4] Edw. *Whose soul* &c.] I have distinguished these speeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the last line and half. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*like life and death's departing.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing*; which Dr. Warburton has received. JOHNSON.

The quartos read, like life and death's *departure.*

STEEVENS.

There is no occasion for correction. "'Till death us *depart*" was the expression in the old *Marriage Service.* FARMER.

That

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.
Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with [6] eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

6 ——*eager words.*] Sour words; words of asperity. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*
"It is a nipping and an *eager* air." STEEVENS.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
[7] And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous [8].

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt*.

[7] *And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

And afterwards I'll cross the seas to France.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*too ominous*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, dukes of Gloster. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo, [9] *and Humphrey, with cross-bows in their hands.*

Sink. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through [1] this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be; [2] the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.
Hum. Here comes a man, [3] let's stay 'till he be past.

[9] *Enter* Sinklo] Dr. Gray observes from Hall and Holinshed, that the name of the person who took *K. Henry*, was *Cantlowe*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the first scene in the *Taming of a Shrew*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*this laund*——] *Laund* means the same as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:
"And that they trace the shady *lawnds*, &c."
Again:
"Tread she these *lawnds*, kind Flora boasts her pride."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the noise of thy cross-bow*] The poet appears not to have forgot the secrets of his former profession.

So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:
"—Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray?"
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*let's stay 'till he be past.*] So the folio. The quartos read;

let's listen him a while. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter king Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
[4] To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
[5] Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
[6] This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities *;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

[4] *To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.*] So, the folio. The quartos perhaps better thus:

And thus disguis'd to greet my native land.

STEEVENS.

[5] *Thy balm wash'd off,*—] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakespeare. So, again, in this scene:

I was anointed king.

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

[6] *This is the* quondam *king*; &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Ay, marry, sir, here's a deer, his skin is a
Keeper's fee. Sirrah stand close, for as I think,
This is the king, king Edward hath depos'd.

STEEVENS.

* —*these four adversities*;] The old copy reads—*the fowre adversaries*. STEEVENS.

And

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
[7] And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
[8] Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
[9] O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and [1] less than I was born to:
A man at least, [2] for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

[7] *And Nero will*——] Perhaps we might better read, *A Nero will*——. STEEVENS.

[8] *Inferreth arguments of mighty strength*;] In the former act was the same line:

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNSON.

[9] *O Margaret*, &c.] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*less than I was born to:*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus: ————for less I should not be. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*for less I should not be*;] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos thus, ——and more I cannot be. STEEVENS.

Hum.

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, ſo I am, in mind; [3] and that's enough.

Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian ſtones,
Nor to be ſeen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that ſeldom kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
[4] And we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never ſuch an oath; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

Hum. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No; for we were ſubjects but while you were king.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear,
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

[3] *——and that's enough.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
——though not in ſhew. STEEVENS.

[4] *And we his ſubjects*, &c.] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the king',
To go along with us unto the officers. STEEVENS.

And

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. [5] In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The palace.

Enter king Edward, Glofter, Clarence, and lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Glofter, at saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, [6] sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

[5] *In God's name, lead;* &c.] So, the folio. Instead of this speech, the quartos have the following:
God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be
Obey'd; and be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
STEEVENS.

[6] —*Sir John Grey,*—] Vid. Hall, *3d Year of Edw. IV.* folio 5. It was hitherto falsly printed *Richard.* POPE.

Which

Which we in juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the houſe of York
The noble gentleman did loſe his life.

Glo. Your highneſs ſhall do well, to grant her ſuit;
It were diſhonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

[7] *Glo.* Yea! is it ſo? [*Aſide.*
I ſee the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble ſuit.

Cla. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aſide.*

Glo. Silence!

K. Edw. [8] Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit;
And come ſome other time, to know our mind.

Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it pleaſe your highneſs to reſolve me now;
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.

Glo. [*Aſide.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you.
Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aſide.*] I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aſide.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aſide.*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aſide.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

[7] Glo. *Yea, is it so?* &c.] So the folio. The quartos read with the following variations:

Glo. I, Is the wind in that door?
Clar. I ſee the lady, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Widow, we will conſider*—] This is a very lively and ſpritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

Grey.

Grey. Three, my moſt gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aſide*.] You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they ſhould loſe their father's land.

Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[*Gloſter and Clarence retire to the other ſide*.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Grey. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

K. Edw. Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.

Grey. Therefore I came unto your majeſty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

Grey. So ſhall you bind me to your highneſs' ſervice.

K. Edw. What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Grey. What you command, that reſts in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.

Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aſide*.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt. [*Aſide*.

Grey. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?

K. Edw.

K. Edw. An eaſy taſk; 'tis but to love a king.

Grey. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.

Grey. I take my leave, with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy.

K. Edw. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another ſenſe.
What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Grey. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.

Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in priſon.

K. Edw. Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.

Grey. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.

Grey. Herein your highneſs wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt ſay ay, to my requeſt:
No; if thou doſt ſay no, to my demand.

Grey.

Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] [9] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine [1].
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

[9] *Her looks do argue her replete with modesty:*] So, the folio. The quartos read:

Her looks *are all* replete with *majesty.* STEEVENS.

[1] *And yet too good to be your concubine.*] So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. chap. xxxiv:

"His plea was love, my suit was land: I plie him, he plies me:
"Too bace to be his queene, too good his concubine to be."

Shakespeare, however, adopted the words from Stowe's *Chronicle.* STEEVENS.

Thou art a widow [2], and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many ſons.
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift. [*Aſide.*

Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.

K. Edw. You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myſelf.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the leaſt.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.

Glo. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jeſt on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as priſoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.—
Widow, go you along;——Lords, uſe her honourably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, Clarence, and Lords.*

[2] *Thou art a widow, &c.*] This is part of the king's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle*: "That ſhe is a widow, and hath already children; by God's bleſſed lady I am a batchelor, and have ſome too, and ſo each of us hath a proofe that neither of us is like to be barrain; &c." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my ſoul's deſire, and me,
(The luſtful Edward's title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
Why, then I do but dream on ſovereignty;
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the crown, being ſo far off;
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo I ſay—I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
[3] I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe

[3] *I'll make my heaven* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and tranſpoſe the two lines, as follows:
I will *go clad* my body *with* gay ornaments,
And lull myſelf within a lady's lap. STEEVENS.

To shrink mine arm up [4] like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an [5] unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, [6] to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
[7] Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,

[4] ———*like a wither'd shrub*;] So the folio. The quartos ——like a wither'd *shrimp*. STEEVENS.

[5] ———*unlick'd bear-whelp*,] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*to o'erbear such*
As are of better person than myself,]
Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority these advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
[7] *Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head*,
Be round impaled &c.]
A transposition seems to be necessary:
1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6
"Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears."
Otherwise the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itself. STEEVENS.

Be

Be round impaled [8] with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I,—like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling deſperately to find it out,—
Torment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown:
And from that torment I will free myſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions.
I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change ſhapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
[9] And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

[8] ——impaled——] *i. e.* encircled. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"Tear off the crown that yet *empales* his temples."
STEEVENS.

[9] *And ſet the murderous Machiavel to ſchool.*] As this is an anachroniſm, and the old quarto reads:
And ſet the aſpiring Cataline *to ſchool.*
I don't know why it ſhould not be preferred. WARBURTON.

This is not the firſt proof I have met with, that Shakeſpeare in his attempts to familiarize his ideas, has diminiſhed their propriety. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

France.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, lady Bona, Bourbon, queen Margaret, prince Edward, her son, and the earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. [1] Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Queen. [2] No, mighty king of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

[1] *Fair queen of England,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand.
Sit by my side; and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt have aid to re-possess thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place king Henry in his former rule. STEEVENS.

[2] *No, mighty king of France;* &c.] Instead of this speech the quartos only supply the following:

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regard'st our wrongs.
STEEVENS.

And

And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide: yield not thy neck [*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Uſurps the regal [illegible] and the ſeat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cauſe, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my ſon, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both miſ-led,
Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſee'ſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

Queen. [3] O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow:
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter

[3] *O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow:*
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.]

How

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and ſovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindneſs, and unfeigned love,—
Firſt, to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, [4] Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*

How does impatience more particularly wait on true ſorrow? On the contrary, ſuch ſorrow as the queen's, which came gradually on through a long courſe of misfortunes, is generally leſs impatient than that of thoſe who have fallen into ſudden miſeries. The true reading ſeems to be:

O, but impatience waiting, rues to-morrow:
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

i. e. When impatience waits and ſolicits for redreſs, there is nothing ſhe ſo much dreads as being put off till to-morrow (a proverbial expreſſion for procraſtination). This was a very proper reply to what the king ſaid laſt, and in a ſentiment worthy of the poet. A rhime too is added, as was cuſtomary with him at the cloſing a ſcene. WARBURTON.

It is ſtrange that, when the ſenſe is ſo clear, any commentator ſhould thus laboriouſly obſcure it, to introduce a new reading; and yet ſtranger that he ſhould ſhew ſuch confidence in his emendation as to inſert it in the text. JOHNSON.

4 ——*Henry's hope is done.*] So, the folio. The quartos read: ——*all our* hope is done. STEEVENS.

I am

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
[5] Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror [6] to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

[5] *Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.*] So, the folio. The quartos thus:
Hath plac'd thy glorious image, and thy vertues.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*to the wisest;*] So, the folio. The quartos,——to *the world.* STEEVENS.

War.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how Henry the ſixth hath loſt
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, theſe peers of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt,—You tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years; a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'ſt [7] thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
[8] When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of Lancaſter.

War. And I the houſe of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchſafe, at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They retire.*

7 ———— *thirty-and-ſix years,*] So, the folio. The quartos, *thirty and eight* years. STEEVENS.

8 *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quartos:

When *age did call him* to the door of death.

STEEVENS.

This paſſage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction*:

"His withered fiſt ſtill *knocking at deathe's dore*, &c."

FARMER.

K. Lewis.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
 conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him [9] that were not lawful chosen.
 War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
 K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
 War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
 K. Lew. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
 War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
[1] That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
[2] Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
 K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
 Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
 [*Speaking to Warwick.*

[9] ——— *that were not lawful chosen.*] Thus the folio. The quartos as follows:
 —— that *is* not lawful *heir*. STEEVENS.

[1] *That this his love was an* external *plant*;] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*; alluding to the plants of Paradise. WARBURTON.

[2] *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,*] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whose *envy* can be meant; but the meaning is, that his love is superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast from the lady's *disdain*. Or, that if Bona refuse to *quit* or *requite* his pain, his love may turn to *disdain*, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*. JOHNSON.

I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain. STEEVENS.

When

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Queen. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
[3] You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.
Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
[4] Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
[*Post, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[3] *You have a father able*——] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach. JOHNSON.

[4] *Thy sly conveyance,*——] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. JOHNSON.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you; [*To Warwick.*
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.— [*To K. Lewis.*
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not. [*To the Queen. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?

[5] Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
[6] Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
Shame on himſelf! for my deſert is honour.
And, to repair my honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:—
My noble queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true ſervitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former ſtate.

Queen. Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed queen?

[5] *Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?*] Thus Holinſhed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles houſe which was much againſt the earles honeſtie (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed) for ſurely ſuch a thing was attempted by king Edward." STEEVENS.

[6] *Did I put Henry from his native right*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

And thruſt king Henry from his native home?
And (moſt ungrateful) doth he uſe me thus?
STEEVENS.

Queen. Renowned prince, how ſhall poor Henry live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd,
You ſhall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's meſſenger, return in poſt;
And tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, [7] go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.

Queen. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on [8].

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward *; be gone. [*Exit Poſt.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thyſelf, and Oxford, with five thouſand men,
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe Edward battle [9]:

[7] *—go fear thy king—*] That is, *fright* thy king. JOHNSON.

[8] *——to put armour on.*] It was once no unuſual thing for queens themſelves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The ſuit which Elizabeth wore when ſhe rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be ſtill ſeen in the tower. STEEVENS.

[9] *——and* bid *falſe Edward battle:*] This phraſe is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in the *Misfortunes of King Arthur*, a dramatic performance, 1587:

"————my fleſh abhorrs
"To *bid the battle* to my proper blood." STEEVENS.

* *——thy reward;*] Here we are to ſuppoſe that, according to ancient cuſtom, Warwick makes a preſent to the herald or meſſenger, whom the original copies call—a *Poſt*. STEEVENS.

And

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
[1] I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. [2] Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

[1] In former copies:
I'll join my eldest *daughter and my joy,*
To him forthwith,——]
Surely this is a mistake of the copyists. Hall, in the ninth year of K. Edward IV. says, "Edward prince of Wales wedded Anne *second* daughter to the earl of Warwick." And the duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her five years before prince Edward took the lady Anne to wife. And in *King Richard the Third*, Gloucester, who married this lady Anne when a widow, says:
"For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngest* daughter.
"What though I kill'd her husband and her father?"
i. e. Prince Edward, and king Henry VI. her father-in-law. See likewise Holinshed in his *Chronicle*, p. 671 and 674. THEOBALD.

[2] *Yes, I agree,* &c.] Instead of this speech, the quarto has only the following:
With all my heart; I like this match full well.
Love her, son Edward; she is fair and young;
And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love."
STEEVENS.

I long,

I long, 'till Edward fall by war's mifchance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as embaffador,
But I return his fworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war fhall anfwer his demand.
Had he none elfe to make a ftale, but me?
Then none but I fhall turn his jeft to forrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's mifery,
But feek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Glofter, Clarence, Somerfet, and Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he ftay 'till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourifh. Enter king Edward, lady Grey, as queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Haftings. Four ftand on one fide, and four on the other [3].

Glo. And his well-chofen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

[3] This ftage direction is fufficient proof that the play, as exhibited in the folio, was printed from a ftage copy. I fuppofe thefe *eight* important perfonages were attendants. STEEVENS.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, [9] are you offended too?
Glo. Not I:
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. [5] Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

[9] *are you offended too?*] So, the folio. The quartos are you *against us* too? STEEVENS.

[5] Cla. *Then this is my opinion,*—&c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos read thus:

Cla. My lord, then this is my opinion;
That Warwick, being dishonour'd in his embassage,
Doth seek revenge, to quit his injuries.
Glo. And Lewis in regard of his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state.
STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and [6] with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glo. [7] And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

6 ——— *with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. JOHNSON.

7 *And yet, methinks,* &c.] The quartos vary from the folio, as follows:

Cla. Ay, and for such a thing too, the lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands, to have the
Daughter of the lord Bonfield; and left your
Brothers to go seek elsewhere; but in your madness
You bury brotherhood. STEEVENS.

She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else [8] you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [*aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[8] ——— *you would not have bestow'd the heir*] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, meſſenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?
Poſt. My ſovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But ſuch as I, without your ſpecial pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
What anſwer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words;
Go tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
K. Edw. Is Lewis ſo brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what ſaid lady Bona [6] to my marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.
K. Edw. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
She had the wrong. But what ſaid Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. *Tell him,* quoth ſhe, *my mourning weeds are done,*
And I am ready to put armour on.
K. Edw. Belike, ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid Warwick to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your majeſty
Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

-*to my marriage?*] The quartos read:
—t theſe wrongs. STEEVENS.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. [1] Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother king, farewel, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
[2] You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

[1] *Belike the* elder; *Clarence will have the* younger.] I have ventured to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line against the authority of all the printed copies. The reason of it will be obvious. THEOBALD.

[2] *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Post says to the king. JOHNSON.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.] When the earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

Pem-

[3] Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. [4] Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Pembroke, and Stafford,* &c.] The quartos give the passage thus:

Pembroke go raise an army presently;
Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
I mean to rest; and, on the morrow morn,
I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
Those straggling troops which he hath got in France, &c."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.*] The quartos continue the speech thus:

Ay, my lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you;
For why hath nature made me halt downright,
But that I should be valiant, and stand to it:
For if I would, I cannot run away. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Warwickſhire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French ſoldiers.

War. Truſt me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers ſwarm to us.

Enter Clarence, and Somerſet.

But, ſee, where Somerſet and Clarence comes;—
Speak ſuddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—
And welcome, Somerſet:—I hold it cowardice,
To reſt miſtruſtful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
Elſe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts, but, in [5] night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſly encamp'd,
[6] His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a ſimple guard,

[5] ——— *night's* overture,] The author muſt, I think, have written *night's coverture*. For though *overture*, which ſignifies firſt an opening, then an offer, may likewiſe mean an opportunity, yet *in an overture* ſeems to be an improper phraſe.
JOHNSON.

Coverture is the reading of the old quartos as well as the folio; and theſe are the only authentick copies of the three parts of this play. STEEVENS.

[6] *His ſoldiers lurking in the* town *about*,] Dr. Thirlby adviſed the reading *towns* here; the guard in the ſcene immediately following ſays:

——— *but why commands the king,*
That his chief followers lodge in towns *about him.*
THEOBALD.

We

We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found the adventure [7] very eaſy:
That as Ulyſſes, and ſtout Diomede,
With ſlight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds;
[8] So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And ſeize himſelf; I ſay not—ſlaughter him,
For I intend but only to ſurprize him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*

Why, then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and ſaint George!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp.

Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand;
The king, by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
'Till Warwick, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſt.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, ſhall be the day,
If Warwick be ſo near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here reſteth in his tent?

[7] ——— *very eaſy:*] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, adding only the following lines:
Then cry king Henry with reſolved minds,
And break we preſently into his tent. STEEVENS.

[8] *So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,*] This line may confirm the reading of *coverture.* JOHNSON.

1 *Watch.*

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Haſtings, the king's chiefeſt friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it ſo? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himſelf keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worſhip, and quietneſs,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his perſon from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, and French ſoldiers, ſilent all.

War. This is his tent; and ſee, where ſtand his guard.
Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.

[*Warwick, and the reſt, cry all,—Warwick! Warwick! and ſet upon the guard; who fly, crying,—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the reſt, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets ſounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerſet, and the reſt, bringing the king out in a gown, ſitting in a chair: Gloſter and Haſtings fly over the ſtage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Haſtings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I degraded you from being king,
[9] And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use embassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewel, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

[9] *And come now to create you duke of York.*] Might we read with a slight alteration?
And come to new create *you duke of York.* JOHNSON.

It

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit king Edward, led out.*

Oxf. [1] What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Palace.

[2] *Enter the Queen, and Rivers.*

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

[1] *What now remains,* &c.] Instead of this and the following speech, the quartos have:

Clar. What follows now? all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
And bid her come with speed to join with us.
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated on the regal throne.
Come, let's away; and, having past these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter Rivers,* &c.] Throughout this scene the quartos vary in almost every speech from the folio. The variations however are hardly such as to deserve notice. STEEVENS.

And,

And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. 'Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A park near Middleham Caſtle in Yorkſhire.

Enter Gloſter, Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my lord Haſtings, and ſir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeſt thicket of the park.

Thus ſtands the caſe: You know, our king, my brother,
Is priſoner to the biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good uſage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game,
He ſhall here find his friends, with horſe and men,
To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter king Edward, and a Huntſman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.—
Now, brother of Gloſter, lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the biſhop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte;
Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither ſhall we then?

Haſt. To Lynn, my lord; and ſhip from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well gueſs'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.

Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Biſhop, farewel: ſhield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The Tower in London.

Enter king Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Maſter lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken Edward from the regal ſeat;
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſovereigns.
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majeſty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well uſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs,
For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure:
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here reſign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,

By

By ſpying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For [3] few men rightly temper with the ſtars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chuſing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be bleſt in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

War. And I chuſe Clarence only for protector.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myſelf will lead a private life,
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke, and my Creator's praiſe.

War. What anſwers Clarence to his ſovereign's will?

Clar. That he conſents, if Warwick yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.

War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
To Henry's body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiſcated.

Clar. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.

[3] ——*few men rightly* temper *with the ſtars*;] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their deſtiny, which king Henry did, when finding himſelf unfortunate he gave the management of public affairs to more proſperous hands.
JOHNSON.

War.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
[4] This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

[4] *This pretty lad*——] He was afterwards Henry VII, a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherwise remarkable for virtue. Shakespeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinshed: "—whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him: Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." p. 678.

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss."
STEEVENS.

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Glofter,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.
Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

York.

Enter king Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. [5]Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,

[5] *Now, brother Richard,* &c.] Instead of this and the three following speeches, the quartos read only:

Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,
And march'd from Raunspur-haven unto York:
But soft! the gates are shut; I like not this.

Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

STEEVENS.

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*He descends.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. [6] The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

[6] *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. JOHNSON.

March.

[illegible]. *Enter Montgomery, with a drum and Soldiers.*

Glo. Brother, this is ſir John Montgomery,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, ſir John! But why come you in arms?

Montg. To help king Edward in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.

Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.

[*The drum begins a march.*

K. Edw. Nay, ſtay, ſir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you:
Why ſhould we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our claim:
'Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit! now arms muſt rule.

Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof [7] will bring you many friends.

[7] *The* bruit] *i. e.* noiſe. So, in Preſton's *Cambiſes:*
"———whoſe manly acts do fly
"By *bruit* of fame."——— STEEVENS.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*

Sold. [*reads*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. [8] Thanks, brave Montgomery;——and thanks unto you all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Thanks, brave Montgomery;* &c.] Instead of this speech, the quartos have only the following:

> *Edw.* We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
> For this night we will harbour here in York;
> And then as early as the morning sun
> Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
> We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
> And pull false Henry from the regal throne. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counſel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Henry. [9] Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Thoſe will I muſter up:—and thou, ſon Clarence,
Shall ſtir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter up thy friends.—
My ſovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his iſland, girt in with the ocean,
Or modeſt Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall reſt in London, 'till we come to him.—

[9] *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line expreſſes a ſpirit of war ſo unſuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the firſt cold ſpeech to the king, and the briſk anſwer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry ſaid nothing, the firſt ſpeech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. JOHNSON.

Every judicious reader muſt concur in this opinion.
STEEVENS.

Fair lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel, my ſovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your highneſs' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kiſſing Henry's hand.*] And thus I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of Exeter, what thinks your lordſhip?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mire.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, [1] my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

[1] ——*my* meed *hath got me fame:*] *Meed* ſignifies reward. We ſhould read, my *deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the adminiſtration. WARBURTON.

This word ſignifies *merit*, both as a verb and a ſubſtantive: that it is uſed as a verb, is clear from the following fooliſh couplet, which I remember to have read:

" Deem if I *meed*,
" Dear madam, *read.*"

A Specimen of Verſes that read the ſame Way backward and forward. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

Then

Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[[7] *Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter king Edward, Gloster, and soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.——
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with king Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Shout within. A Lancaster!*] Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be, A York! A York! I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this [3] at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mes.* By this at [4] Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[3] —*at Dunsmore,*—] The quartos read—at Daintry. STEEVENS.

[4] —*at Daintry,*—] The quartos read—at Dunsmore. STEEVENS.

March.

March. Flourish. Enter king Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,

But,

But, whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten
The king was [5] ſlily finger'd from the deck!—
You left poor Henry at the biſhop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo; yet you are Warwick ſtill.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O chearful colours! ſee, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaſter!

[5] *The king was* ſlily *finger'd from the* deck!] —*ſlily finger'd* —] The quartos read—*finely* finger'd. *Finely* is ſubtily. So, in Holinſhed's reign of *K. Henry* VI. p. 640. "In his way he tooke by *fine* force, a tower, &c." Again, p. 649, "—and by *fine* force either to win their purpoſe, or end their lives in the ſame."

A pack of cards was anciently term'd *a deck of cards*, or *a pair of cards*. It is ſtill, as I am informed, ſo called in Ireland. Thus, in *K. Edward* I. 1599:

"—as it were, turned us, with duces and trays, out of the *deck*."

Again, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"I'll deal the cards and cut you from the *deck*."

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
"To deal about and ſhuffle as I would." STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. [7] The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will iſſue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the ſame.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaſter!

Glo. Thou and thy brother both ſhall buy this treaſon
Even with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind preſageth happy gain, and conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for Lancaſter!

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerſet,
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence ſweeps along,
Of force enough [8] to bid his brother battle;

[7] *The gates are open, let us enter too.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

The gates are open, ſee they enter in,
Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the ſtreets.
Edw. No: ſo ſome other might ſet upon our backs,
We'll ſtay till all be enter'd, and then follow them.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to bid his brother battle;*] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, and add the following:

Clar. Clarence, for Lancaſter!
Edw. *Et tu Brute!* wilt thou ſtab Cæſar too?
A parly, ſirra, to George of Clarence. STEEVENS.

With

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love :—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

[[9] *A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood [1] to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so [2] blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jepthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,

[9] *A parley is sounded*; &c.] This note of direction I restored from the old quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any reader can guess at the meaning of this line of Clarence:

Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee. THEOBALD.

[1] —*to lime the stones*—] That is, To *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

[2] —*blunt,*—] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. JOHNSON.

Than

Than if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O [3] paſſing traitor, perjur'd, and unjuſt!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'ſt.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; ſaint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

March. Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and Excurſions. Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
[4] For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, ſit faſt; I ſeek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

[3] ——*paſſing*——] Eminent, egregious; traiterous beyond the common track of treaſon. JOHNSON.

[4] *For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.*——] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrific being. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*
"——are become
"The mortal *bugs* o' the field."
Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579:
"Theſe *bugges* are fitter to *feare* babes than to move men."
Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. xii:
"Be but as *bugs* to *fearen* babes withal." STEEVENS.

War.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.——
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge[5],
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
[6] My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

[5] *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; &c.]
It has been observed to me that the 31st chapter of the prophet *Ezechiel* suggested these images to Shakespeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." STEEVENS.

[6] *Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo, villâque.* HOR.
This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. [7] Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again!
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
[8] Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That

[7] *Ah, Warwick, Warwick!* &c.] These two speeches stand thus in the quartos:

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyself, and live;
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed hath her train;
And, might'st thou live, then would we never fly.
War. Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
But Hercules himself must yield to odds:
For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needs must I yield to death.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Which sounded like a* cannon *in a vault,*] The old quarto reads *clamour*, which is undoubtedly right, *i. e.* a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguished. This was

That could not be diſtinguiſh'd; but, at laſt,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewel, Warwick!

War. Sweet reſt his ſoul!—
Fly, lords, and ſave yourſelves; for Warwick bids
You all farewel, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. [9] Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the field.

Flouriſh. Enter king Edward in triumph; with Gloſter, Clarence, and the reſt.

K. Edw. [1] Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,

was a pertinent ſimilitude: the other abſurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illuſtrate. WARBURTON.

[9] *Away, away,* &c.] Inſtead of this line, the quartos have the following:

Come, noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
And cauſe retreat be ſounded through the camp;
That all our friends remaining yet alive
May be forewarn'd, and ſave themſelves by flight.
That done, with them we'll poſt unto the queen,
And once more try our fortune in the field.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,*
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Thus ſtill our fortune gives us victory;
And girt our temples with triumphant joys.
The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his laſt.

STEEVENS.

I ſpy

I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
I mean, my lords,—thoſe powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, [2] have arriv'd our coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her;
If ſhe have time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe towards Tewkſbury:
We, having now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way;
And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
[3] Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*have arriv'd our coaſt,*] Milton uſes the ſame ſtructure, B. II. *Par. Loſt*:
"————ere he arrive
"The happy iſle." STEEVENS.

[3] *Strike up the drum; cry——Courage! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet:
Come, let's go; for if we ſlack this bright ſummer's day,
Sharp winter's ſhowers will mar our hope for hay.
STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast: What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:

Tread

Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.

Prince. [7] Methinks, a woman of this valiant ſpirit
Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
Leſt, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.—
Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather

[4] *Methinks, a woman* &c.] The preceding ſpeech is very imperfect in the quartos and therefore not worth inſertion. In this of the prince there is however much and important variation:

> *Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
> 'Mongſt us a timorous or fearful man,
> Let him depart before the battles join;
> Leſt he in time of need entice another,
> And ſo withdraw the ſoldiers' hearts from us.
> I will not ſtand aloof, and bid you fight,
> But with my ſword preſs in the thickeſt throngs,
> And ſingle Edward from his ſtrongeſt guard,
> And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
> Or leave my body, as witneſs to my thoughts. STEEVENS.

Doth live again in thee; Long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerſet;—ſweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſs: it is his policy,
To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter king Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, and Soldiers, on the other ſide of the ſtage.

[5] *K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,

[5] K. Edw. *Brave followers,* &c.] This ſcene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the ſtage at the head of oppoſite armies. It had been eaſy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHNSON.

My

My tears gainsay[6]; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Both parties go out. Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*

SCENE V.

Enter king Edward, Glofter, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

6 *My tears* gainsay;] To *gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. So, in a *Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:
"——————seeing my father grants
"I will not *gainsay*." STEEVENS.

Enter soldiers with the Prince.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. [7] Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will [8] charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—

[7] *Let Æsop* &c.] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, Æsop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. JOHNSON.

[8] ——charm *your tongue*] The quarto reads,——*tame* your tongue.
The former is best. So, in sir A. Gorges' Translation of *Lucan*, 1614:
"In hope that thy victorious arme
"Their dunghill crowing so will *charme*." STEEVENS.

nd thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, [9] thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Glo. stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Clar. stabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower [1]! [*Exit.*

Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

[9] ——*thou likeness of this railer here.*] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. JOHNSON.

The old copies describe *Edward* as striking the first blow, and *Gloster* the next; and I believe rightly, for history informs us that Edward smote the prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest dispatch'd him. The words *sprawl'st thou?* seem evidently to belong to *Richard*; and I have therefore continued them to him on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allotment of modern innovation. STEEVENS.

[1] *The Tower man, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I'll root them out*; but, perhaps, injudiciously. STEEVENS.

If

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this, in refpect, a child;
And men ne'er fpend their fury on a child.
What's worfe than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burft, an if I fpeak:—
And I will fpeak, that fo my heart may burft.—
Butchers and villlains, bloody cannibals!
How fweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ftirr'd up remorfe:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him fo cut off,
As, deathfmen! [2] you have rid this fweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, difpatch me here;
Here fheath thy fword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee fo much eafe.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; fweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didft thou not hear me fwear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou ufeft to forfwear thyfelf;
[3] 'Twas fin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? [4] where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-

[2] ——*you have rid this fweet young prince.*] The condition of this warlike queen would move compaffion, could [illegible] forgotten that fhe gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief ftained with his young child's blood. JOHNSON.

[3] *'Twas fin*——] She alludes to the defertion of Clarence. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*where is that devil's butcher, Richard?*——] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *kill-devil:* rare news for the free-thinkers,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit Queen.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Tower of London.

Enter king Henry with a book, and Glofter with the Lieutenant, on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Glofter, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

ers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote *devil-butcher*; and the first part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, execrable, infernal, devilish. THEOBALD.

Devil's butcher is a butcher set on by the devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note. JOHNSON.

Glo.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
[5] What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush [6]:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

[5] *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] Roscius was certainly put for Richard by some simple conceited player, who had heard of Roscius and of Rome; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare had occasion to compare Richard to some player about to represent a scene of murder, and took the first or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very scrupulous about its propriety.

I know not, however, that it is proved, on classical authority, that *Roscius* was no actor in tragedy. Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse's, Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, says, "Not *Roscius* nor *Æsope*, those admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever since before Christ was borne, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen."

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"Through thee each murthering *Roscius* is appointed
"To *act strange scenes of death* on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:

"Was penn'd by *Roscio* the *tragedian*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*misdoubteth every bush*:] To *misdoubt* is to suspect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

"*Hip.* Doubt and *misdoubt!* what difference is there here?
"*Oct.* Yes much: when men *misdoubt* 'tis said they *fear*."
STEEVENS.

Glo. Why, what a [7] peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
[8] Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,——
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;

[7] —*peevish fool*—] As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *silly*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton.
JOHNSON.

Shakespeare employs the word *peevish* in the same sense in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many instances of this use of it.
STEEVENS.

[8] *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear*;] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNSON.

Dogs

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
[9] The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an undigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
[1] And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou

[9] *The raven rook'd her*——] What is *rook'd her?* Read, *croak'd hoarse.* WARBURTON.

The true reading seems to be at no great distance:

——*the tempest shook down trees,*
The raven rock'd *her on the chimney's top,*]

On the top of the chimney shaken by the tempest. JOHNSON.

To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing.

So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, late edit. v. 1310:

"What is mankind more unto you yhold,
"Than is the shepe, that *rouketh* in the fold?"

Again, in the *Nonnes Preestes Tale*, ibid. v. 15232:

"O false morderour, *rucking* in thy den."

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 72:

"But now thei *rucken* in her nest,
"And resten as hem liketh beste."

Again, in the Preface to Stanyhurst's Translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"I cannot devine upon such bookes that happlye *rouke* in studentes mewes, &c."

Again, in the Translation of the IVth Book:

"Also on the turrets the skrich howle, &c.
"——doth *ruck*, &c."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. 37:

"Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in sullen corners *ruck*."

STEEVENS.

[1] *And, if the rest be true which I have heard,*
Thou cam'st——]

Had our editors had but a grain of sagacity, or due diligence, there could have been no room for this absurd break, since they might have ventured to fill it up with certainty too. The old quarto would have led them part of the way:

Thou cam'st into the world——

And

Thou cam'ſt into the world with thy legs forward :—

Glo. I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in thy ſpeech ; [*Stabs him.*

For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this.

O God ! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee ! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor king's death !
O, may ſuch purple tears be alway ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the downfal of our houſe !—
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and ſay—I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth !
And ſo I was ; which plainly ſignify'd—
That I ſhould ſnarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, ſince the heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,

And that the verſe is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is inconteſtible ; for unleſs we ſuppoſe king Henry actually reproaches him with this his prepoſterous birth, how can Richard in his very next ſoliloquy ſay ?

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.

I can eaſily ſee, that this blank was cauſed by the nicety of the players, to ſuppreſs an indecent idea. But, with ſubmiſſion, this was making but half a cure, unleſs they had expunged the repetition of it out of Richard's ſpeech too. THEOBALD.

Let

[2] Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father:
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myſelf alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
[3] But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
[4] For I will buz abroad ſuch prophecies,
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his ſon, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the reſt;
Counting myſelf but bad, 'till I be beſt.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

[2] *Let hell &c.*] This line Dryden ſeems to have thought on in his *Oedipus*:
"It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
"And wander'd in thy limbs." STEEVENS.

[3] *But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee.*] But I will chuſe out an hour whoſe gloom ſhall be as fatal to you. To *ſort* is to *ſelect*. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605.
"——for they had *ſorted* leiſure."
Again, in the *Melancholy Lover*, 1629:
"We ſhall *ſort* time to take more notice of him."
STEEVENS.

[4] *For I will buz about ſuch prophecies,*
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life;]
The quartos add a line between theſe:
——*ſuch prophecies,*
Under pretence of outward ſeeming ill,
That &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The palace in London.

Enter king Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:— [*Taking the child.*
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
[5] Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw.

[5] *Work thou the way, and* that shalt *execute.*] I believe we should read:

K. Edw. Clarence and Glofter, love my lovely queen;
And kifs your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majefty,
I feal upon the lips of this fweet babe.
Queen. [6] Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou fprang'ft,
Witnefs the loving kifs I give the fruit:——
To fay the truth, fo Judas kifs'd his mafter;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } *Afide.*
K. Edw. Now am I feated as my foul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerufalem,
And hither have they fent it for her ranfom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France,
And now what refts, but that we fpend the time
With ftately triumphs, mirthful comic fhows,
Such as befit the pleafures of the court?——
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewel, four annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lafting joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

——*and* this *fhall execute.*
Richard laying his hand on his forehead fays:
Work thou the way——
then bringing down his hand, and beholding it,
——*and* this *fhall execute.*
Though *that* may ftand, the arm being included in the fhoulder. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:
Work thou the way, and thou *fhalt execute.*
I fuppofe he fpeaks this line, firft *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.*] This line has been given to king Edward; but I have, with the old quarto, reftored it to the queen. THEOBALD.

The

The three parts of *Henry* VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakespeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's stile, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissimilitude of stile and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakespeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of king *John*, *Richard* II. or the tragic scenes of *Henry* IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakespeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakespeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *Henry* V. and apparently connects the first act of *Richard* III. with the last of the third part of *Henry* VI. If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king

Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *Henry* VI. and of *Henry* V. are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakespeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer. JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impression) 1630:

"— for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful to the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*), that I have been as unable to know them as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger, &c." COLLINS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is likewise confirmed by a Prologue of Th. Heywood's to a play of his intitled, *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1623:

"———'Twas ill nurst,
" And yet received as well perform'd at first,
" Grac'd and frequented, for the cradle age
" Did throng the seats, the boxes and the stage
" So much, that some by *stenography* drew
" The plot, *put it in print*; scarce one word true:
" And in that lameness it has limp'd so long,
" The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
" Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
" To teach it walk—so please you sit and see it."

MALONE.

There is another circumstance which may serve to strengthen this supposition, viz. that most of the fragments of Latin verses, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inserted in the former, they are shamefully corrupted and mis-spelt. The auditor, who understood English, might be unskill'd in any other language. STEEVENS.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by Shakespeare. The question, who did write them? is at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable: nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance.—

ance.—I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by Shakespeare, from Shakespeare himself. The *Chorus* at the end of *Henry* V. addresses the audience

"——— For *their sake*,
"In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *Henry* VI.!——His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages. FARMER.

It is seldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want somewhat of their usual weight. I think that Shakespeare's bare mention of these pieces, is a sufficient proof they were his. That they were so, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himself from the spectator's recollection of their past success. For the sake of three historical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (says he) intreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a stronger plea in his behalf than any arising from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the same way of writing. Shakespeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previously given pleasure in the course of three of those histories; because he is a *bending*, supplicatory author, and not a literary bully like Ben Jonson; and because he has ventured to exhibit a series of annals in a suite of plays, an attempt which 'till then had not received the sanction of the stage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wish to exclude the three dramas before us, together with the *Taming of a Shrew*, from the number of those produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakespeare's want of learning are too strong to stand in need of such a support; and yet *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heire of his invention," is usher'd into the world with a Latin motto:

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. STEEVENS.

Though the objections, which have been raised to the genuineness of the *three plays of Henry the sixth*, have been fully considered and answered by Dr. Johnson, it may not be amiss to add here, from a contemporary writer, a passage, which not only points at Shakespeare as the author of them, but also shews, that, however meanly we may now think of them in comparison with his later productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a sufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealousy

of

of the older playwrights. The paſſage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, ſuppoſed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and ſaid, in the title-page to be *publiſhed at his dying requeſt*; probably, about 1592. The concluſion of this piece is an addreſs to his brother-poets, to diſſuade them from writing any more for the ſtage, on account of the ill treatment which they were uſed to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To thoſe gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that ſpend their wits in making playes*, R. G. *wiſheth a better exercise*, &c. After having addreſt himſelf particularly to *Chriſtopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I gueſs from circumſtances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third (perhaps *George Peele*); and having warned him againſt *depending on ſo meane a ſtay* as the players, he adds: *Yes, truſt them not: for there is an upſtart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his* tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, *ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blanke verſe as the beſt of you*; *and being an abſolute* Johannes fac totum *is in his own conceit, the onely* Shake-ſcene *in a countrey*. There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-ſcene* alludes to *Shakeſpeare*; or that *his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde* is a parodie upon the following line of York's ſpeech to Margaret, *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, act I. ſc. iv:

"Oh *tygres* heart, *wrapt in a* woman's *hide*."

TYRWHITT.

END OF VOLUME THE SIXTH.